













Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

# The LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL

## REVIEW.

CAMBRIDGE  
MASSACHUSETTS.

L. IX.

No. 11.

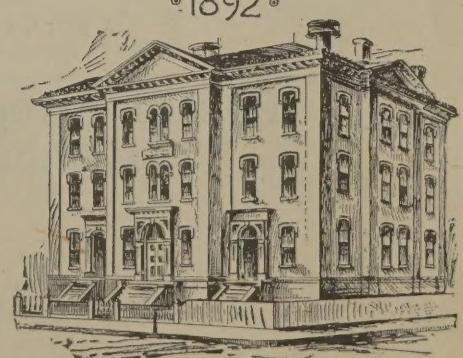
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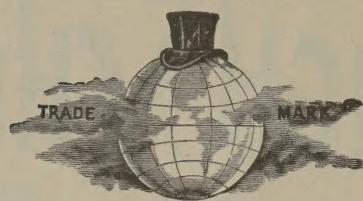
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# THE Latin and High School Review.

VOL. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, OCTOBER, 1894.

No. I

THE REVIEW is published monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

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## Editorials

FOR nearly a month we have been at school.

The long summer vacation — far too short for many of us — is a thing of the past, and work has begun in earnest. Though many of us would prefer a little longer rest from study, to be free a little longer from the restraint which school life forces upon us, yet this feeling is entirely lost sight of in the pleasure of meeting old friends, and renewing old associations.

By the resignation of Mr. Charles W. Parmenter the Latin School has lost a most able instructor, and a man who was intensely interested in his work. Few can show as fine a record as he in preparing scholars for their college examination in Physics. It was seldom indeed that one recommended by Mr. Parmenter failed to pass satisfactorily. We are to be congratulated, however, upon securing so capable and experienced a successor as Mr. Herbert J. Chase, who will fill the vacancy acceptably if anyone can.

We welcome to our school this year another new teacher, Miss Anna M. Warren, who has been transferred from the High School. If her work there is any criterion, she will be a most valuable addition to the teaching force of the Latin School.

The all-absorbing subject of conversation is now foot-ball. The prospects for the championship are a little dubious at present, but with hard practice and faithful training there is no reason why Cambridge should not win the cup. The chief drawback to a strong eleven is the amount of new material to be broken in, as only five of last year's team are back, and all of these are not candidates. No regular coach has been

## *Latin and High School Review.*

secured this season, but some of the graduates have kindly offered their services for this department.

From year to year the entering classes of the high schools have increased in number, until now they form more than a third of each school. This result cannot fail to be exceedingly satisfactory to all who are interested in the welfare of the city. Those who are now pupils will in a few years be citizens, and the result must in time be a city filled with even more refined, highly-educated and intelligent men and women than is the case today.

The Athletic Association opens the year with every prospect of becoming a powerful and permanent school organization. At a recent special meeting of the Executive Committee, all outstanding debts were settled, and affairs were established on a firm basis. It only remains to enforce the constitution, which declares no one eligible to try for or play on a school team unless a member of the Association.

Do the Park Commissioners realize the present wretched condition of the Common? If the city will not provide us with a gymnasium, they should at least see that the only field in any way suitable for school sports is put in a condition which will make it of some use. The base-ball and foot-ball fields are equally poor, and there has been no improvement made for a long time. The

field could be levelled at a small expense to the city.

The crowded condition of the Latin School is a matter demanding serious and immediate consideration. It is decidedly inconvenient and uncomfortable for both teachers and scholars to have recitations in the halls and dressing-rooms as at present.

There is talk among the city authorities of erecting a new Latin School near the English High School building, but it seems doubtful if this will be done in time for any of the present members of the school to enjoy its use. In the meantime, future entering classes will perhaps have to go back to using the vacant halls of conveniently situated grammar schools.

A new department, a "Book Review," is introduced in this number. The books which are reviewed will be carefully selected, and we hope the department will not only be an interesting one, but will aid our readers in choosing their new books.

We wish to call attention to the boxes which THE REVIEW has placed in both schools for the convenience of contributors. They are intended for the reception of notes, stories, etc., and if used will save trouble both for contributors and the management.

N. B. THE REVIEW will appear hereafter on the first Thursday of every month, instead of the first Wednesday as previously announced.

## *At the Sunday School*

IN the infant there's a falling off,  
There's a dearth of reformed young sinners;  
'Tis a little too late for picnics now,  
And too early for Christmas dinners.

## A Conquered Prejudice

THE girls had been busy all day long, preparing for the grand ball that always began their school year. The hurrying and scurrying, giggling, whispering, ordering about, and scolding had begun early in the morning, when the sun was just peeping through the trees on the border of the lake.

Now, in the evening, the school-rooms were in a blaze of glory. The walls were decorated with trophies from the woods, evergreens, autumn leaves and flowers, which the girls had gathered the day before.

The guests were streaming in, and the girls were flitting about, talking to this one and that one. In the corner of one of the rooms was seated a small group of girls, chatting and gossiping about the new-comers.

"There comes Roger Whitfield," exclaimed Mabel Thompson. "I think he is awfully nice."

"So do I," said another girl.

Katherine Martin puckered her pretty forehead into a frown. "I don't see why it is that all you girls like him. He may be nice enough, but somehow I have always disliked him."

"Nonsense, Kitty, you don't know him," said Mabel. "I am going to introduce him to you."

"Don't you dare!"

"Yes, I shall. The poor boy hasn't many friends. You know he lives with his old aunt."

"Hasn't he any parents?"

"No; they both died about a year ago, and he was their only child."

"Well, I don't want to meet him anyway."

Half an hour later, Mabel, her face flushed with dancing, and her eyes sparkling mischievously, went up with Roger Whitfield to where Kitty was seated. "Miss Martin, may I introduce Mr. Whitfield?" solemnly.

"Very happy to meet you, Mr. Whitfield," said Katherine coldly, glancing desperately at Mabel.

"So glad to have this pleasure, Miss Martin. Isn't it warm this evening?"

"Yes."

"How beautifully these rooms are decorated."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you help to decorate them?"

"Yes."

"Then of course they are pretty." Katherine did not deign to answer.

"Wouldn't you like to come out on the piazza? It is so warm here."

"I prefer to stay inside, thank you."

"Then let's dance."

"Very well."

At last the dance was over, and Roger excused himself, while Kitty went to give Mabel a good scolding.

"Now don't say a word, Kitty," said Mabel. "I did it for his sake, not yours; he wanted to meet you."

Katherine blushed without knowing why.

Meanwhile Roger wondered why it was that that pretty Kitty Martin was so cold and disagreeable to him, when she seemed so jolly with the other fellows.

It was a bitterly cold day, about two months after the ball. Katherine was on her way home from shopping and had a great quantity of bundles. It was very slippery, and two or three times Kitty came very near falling. Just as she was crossing a street, a man, hurrying along, pushed her roughly, and over she went, her bundles flying in all directions. She tumbled in a little heap and lay perfectly still.

Someone rushed to her, picked her up, and carried her to the sidewalk. When she opened her eyes, she found herself leaning against the wall of a building, with Roger Whitfield bending over her.

"Are you hurt much, Katherine — er — Miss Martin?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, my foot!" she moaned.

"I'll take you right home," he said, and stopped a cab that was passing.

In spite of her efforts to walk, he half carried her to the cab, and off they started. Neither said a word on the way, but Katherine was thinking that Mr. Whitfield was not so horrid

after all. She wondered what had happened to her foot, and why it pained her so.

When they reached home, she started to step down on to the ground, but as soon as she put her weight on her foot, she felt a terrible pain, and again Roger had to carry her.

The door was opened by a terrified servant. "Oh, Miss Kitty! what makes you so white?"

"She fell down and hurt herself. Go and call her mother, immediately, please," commanded Roger.

Mrs. Martin came quickly down with an anxious, pale face, and saw her daughter lying on the sofa.

"Why, Kitty darling, what is the matter?"

"I fell and hurt my foot, but it isn't very bad. Mr. Whitfield has been very kind. He came all the way home with me."

Mrs. Martin turned round to express her gratitude, but Roger had disappeared.

Half an hour afterwards, a doctor appeared, saying that Roger Whitfield had sent him. He found that Kitty's ankle was badly sprained. It might keep her in the house a fortnight, he said.

The next day Mabel Thompson came to see Katherine. "Why, you dear child! I am awfully sorry for you. Tell me how it happened," she exclaimed as soon as she entered the room.

So Kitty told the whole story. "How very romantic," said Mabel as soon as she had finished; "and have you overcome your dislike for Mr. Whitfield?"

"Well, a little of it," answered Kitty.

Every day Roger came to inquire for Katherine, and once in a while he had the pleasure of seeing her for a few minutes. Those minutes were like heaven to him, for he had—need I say the rest?

One day toward the end of Katherine's second week of illness, Roger was spending one of those blessed half hours by Katherine's side, when suddenly he said:

"Oh, by the way, I may as well tell you now. Did you know that I am going away?"

"No," said Kitty quickly; "when?"

"Tomorrow. I only knew it yesterday myself. A distant cousin of mine, who is a merchant, has offered me a position in South

America. I shall probably be gone three or four years."

"Oh!" said Kitty, with a long-drawn sigh. Had she, too, come under the influence of that mysterious power?

Roger stood up to go. "Good-bye for the last time," he said bravely, and looking into her eyes, he saw tears standing there. Hastily he turned round and left the room.

What did the aching in her heart mean? she asked herself, as she watched him go down the steps.

After Roger's departure, Kitty watched the papers every day to see the notice of the arrival of the steamer that he had gone on. But she watched in vain, for she never found it. Instead, she found a heart-sickening account of how the steamer *Brazil* had gone down into the depths of the blue waters unseen by a single vessel, and how every soul on board had gone down with it. Oh! the anguish of that moment when she read the account!

For days she went about the house with a cold, sad face, noticing nothing, saying nothing. Her mother grew frightened and decided to take her abroad.

So Mrs. Martin and Kitty, with Mabel Thompson as a companion, sailed to Europe and travelled for three years. At the end of that time Katherine returned to her home, somewhat brighter than when she left it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Katherine sat reading in the parlor. It was just four years since Roger had said good-bye to her. Suddenly the door-bell rang. "Oh, dear! another caller," she exclaimed petulantly. "I do hope it isn't that Mr. ——" She never finished. A tall, bearded man entered, extending his hands to her.

"Don't you know me, Katherine?" he said huskily.

"Roger!" and the next moment his arms were around her, and her head was on his shoulder.

"Do you love me still?" he whispered.

"How did you know that I ever did love you?" she said shyly.

"I saw it in your eyes the day I went off."

"But we thought you were drowned."

"Drowned?"

"Yes; it said in the paper that the steamer *Brazil* had gone down."

"Did I tell you that I was going in the *Brazil*?"

"Yes."

"Why, you poor child. It must have been a

*lapsus linguae*. It was the *Panama* that I went in."

When Mrs. Martin came down-stairs, Kitty introduced "Roger."

"She has promised to be my wife," said Roger, proudly.

They were married in a few weeks, and lived happily ever after, as the old stories say.

## A Little Heroine

PARKERSVILLE was a small mining village in western Pennsylvania. It consisted of one store, a small church, and a shanty that took the place of a railroad station. Besides these, there were more than a hundred small houses in which the miners lived. A little way outside of this hamlet stood a large stone house, surrounded by well laid out grounds. This belonged to Mr. Parker, who owned the mine, and for whom the village had been named, since it was he who owned most of the land.

For months now the mine had been idle. The strike on the railroad had extended to the mines. One morning at breakfast Mr. Parker and his son were discussing the situation. "It's no use, father," said Roger, "matters can't stand this way much longer. Either we must give in, or the men will begin to get desperate; their families have nothing to live on."

Mr. Parker was a kind man, but when he had once made up his mind that his course was right, nothing could swerve him from his decision. He had helped along the most needy families whom he knew had taken no active part in the strike.

"I have offered to concede all I think is right, Roger," his father said. "We have always treated our men kindly and this is their sense of gratitude. Now there is Ben North; his father was one of my most trusted men and would never have joined a strike like this had he been alive. Ben has been led astray by these labor unions so that he is as bad as any of them."

"Here is Millie North now," said Amy. Mil-

lie helped Mrs. Parker about the house, and though several years younger than Amy the latter had become greatly attached to her.

As she came up the walk Amy went out to meet her. "Please tell your mother that I can't help her today, because mother needs me at home," Millie said to her.

Amy went into the house and told her mother, and came out again bringing one of her books. "Here, Millie, take this story with you," she said. "I have just finished reading it, and I am sure you will like it."

That night after her work was done, Millie sat reading in her room till late in the evening. She was just going to bed when she heard men coming into the kitchen, which adjoined her room. She recognized one of the voices as her brother's, and she knew that the others must be men that worked in the mine. Her mother had gone to spend the evening with a neighbor, and Ben thought that Millie had gone, too.

"I aint a-goin' to stand it a day longer," said one of the men, whose name was Mitchell. "A poor man has just as much right to make money as a rich man."

"Well, what are yer goin' to do 'bout it?" asked Ben.

"Somethin' that'll make the ole man give in; no matter how it's done," said Mitchell.

"There's only one way to do it, as I see, an' that's to use the knife," said a third man, who was a Pole named Sorenski.

"That wont do any good," said Ben.

"Yes, 'twill, too. We'll knife that son of his

an' 'twill frighten him so as he'll give in; don't yer see?"

"Shet up," said Walker, "maybe there's some one round."

"No, there aint," said Ben.

Millie listened, hardly daring to breathe.

"We have a plan," said the Pole. "The son's goin' to ride over alone, and take the first train at Milton in the morning. When he goes through those woods, we'll lay for him; and then, who'll know who done it? The old man'll relent an' we gets our money,—see? Are you wid us?"

"What'd yer give all that away fer?" said Mitchell.

"You'll get found out sure," said Ben. "Besides, I wouldn't do nothin' against the Parkers noways."

Millie breathed more easily.

"I told yer, you'd better shet up," said Mitchell. "I knew he'd blab."

"I wont blab neither," said Ben, "but I wont help you on any sech plan as that."

The men started to go and Millie heard her brother trying to dissuade them from their undertaking; but it seemed to have no effect. Millie lay there thinking. Amy's brother was in danger of being killed, and she was the only one that could save him. She must warn him! At first she was going to start right away; but her mother would come home, and finding her gone, would think something had happened to her. So she decided to wait.

She could not sleep, but lay awake for hours thinking it over. At last it began to grow light. Millie got up, and quietly dressed. Slowly opening the door, she went softly through the kitchen and out. It was three miles round by the road and she had no time to lose. "If I go by the railroad," she thought, "I will surely get there in time." So she struck across a field, and climbing the bank was soon walking rapidly over the railroad ties.

She had gone about three-quarters of a mile, and had reached a place where the road took a

sharp turn, when she stopped. There was a railroad bridge ahead of her, which she had forgotten about in her excitement.

She hesitated a moment, and then, seized by the thought of Amy and her brother, she started to walk across. It was a high trestle-bridge and crossed a swift running river. There was a space about two feet wide on each side of the rail on which she could walk. Millie advanced some distance without getting dizzy; then chancing to look down at the rushing river she was overtaken with dizziness and thought for a moment she would surely fall. Her presence of mind saved her and she sat down on the rail. She could neither walk backward nor forward. What was she to do? She decided that the only thing she could do would be to creep along. So she crawled along step by step, taking occasional rests.

At last she reached the other side and started to walk. She was so weak that she could hardly stand. With the greatest effort she managed to get along, half running, half walking, until she reached the house. She was just in time, for the horse was in the yard ready to go.

She went into the house and found Roger putting on his coat ready to start. "Oh, don't go!" she gasped, and sank exhausted into a chair.

"Mother, what is the matter with her?" said Roger; "she looks ill."

Then slowly and with great effort she told her story. How her brother had tried to dissuade the men and had failed. Other evidence was afterwards found against these men for acts of crime and violence, but they had left the country when they found out that their plot was known.

Ben North came to see the folly of his ways, and through his influence the strikers were reconciled. Matters were readjusted and everything was again in working order. The Parkers never forgot Millie's great service to them, and after her mother died she was taken into the family and treated like a daughter.

# Catalog of the Cambridge Latin School

1894-95.

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Adams, Philip  
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Crowley, William  
Davis, John C.  
Davis, Lloyd G.  
Derry, Cecil T.  
Dewing, Arthur S.  
Dougan, James E.  
Dyer, William P.  
Earle, Ralph S.  
Galvin, George F.  
Graupner, Marcellus F.  
Gurney, Auer S.  
Hall, James R.  
Heffernan, David A.  
Janes, Robert F.  
Jaquith, Leon A.  
Kennedy, Harry D.  
Knowlton, George F.  
Lemon, Michael B.  
Lindh, Edward W.  
Locke, Robert W.  
Lombard, Charles C.  
MacKaye, Benton  
Marean, Parker E.  
Mayhew, Clyde R.  
Mullins, John D.  
Munroe, Warren B.  
Noonan, Bernard H.  
North, Howard M.  
Parker, Frank P.  
Pennell, William A.  
Rady, John A.  
Read, Harold W.  
Savage, Clarence E.  
Sheridan, William H.  
Sherman, Herbert L.  
Smith, Herbert P.  
Stevens, Horace P.  
Stratton, Charles E.  
Trow, Frank E.  
Warland, William S.  
Warnock, William A.  
Welch, Bernard B.  
Whittemore, John H.  
Witte, Saul A.  
Woodbury, Ralph B.

## CLASS IV.

Abbott, Mabel L.  
Amadon, Clara M. R.  
Anderson, Ethel M.  
Appleton, Ethel D.  
Brooks, Edith D.  
Brooks, Gertrude D.  
Capen, Bertha F.  
Chase, Ethel  
Conant, Ella B.  
Crowley, Lizzie  
Davenport, Grace C.  
Dimick, Esther  
Dorchester, Elizabeth W.  
Emerson, Marion G.  
Fawcett, Nellie E.  
Glazier, Olive B.  
Goodridge, Lillie R.  
Hale, Mabel G.  
Heald, Gertrude C.  
Howes, Marion  
Kastman, Waldborg  
Jaquith, Anna A.  
Lansing, Marion T.  
Leonard, Frances R.  
Lowe, Emma S.  
McIntire, Blanche E.  
MacLeod, Elspeth V.  
McKean, Elizabeth G.  
Millner, Etta B.  
Moller, Bertha J.  
Mowry, Nellie A.  
Nichols, Florence  
Nicholson, Blanche  
Parsons, Grace A.  
Persons, Alice C.  
Pevear, Hannah L.  
Ray, Edna F.  
Raymond, Lillian A.  
Richardson, Persis E.  
Richardson, Vesta E.  
Ried, Helen  
Rouillard, Lillian I.  
Russell, Adelaide E.  
Smith, Annie C.  
Smith, Maude E.  
Teele, Gertrude L.

Tjernblom, Blenda K.  
Walker, Florence V.  
Webber, Grace B.  
Wentworth, Emma G.  
Adams, Charles W.  
Adams, Kilburn E.  
Bancroft, Guy  
Barbour, Samuel L.  
Barnes, Donald C.  
Blackburn, John H.  
Carter, Leigh W.  
Clark, Robert B.  
Conant, Walter G.  
Davis, Richard M.  
Denison, Arthur W.  
Dow, George L.  
Durant, Aldrich  
Durrell, Ralph O.  
Dyer, William D.  
Earle, Raymond B.  
Farrell, Edward P.  
Flanagan, Arthur B.  
Goodridge, Harold C.  
Howland, Gerald S.  
Jeter, Louis B.  
Kehew, Francis D.  
Lovering, Joseph  
Lucas, Julian D.  
Macdonald, William V.  
Marsh, George  
Metcalf, Carleton R.  
Myles, Leo T.  
Nutting, Philip A.  
O'Hara, Charles E.  
Parker, Paul R.  
Proudfoot, Arnold S.  
Robinson, James L.  
Russell, Charles T.  
Saul, Arthur D.  
Sawyer, Arthur H.  
Seaver, Clifford  
Skene, Norman L.  
Smith, Victor  
Sparrow, Ernest H.  
Taft, Theodore H.  
Usher, Samuel

# Catalog of the English High School

1894-5.

## TEACHERS.

<i>Head Master,</i>	RAY G. HULING.
<i>Master,</i>	EDWIN L. SARGENT.
<i>Instructor in Physics,</i>	CHARLES F. WARNER.
<i>Instructor in Chemistry,</i>	DELIA STICKNEY.
<i>Secretary and Librarian,</i>	MARTHA L. BABBITT.

JOSEPH A. COOLIDGE,  
EMMA A. SCUDDER,  
MARIA E. SPARE,  
CLARA A. ARMES,  
CARRIE CLOSE,  
LOUISA P. PARKER,  
MAUD LAWSON,

HARRIET E. BIRD,  
CAROLINE A. SAWYER,  
MARTHA R. SMITH,  
MYRA I. ELLIS,  
HENRIETTA MCINTIRE,  
MARY MOULTON,  
GRACE L. DEERING,

MABEL L. CHAMBERLAIN.

## CLASS I.

Bailey, Jeanette M.  
Barrett, Edith M.  
Brigham, Caroline A.  
Burton, Alice E.  
Cahill, Ada M.  
Chamberlin, Bertha M.  
Cobb, Caroline M.  
Conley, Annie E.  
Dacy, Helen T.  
Dale, Alice M.  
Day, Emma T.  
Dogherty, Marion A.  
Edgerly, Marion C.  
Fiske, Edith P.  
Flagg, Laura M.  
Fleming, Margaret J.  
Fosdick, Cora E.  
Grandison, Sarah E.  
Grant, Mary A.  
Green, Agnes J.  
Higgins, Mabel C.  
Howes, Ethel G.  
Keenan, Kittie J.  
Keith, Ina A.  
Lockhart, Daisey M.  
Lombard, Carrie E.  
McFall, May C.  
Mannix, Ella T.  
Mannix, Kate L.  
Mayhew, Bernice E.  
McCue, Mary M.  
Moore, Mabel F.

Mullins, Annie M.  
Murch, Ethel I.  
O'Connell, Hannah L.  
O'Hara, Mary A.  
Punch, Mary E.  
Reardon, Nora E.  
Sheehan, Anna M. T.  
Stimson, Edith R.  
Tracy, Clara G.  
Wagner, Grace H.  
Walker, Mary E.  
Ward, Grace E.  
Woods, Florence A.  
  
Bailey, Eric W.  
Ball, Samuel W.  
Crocker, Charles W.  
Ellison, Albert R.  
Fuller, Walter D.  
Gill, James S.  
Gurney, Erving R.  
Houston, Nelson T.  
Hyde, Patrick H.  
Leitch, Samuel G.  
MacKusick, Harry A.  
Moynahan, Denis J.  
O'Hara, John B.  
O'Hearn, Timothy C.  
Rickards, Burt R.  
Scottron, Samuel J.  
Sharkey, Joseph  
Sparrow, Stanley A.

## CLASS II.

Adams, Jessie E.  
Arnold, Ruth S.  
Baldwin, Lillian G.  
Balmer, Martha E. O.  
Barrett, Grace F.  
Benton, Ethel F.  
Brainard, Bessie F.  
Breen, Lillie M.  
Casey, Catherine T.  
Chase, Alice G.  
Cofran, Dollie M.  
Connelly, Lucy E.  
Cowen, Estella F.  
Dickson, Anna M.  
Dillingham, Blanche A.  
Dillingham, Emilie  
Dunn, Nettie C.  
Emerson, Ethel W.  
Fairbairn, Carrie E.  
Gibbs, Florence S.  
Gillis, Susie E.  
Goodrow, Elizabeth J.  
Gordan, Mary E.  
Gould, Ella M.  
Guyette, Caroline L.  
Hammond, Grace  
Hartshorn, Rena M.  
Hunnewell, Bertha S.  
Jolly, Minnie V.  
Jones, Harriet F.  
Jordan, Ida A.  
Kelly, Joanna J.  
Kenny, Lillie H.

Kimball, Evelyn M.  
Kirby, Annie E.  
Lewis, Lillian L.  
Long, Gertrude M.  
Massure, Adelaide G.  
McCarthy, Katherine G.  
McFadden, Lizzie A.  
McGillicuddy, Johannah E.  
McSwain, Flora  
Moynahan, Celia M.  
Neal, Carrie I.  
Nelligan, Agnes I.  
Newman, Annie F.  
Noonan, Annie E.  
O'Keefe, Margaret F.  
Oliver, Lillian F.  
Palmas, Carrie E. M.  
Parker, Bertha L.  
Parker, Martha A.  
Quinn, Margaret E.  
Rivers, Florence B.  
Ryan, Marion E.  
Sawyer, Elizabeth J.  
Shaffer, Lillian A.  
Sherman, Helen A.  
Smith, Lilla F.  
Smith, Eleanor G.  
Sprague, Mina C.  
Stevenson, Isabelle M.  
Sullivan, Gertrude T.  
Thurber, Carrie A.  
Trow, Carrie L.  
Turner, Alice L.

# Latin and High School Review.

Wheeler, Bertha H.  
Wight, Kate L.  
Winchester, Helena E.  
Yerxa, Florence L.  
  
Applegate, William A.  
Babson, Edward F.  
Barnes, Karl S.  
Beebe, William M.  
Brigham, Harry A.  
Brooks, John S.  
Colbert, James E.  
Cordwell, James E., Jr.  
D'Arcy, John F.  
Downing, Andrew F.  
Hall, Eben A.

### CLASS III.

Adams, Lillian M.  
Ahern, Helen M.  
Aldrich, Bertha A.  
Allen, Lucretia O.  
Balmer, Rachel M.  
Blen, Jennie S.  
Boyle, Ella J.  
Brewster, Edith C.  
Brown, Helen S.  
Busnach, Mary  
Cannon, Mary B.  
Carruth, Susan F.  
Casey, Annie G.  
Clark, Etta B.  
Clarke, Etta G.  
Close, Alice L.  
Coar, Elsa J.  
Coburn, Wendella  
Coker, Stella M.  
Connelly, Annie  
Cook, Bessie H.  
Cotton, Mabel A.  
Crocker, Avice W.  
Curtin, Elizabeth F.  
Curtis, Frances A.  
Dakin, Roberta H.  
Davey, Elsie F.  
Doe, Lena S.  
Dollard, Mary E.  
Duer, Alice L.  
Edwards, Lillian E.  
Ellis, Ruth L.  
Fawcett, Susan J.  
Ferrara, Mary C.  
Finnigan, Margaret E.  
Fleck, Teresa F.  
Gilligan, Grace G.  
Graham, Ethel A.  
Gray, Mabel E.

Holbrook, George M.  
Lingley, R. Ross  
McCarthy, Eugene  
McClintock, Edward H.  
McGirr, Edouard B.  
McKinnon, William E.  
Miller, Stuart B.  
Morey, Arthur S.  
Moulton, Fred H.  
Moynahan, Thomas  
Parker, William A.  
Perkins, Harry F.  
Pike, Harry K.  
Tracy, James E.  
White, Edward P.

Parker, Alice M.  
Parker, Eulalia F.  
Pettes, Georgia M.  
Pike, Sarah L.  
Rand, Maud F.  
Raymond, Jennie I.  
Reedy, Mary E.  
Russell, Florence A.  
Russell, Hattie P.  
Sanderson, Margaret F.  
Scottron, Olive M.  
Seymour, Mary G.  
Shea, Josephine  
Sherman, Annie D.  
Siders, Isabelle  
Simpson, Carrie F.  
Smith, Gertrude F.  
Smith, Sara A.  
Stinson, Mabel A.  
Stone, Ethel M.  
Sullivan, Mary A.  
Toomey, Catharine M.  
Van Buskirk, Anna L.  
Wales, Edith G.  
Westcott, Hattie C.  
Whitney, Florence B.  
Wilson, Edith F.

Wilson, Sarah C.  
Wyeth, Marion B.  
Wyman, Sarah S.  
  
Anglin, Patrick J.  
Brennan, John P.  
Brigham, Frederick R.  
Columbus, Louis G.  
Davidson, Robert S.  
Finnegan, James E.  
Freeman, Chester L.  
Hannon, John A.  
Kensel, Frederick  
Mahoney, Cornelius J.  
McCarthy, Joseph A.  
McCarthy, William G.  
Miller, Lawrence C.  
Miller, Malcolm D.  
Rosenberg, Lewis  
Russell, Benjamin B.  
Sexton, Frederick H.  
Slade, William A.  
Thayer, Alfred E.  
Turnbull, Walter E.  
Wellman, Walter F.  
Willard, Fred R.  
Yeaton, Herbert P.

### CLASS IV.

Acker, Anna G.  
Allen, Louisa C.  
Allison, Susan G.  
Anderson, Selma E.  
Arnold, Ella T.  
Augusta, Urания E.  
Baldwin, Bessie W.  
Barbour, Eleanor L.  
Bardwell, Bertha L.  
Barrett, Mary E.  
Bartlett, Myra D.  
Beckett, Florence J.  
Belluche, Annie A.  
Benner, May  
Beunke, Millie E.  
Bingham, Bertha P.  
Bissell, Florence M.  
Bodwell, Carrie E.  
Bonds, Harriet E.  
Bradley, Esther L.  
Breen, Ellen A.  
Breslin, Elizabeth M.  
Breslin, Ellen G.  
Brigham, Mabel F.  
Browne, Mabel A.  
Buck, Elva E.  
Cabot, Della E.  
Cahill, Helen M.

- Fuller, Mabel E.  
Garraghan, Nellie G.  
Garraty, Iva G.  
Gauley, Dorothy A.  
Goepper, Helen M.  
Gray, Mildred  
Griffin, Edith M.  
Grover, Annie M.  
Guyette, Olivine  
Haff, Florence S.  
Hall, Susan B.  
Hande, Mabel  
Hanscom, Lena E.  
Hanson, Lizzie M.  
Hastings, Olive A.  
Hayford, Mabel F.  
Hodsdon, Mary E.  
Holman, Mary E.  
Holton, Frankie M.  
Hopkins, Grace I.  
Horan, Frances T.  
Houlahan, Alice G.  
Houlahan, Emma J.  
Howard, Helen W.  
Hutchinson, Mabel V.  
Jones, Lulu B.  
Kay, Beatrice J.  
Kelley, Kittie L.  
Knox, Sarah M.  
Levy, Elizabeth  
Lewis, Henrietta N.  
Lochman, Anna P.  
Logan, Alice S.  
Lyon, Florence E.  
Lyons, Elizabeth J.  
Macklin, Mary A.  
Mahady, Ellen F.  
Mahoney, Mary J.  
Majewskie, Annie L.  
Matheson, Margaret L.  
Mathews, Flossie P.  
McCarthy, Evelyn E.  
McKusick, Sadie H.  
McLeod, Agnes J.  
McMahon, Mary E.  
McNamara, Catherine M.  
McPeake, Agnes C.  
McWilliams, Isabelle F.  
Messer, Ida A.
- Millard, Mabel A.  
Miller, Mildred A.  
Moore, Helen P.  
Moore, Marian L.  
Moreland, Edith W.  
Morgan, Eloise E.  
Morse, Annie  
Murch, Mabel K.  
Myers, Theresa M.  
O'Brien, Mary A.  
O'Keefe, Nellie T.  
O'Keefe, Mary  
Parsons, Lizzie E.  
Pickett, Josephine L.  
Poole, Cora B.  
Powers, Alice M.  
Powers, Nellie L.  
Pullen, May F.  
Putnam, Martha L.  
Quigley, Jennie A.  
Richardson, May  
Robinson, Margaret L.  
Rosenberg, Carrie  
Ross, Retta F.  
Ryan, Elizabeth M.  
Sands, Mabel A.  
Scorgie, Sophie H.  
Shaw, Maud E.  
Sheehan, Margaret E.  
Sherwin, Grace L.  
Shurtleff, Grace E.  
Simpson, Carrie E.  
Smith, Ella W.  
Starrett, Mabel F.  
Stimson, Hattie K.  
Sullivan, Annie G.  
Sullivan, Jennie A.  
Sweeney, Margaret  
Swift, Gracie T.  
Taylor, Cordelia  
Thurston, Charlotte E.  
Trainor, Nellie C.  
Walsh, Lillie H.  
Wardwell, Nanna P.  
Watts, Anna D.  
Waugh, Floretta M.  
Weeks, Edith L.  
Whelan, Belle A.  
Whitcroft, Mabel S.
- White, Annie F.  
White, Minnie E.  
White, Susie M.  
Whiteley, J. Belle  
Whitmore, Bertha N.  
Whitton, Caroline M.  
Wiggan, Effie E.  
Winter, Sadie H.  
Wood, Edith M.  
Wright, Annie I.  
Wright, Edith E.  
Wright, Helen E.  
Wyzanski, Carrie
- Adams, Fred J.  
Angus, Roy C.  
Babcock, Edwin M.  
Barker, Walter E.  
Beane, George A., Jr.  
Biggin, John E. F.  
Brackett, Willard A.  
Bragg, Charles L.  
Bramhall, Otis H.  
Breslin, Theodore J.  
Brown, James L.  
Campbell, George M.  
Carpenter, Arthur H.  
Carter, Robert N.  
Clarkson, Walter  
Columbus, Wallace J.  
Corbett, Augustus O., Jr.  
Craven, William J.  
Crowley, Kearan A.  
Curtin, Joseph P. B.  
Cutler, Edmund H.  
Cutter, Charles H.  
Daell, Hubert E. van  
Davis, Warren T.  
Dinan, Daniel J.  
Donovan, William F.  
Dorney, Daniel  
Duffie, Frederick H.  
Estrada, Luis F.  
Farwell, Howard P.  
Fearns, John C.  
Gilligan, George  
Goldthwait, Charles A.  
Gove, Harold C.  
Harney, John
- Hayden, Robert F.  
Higgins, Wilbur W.  
Hoffman, Max  
Holmberg, Axel  
Horan, David  
Horgan, Timothy J.  
Houston, David  
Hurley, Dennis F.  
Jennings, George  
Jones, Walter F.  
Jordan, William J.  
Kelly, James  
Kelso, William  
Little, David H.  
Locke, Henry W.  
Lynch, Edward J.  
MacSwain, George  
Mahady, Charles A.  
McCarthy, John  
McGarrett, Addison  
McGarrett, Willard  
Morris, George Edgar  
Morris, Harold  
Murray, C. Fred  
Nazro, Marshall  
Nelligan, Peter J.  
Normile, Michael F. J.  
O'Hearn, Michael  
Oliver, Charles R.  
Parker, Herbert T.  
Parmenter, William E.  
Patterson, Thomas H.  
Pearson, John A.  
Penney, George S.  
Poole, Frederic A.  
Ryan, John F.  
Shaw, John E.  
Sheridan, William G.  
Shute, Charles B.  
Smith, Harold P.  
Sullivan, David  
Sullivan, John J.  
Sullivan, Patrick J.  
Tinkham, Herbert  
Tobin, Joseph L.  
Van Horn, William G.  
White, Edwin H.  
White, Harry L.

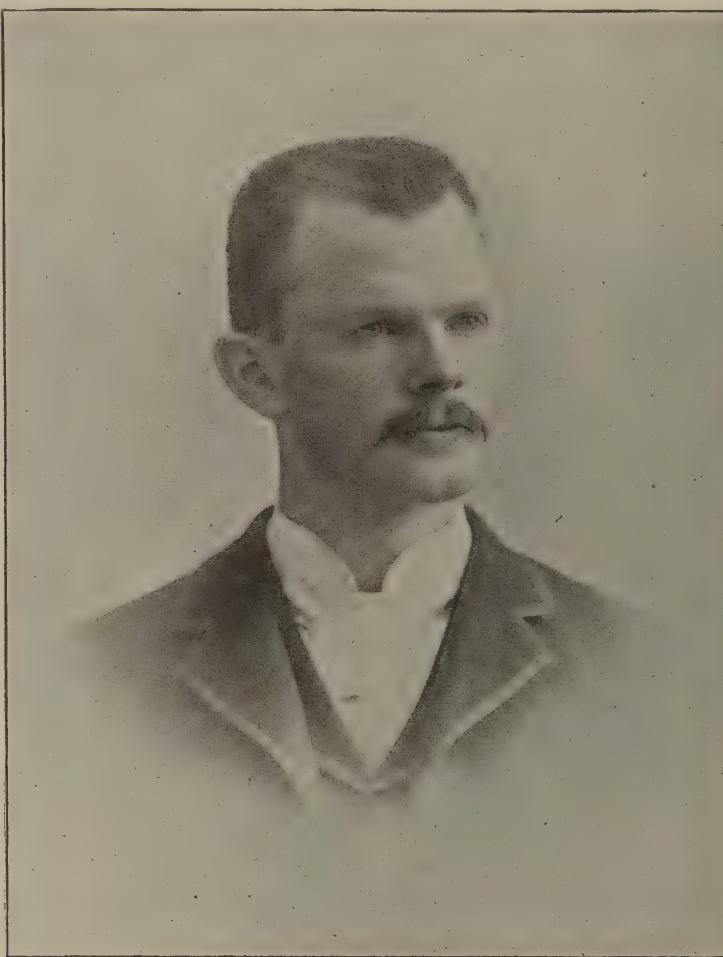


## Herbert James Chase

M R. Herbert J. Chase, who succeeds Mr. Parmenter as teacher of Physics in the Latin School, comes to us from a similar position in the Academy of Carleton College.

Mr. Chase was born in Harrison, Maine, November 3, 1866. He fitted for college at Bridgton Academy, and in the fall of '86 entered Bates College; but on account of an eye trouble

Wells. In the fall of '88, obliged once more to leave his studies, he was elected Principal of the English High School at Boothbay, Maine, where he remained until the summer of '89, when his eyes had improved sufficiently to warrant a return to school. He was then able to pursue his college work without interruption and was graduated June 27, 1891, receiving First Honors



was soon obliged to give up study. He immediately secured a position as Principal of the High School in Wells, Maine, for the remainder of the school year. The years '87 and '88 were spent in college and in supplying for twelve weeks a vacancy that had again been made at

in the department of Philosophy and Mental Science. Before graduating from college Mr. Chase had been elected teacher of Physical Science in the Academy of Carleton College, which position he accepted and has held since September 9th, 1891. Mr. Chase has also had

experience as a teacher in large ungraded schools and has taken special courses in Physics at Harvard and Chemistry at Carleton.

We have no doubt that Mr. Chase will success-

fully fill the place left vacant by Mr. Parmenter, and his former large experience should help him greatly. He has already established himself as a firm favorite with all his pupils.

## Amateur Journalism

[We publish the following article at the request of Mr. A. W. DENNIS, the President of the N. E. A. P. A. Mr. DENNIS will be pleased to send papers to anyone interested in his work.]

OF all the hobbies which appeal to the young people of the country, none is more interesting and beneficial than amateur journalism. When I consider all the pleasure to be obtained from it, and the permanent results obtained by connection with it, I am only surprised that more of our young people do not take it up.

It is very easy to become an amateur journalist. Either start a paper of your own, or contribute to one already in existence. Our papers are of all sizes and sorts, and published in all parts of the country. Authors and editors stand on an equal footing, both alike receiving our papers and holding the right of membership in our associations. The editor, however, reaps by far the greatest benefit, inasmuch as he is apt to put more of himself into the work.

Amateur journalism has been found markedly successful as a preparation for professional life. It gives a practical training found nowhere else. Its graduates are to be found in newspaper offices all over the country, rising rapidly to success in their profession. It also prepares the way for a literary career. The amateur writer, seeing his own work in print, becomes doubly cognizant of its imperfections. The comments and criticisms of his associates also conduce to his improvement in style and method, while they encourage and stimulate him to better work.

The lasting interest of amateurs in their work is one of the striking and beautiful features of the institution. Though all activity is purely voluntary, we find members remaining in the 'dom (familiar expression for Amateurdom) for many years. Often other duties will cause a

temporary suspension of activity, after which, even though years have elapsed, the old-timer, or "fossil," finds the old love returning, and enters into the work with as much zeal as ever. So common is this, that one of the most popular sayings of the 'dom is: "Once an amateur, always an amateur."

Ex-Speaker Randall has been credited with the statement that "amateur journalism is the noblest work engaged in by the American youth." Whether the noted statesman ever made such a remark is doubtful; but the claim itself is not unfounded. Among all the pursuits of youth, there is no other which calls into action so many of the higher faculties of the mind, furnishes such mental discipline, so broadens the mind and strengthens the foundations of character, while at the same time affording so much scope for amusement and pleasant associations.

The friendships of amateur journalism should by no means be omitted in a survey of the institution. Probably nowhere can be found a stronger fraternal spirit than that which binds the amateurs of this country together. Our members are scattered all over the country; and the active amateur finds friends wherever he goes. Many of the friendships thus made are lasting, even when an active connection with the 'dom is no longer possible.

There is plenty of fun in amateur journalism. We have a number of members who attach themselves to it simply as a pastime, and find it well worth their while to do so.

Common interests are best promoted by organization. Hence we have our various amateur press associations (A. P. A.s) covering different

extents of territory. Of course, it is purely optional with any amateur to join these; but he loses much of the spirit of the institution, and many of its pleasures and benefits, if he fails to do so.

The organization to which amateurs of our section owe loyalty is the New England Amateur Press Association (N. E. A. P. A.). Of the active associations, it is the oldest and strongest, with the exception of the National Association (N. A. P. A.). It was organized in Boston in 1883, as the successor of an earlier organization covering the same territory. It unites in the closest bonds the amateurs of New England, and is an instrument for advancing the cause of amateur journalism and making it more widely known. As the nature of our institution is such that the larger our numbers the greater the pleasure and benefit derived by each, recruiting occupies much attention. Our conventions must

be experienced to be appreciated. The amateurs flock together from near and far, eager to make new acquaintances and renew the old friendships. A lively contest over the principal offices often adds spice to the gathering; and the merits of the different candidates are discussed through the columns of the papers for weeks in advance. The social features of our conventions are highly prized by all. Next July the New England A. P. A. will meet in Boston; and a delightful time is anticipated.

All are cordially invited to join our work, and learn for themselves the pleasures and benefits of amateur journalism. Once try it, and you will never regret your action. Mr. A. W. Dennis, of Lynn, Mass., is our President, and will be glad to furnish information to all inquirers, and to supply them with copies of amateur papers.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.,  
*Ex-President N. E. A. P. A.*

## Book Reviews

**"RACHEL STANWOOD."** By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

Few people of the present day know of the hardships undergone by slaves, even after escaping from their owners. In "Rachel Stanwood" Mrs. Morse tells us something of the experiences of three of the downtrodden race after reaching New York, where they are finally assisted to freedom by the efforts of kind-hearted abolitionists. But the story has another and a pleasanter side,—a charming love tale, in which the lives of two young society people are interwoven with those of the quiet and peace-loving Quakers. The story is told in a simple and pleasing manner, and the characters are excellently portrayed.

**"NARCISSA."** Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Cloth, 50 cents.

One of Estes & Lauriat's latest publications is a dainty little volume in green and silver containing two stories, "Narcissa" and "In Verona." The author is Laura E. Richards, who wrote "Melody" and "Captain January."

Motherless Narcissa is a pathetic little figure, housekeeper for an aged relative, Uncle Pinker,

a very crabbed old man. Narcissa lives in her day-dreams, one of the dearest of which is a journey to Rome, a neighboring town in Maine, which she believes to be a magnificent city. She shows a picture of it to a youth, Romulus Patten, a travelling agent, and he instantly recognizes ancient Rome, but he pities this beautiful girl too greatly to explain her error, and goes on to Rome, leaving Narcissa warmed by the first touch of sympathy she remembers. The next day Narcissa learns her error, and thinking she has lied to Romulus Patten, hastens out in a furious storm to find him and undeceive him. He finds her, exhausted by the storm, and takes her home, where they are soon afterwards married.

"In Verona" is humorous rather than pathetic, but the characters are drawn quite as well as those in "Narcissa."

Both stories are delightfully told, with a charming mingling of pathos and humor.

**"THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD."** Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

The War of 1812 is a field which has received comparatively slight attention from modern story

writers. The romance of the Revolution and that of the Civil War has been more marked because the issues of those wars were more apparent.

And yet, while the causes and results of the War of 1812 were not so manifest as those of the other wars, they were no less real. It was a time for the development of internal national qualities, and the confidence and self-respect acquired were not the least of the results of the struggle.

The object of the author of this volume is to give the younger people an insight into the conditions of the times of 1812, a history of that war and a glimpse at the results, and this object is attained through the medium of this and the succeeding volumes in The War of 1812 Series, of which "The Search for Andrew Field" is the first. It is well known that one of the causes of the war was "the right of search" claimed and carried out by Great Britain, and as a result of this Andrew Field was "pressed."

The author is thoroughly familiar with the territory in which the scene is laid, and many are the adventures, perils and difficulties met during the search. Andrew Field and his friends are manly American boys with a love for their country, and the story is full of life and spirit, manly in tone and free from "slang," conveying much historical information and many lessons of manliness and courage.

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"THE Boys' OWN GUIDE TO FISHING." Illustrated. By John Harrington Keene. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

Such a work as this, placed in the hands of a boy, will be a continual source of pleasure and happiness. It contains just the information longed for by the great majority of boys who are so situated that they can enjoy this most healthful of out-door sports. The knowledge

here obtained will not leave them, but will aid them in passing many a quiet hour, as the boy passes on to youth, manhood and old age. The author is an intelligent and a practical fisherman, descended from a long line of fishermen, and is thoroughly qualified by experience to give all the required information. He gives the why and wherefore of all things that are likely to perplex the young angler, as well as the making of each piece of tackling, giving the methods he has himself put in practice—all illustrated by suitable diagrams. The work is finished by a comprehensive chapter on the breeding of fishes. The author's style throughout is attractive and his directions are given in such a plain and direct manner as to be easily comprehended and appreciated.

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"PHOTOGRAPHY INDOORS AND OUT." Illustrated. By Alexander Black. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

Photography today has without doubt attained a degree of popularity equalled by no other hobby, if hobby it may be called. To the amateur no book could be more interesting and instructive than Mr. Black's new publication, entitled "Photography Indoors and Out." The author begins by relating very prettily the happenings—accidental and experimental—leading up to the discovery of the art. The book is literally filled with valuable hints, from which many a professional might profit. An especially interesting description is given of the process of making a photograph, from posing a sitter or picking out a bit of landscape, to mounting the finished print. The author also tells how to fit up a dark-room, and how to make transparencies and enlargements. There are excellent chapters on "The Home Gallery," "Flash-light Photography" and "Mystery Pictures." The volume also contains an appendix with useful tables and reliable formulas.

## Suited

HE sat on the steps at the evening-tide,  
Enjoying the balmy air;  
He came and asked: "May I sit by your side?"  
And she gave him a vacant stair.



THE Panama Canal is having another lease of life.

Every American war-ship has an outfit of 150 flags.

The base of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids covers eleven acres.

The Spanish Government has issued a decree cancelling the reciprocity treaty between Spain and the United States of the new customs tariff.

Russia proposes to connect the Baltic with the Black Sea, according to recent report. The rivers Dnieper and Dwina are to be joined by a canal.

The Chinese plays and comedies are so long and slow that it takes seven nights to perform one. Chinese battle play seems to be carried on in the same way.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim; immediately after they enter the water, they turn on their backs and are drowned.

A large body of colored people in Mississippi have sent two representatives to Africa to view the country. In case the conditions are favorable, they propose to leave *en masse* for the dark continent.

The new treaty between Corea and Japan makes the latter a benevolent friend determined to rid Corea of the oppression of China. The compensation for this benevolence is not specified, but will come later.

By the return of the greater part of the Peary expedition, attention is again directed toward the North. Although they did not accomplish their design, it was through a combination of

circumstances which could not be helped. They, nevertheless, explored and mapped out a hitherto unknown coast, and were the first white men to see an iron meteorite near Cape York. Lieutenant Peary with two other men remained in Greenland and will continue to make explorations next season.

Negotiations are proceeding between England and Turkey with reference to the proposed exchange of the Isle of Cyprus, with £12,000,000 sterling, for the Island of Crete.

The Eiffel Tower is to be removed from Paris to Baltimore at a cost of \$500,000, and set up over the latter city, as an ornament and speculative enterprise connected with the fair to be held there in 1897.

A desperate affray has occurred in Mexico between the people of San Miguel and Teposcolma. A dispute over the boundary line was the cause of the trouble, and the battle lasted two days. About seventy-five people were killed.

A dispatch from China says that the war party there has the upper hand and hostilities will be vigorously prosecuted. A large army is gathering at Pekin; half of this army will guard that city, and the rest will go to Corea for winter quarters. The work of extending the Chinese fort works along the coast is being pushed.

In the early part of September occurred the death of the Comte de Paris, who was the head of the Bourbon house in France, and who hoped that the monarchial government would one day be restored. He died in England, where he had been living, an exile, since 1886. During the War of the Rebellion, he served on the staff of

General McClellan, and in 1890 revisited this country, where he was cordially received. His eldest son, the Duc d' Orleans, is now the representative of the royal family.

The effect of the war between China and Japan will have a great deal to do with the future condition of the latter country at least. It will no longer be considered the weak, insignificant country which it has hitherto been held, but will, no doubt, occupy a position in the foremost rank among the powers of the world. It will occasion no surprise, therefore, if England or Russia interfere in the war for the purpose of preventing the triumphant advance of Japan. They must, however, come to the conclusion, sooner or later, that their influence on the Asiatic coast will not be so marked as formerly,

and that the tone taken by the Japanese government in treating with the European powers will be much more independent and decided than it would be if such a triumph had not been won.

An Indian carpet has just been completed by the convicts in Agra for Queen Victoria, that is said to be one of the most remarkable articles ever made in prison. Twenty-eight of the most skilful convicts have been engaged in weaving it for many months, and now it is finished. It measures 77 feet by 40, and contains no fewer than 59,000,000 stitches. Design and coloring are both beautiful, and as a magnificent specimen of the old art in modern form it will compare favorably with the most precious of Indian handiwork. The carpet is destined for the state apartment in Windsor Castle.

## Wise and Otherwise

### A MOUNTAIN CLIMB.

THE sun, high in the heavens, cast slanting shadows through the thick shade of the towering hemlocks, brightening the rocky path with wavy lines of light. I stood at the base of the great mass of rock, and gazed up at the long undulating line of fir and pine, through which the little mountain-path stood out as the branch of a gigantic tree shines forth from the clustering foliage.

Then I struggled on through rank underbrush, past dark pools and little trickling streams, which sent soft music through the shady depth; past open spaces, carpeted with stubby mountain-grass,—little oases made to urge on the weary traveller to the fuller glory of the summit.

At last I reached the top, scaling the towering rocks which Nature had raised to screen her beauty from too close observation. Long I stood there, gazing at shining waters, hazy hill-sides, and snow-capped peaks, and far in the blue distance, as though fearful of intruding on this citadel of Nature, the shining roofs and towers of the city.

### A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

It had been raining all the afternoon, and in the hospital the wan faces on the long row of cots seemed to reflect the gloom without. All was quiet, except for the sigh of some suffering patient or the distant tinkle of medicine-glasses in the room beyond.

In one of the private wards an operation was going on. The masses of flowers, which friends had brought, had been removed and now stood in drooping disarray on the table outside the door. Hours passed, and at last the door opened and the doctors passed down the ward with their professional smile, while the nurse closed the blinds of the private ward and rang the telephone for the undertaker.

### A WINTER WALK.

It had been snowing for many days, but now the sun shone brightly, lighting the glistening snow into untold splendor.

I entered the woods, parting the bare branches which shielded the little cart-path from the open fields, and made my way between the great trees.

As I walked along, I occasionally brushed some last year's seed-pods from the dead weeds, and stopped to watch the little seeds roll over the snow in queer winding ways until they were lost beneath the green laurel bushes. High up in a great chestnut-tree, I saw the hawk's nest where, in the previous summer, I had found some eggs.

I pushed my way on, stopping once or twice to look into a fly-catcher's nest which was tossing tumultuously in the strong wind.

And now the blue sky began to show between the interlacing boughs, and making my way over the old Virginia fence I went home across the open pasture.

#### TWO VIEWS.

All New Orleans had been roused by the presence of the Northern troops, and the fine old places had been secured as well as possible against the incursions of the enemy.

The Montagues were a family who had entered, hand and heart, into the war. Their large colonial house was now left to the care of a few women and the servants. These people heard little of the city news and of the atrocious deeds of a certain Northern Colonel who was stationed in the city, and it was not until the above-mentioned Colonel with his men appeared at the gate that they realized some of the by-plays of the war. The Colonel, after forcing his way

into the house, possessed himself of several family swords and some fine old china, and then departed.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was at a reception, not long ago, at Colonel —'s. The guests were admiring the old swords hanging over the mantel. "O yes," exclaimed the Colonel, proudly removing the swords from the wall for the visitors' inspection, "these are some swords I won on the battlefield from those Southern Rebels."

#### A CITY SQUARE.

Often, in the early morning, I have wandered down to the picturesque old square, which in later days has been converted into the market-place. At an early hour the square is filled with people, a motley crowd of peasants and shop-keepers, servants and lackeys, with a generous sprinkling of boarding-house keepers buying the day's provisions. Along the southern exposure of the square stand wagons full of the country produce, around which the buyers flock in great numbers, pinching the breasts of the poultry to test the tenderness, or biting little pieces from the vegetables to tell the freshness.

An hour later, all is changed; the square is empty, and the buyers and sellers have departed to their business, not to appear again until the morrow.

## Report of Base-ball Team of 1894

#### EXPENDITURES.

To expense of trip to Groton.....	\$4.60
" 12 base balls at \$1.00.....	12.00
" 1 catcher's mit at \$4.50.....	4.50
" 1 first baseman's mit at \$4.50.....	4.50
" 6 base balls at \$1.00.....	6.00
" 6 bats at 75 cents.....	4.50
" 1 pair stockings (Bacon).....	.25
" repairing mask.....	.50
" 2 pairs of shoes.....	9.00
" 7 base-ball suits.....	47.25
" 1 pair stockings.....	1.28
" car fares.....	2.50
" postage, stationery, etc.....	.50
" loss on games.....	.50
	<hr/>
	\$97.88

#### RECEIPTS.

By amount granted by Executive Committee.....	\$90.00
" " from Saul and Stearns.....	3.00
" " made at Arlington.....	2.00
	<hr/>
	\$95.00
Expenses.....	\$97.88
Money on hand and appropriations.....	95.00
	<hr/>
	\$2.88
Amount to be found by Manager.....	\$2.88
GEORGE S. R. MCLEAN, Manager.	

Audited by Executive Committee, September 20, 1894.  
WALDO S. KENDALL, *Secretary.*



# ATHLETICS

## Foot-Ball

THE foot-ball season has opened, and on September 18th Captain Baldwin had his men out for their first taste of practice, such as falling on the ball, tackling and kicking. About twenty men put in an appearance and the outlook for a good team is fairly encouraging. Only five of last year's team are back: Baldwin, Parker, Clarkson, Estabrook and Stearns. The team is slightly handicapped in beginning practice later than the other schools, but this it makes up, as the other teams do not practice regularly.

There is very good material for backs. Raymond, who played some on the team last year, is a candidate. He is a very strong man behind the line and can be depended upon to gain much ground. He is also a good tackler. Parker, the full-back on last year's team, is again out, and is a good kicker. He is quite heavy and can gain ground through the centre. As much depends this year upon good kicking, this department should receive much care. The other position of back is open, but there are many candidates; the most prominent are Currie and Campbell, either of whom could be worked into good form for a back. Campbell is a trifle the heavier.

For quarter-back there are four strong candidates: Saul, Beardsell, Stevens and Columbus. All except Stevens are light, but are very hard players, especially Columbus. As Stevens has only lately come out, his playing qualities are not as yet developed.

Estabrook will undoubtedly hold his own at centre.

For guards Miller and Barnes make the best pair as far as weight goes, and ought to be trained to be of the greatest value in the line.

Both these men will be hard pressed by Brown, who is also a candidate for guard. He plays a very hard game and ought to make a place.

If Clarkson comes out later, he will be given his old position at tackle, and Brown, Campbell, Andrews or Adams will be the other tackle. All of these are hard, conscientious players and would hold their own against the best.

For ends, Captain Baldwin will hold one position and the other is in doubt. The men trying for this place are Adams, Columbus and Campbell. Of these Columbus is the best tackler, though Campbell is stronger. Adams has had experience, and so far it is a toss-up between the three.

Nothing need be said about Baldwin's end, as he defended it last year as well as could be expected and will surely do as well this year.

Of those who have shown up, not already mentioned, the most prominent are Hawes, Dorchester, Morey, Angus and Bacon. These are all good men and are as yet dark horses. They are apt to step in and take a position at any time.

Baldwin has a hard task before him in getting out a winning team from so much new material, yet many are sanguine of success.

It is rumored that Lovering, Harvard '97, will coach the team. This will be a great help, as he knows the game fully, and the team ought to be congratulated on this good luck.

The team will undoubtedly be financially handicapped this year, owing to the use of Jarvis Field for tennis courts and the transfer of the foot-ball field across the river. Manager MacKusick has seen the Harvard manager concerning the use of this field, but his answer has not yet been given.

# JO B ( ) LOTS



"**O**FT on a stilly night"— Meow.  
 Home-suite home — A Harlem flat.  
 A match-case — Love at first sight.  
 A bad scrape — The ten-cent shave.  
 A pair of slippers — The orange and banana skins.

**VAN WARBLER** — Ah, Stebbes, have you heard my last song?

**STEBBES** — Heaven knows I hope so.

"I put my foot right down on the whole business."

"You V-toed it then, eh?"

A lady writes at the end of a letter to a friend : "Now I must conclude, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold my pen."

"What hymn does an electric car sing on its last trip at night?"

"I'm going home to dynamo."

"Which is the best position in which to sleep?" asked the patient.

"I usually lie down," replied the doctor.

"I have a parrot at home that repeats every word I utter," said Jarley.

"What an idiot of a bird!" ejaculated Cynicus.

**OLD SNAGGS** — Haint you ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Tommy?

**TOMMY** — I don't know why I should be, Popper ; the foot is the foundation, isn't it?

"Don't you think that was a finished address?" said a conceited orator to an opponent.

"Yes, I do," was the reply ; "but at one time I thought it never would be."

"Mr. Blink's office is on the sixteenth floor. Just take the elevator up."

**MR. CORNHUSKS** — Not much, young man.

This basket of eggs an' a carpet-bag is enough for me to carry.

**HOFFMAN HOWES** — Ya-as, dear boy, Howell Gibbons and I have decided to waise a mustache.

**JACK MALLET** — Indeed! Well, you're doing first rate with your half.

"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!"

And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

**MISS PLACIDA SYMPERTHY** (*to D'Ulthud, who has just fallen out of a tree*) — Did you hurt yourself?

**D'ULTHUD** — Who'n blazes d'ye think I hurt?

**SALES GENTLEMAN** — Stockings? Yes, sir; what number do you wear?

**CUSTOMER** — What number? Why, two, of course! D'ye take me for a centipede or a one-legged veteran of the war.

**TOM** — Mandy, you're the purtiest gal in town. Why don't you bang your hair, an' set the rest of the gals jes' crazy?

**MANDY** — 'Cause 'taint no use, Tom ; my hair won't stay bung.

**PARENT OF NEGLECTED EDUCATION** (*to accomplished daughter*) — Mary Ann, what does "Poor-quaw" mean?

**ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTER** — *Pourquoi?* Why.

**PARENT** — 'Cause I wanter know, gawsh it all.

**MRS. HAUTON** — Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street?

**DAUGHTER** — Yes ; but, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking ; that's all.

## AT THE TELEPHONE.

MCCARTY — Is this McCanty?

MCCANTY — It is.

MCCARTY — Sind me down a bale o' hay.

MCCANTY — An' who's it phfor?

MCCARTY — Me mule, ye spaldeen.

## IN SORE STRAITS.

DICKEY (*greatly puzzled by the twins, to one of them*) — Are you yourself or your sister?

ONE OF THE TWINS — I'm my sister.

DICKEY — Gracious! Well, where can I find you? I've got this dance with you.



"GOING THROUGH THE MAIIS."

## A Strange Occurrence

WE strolled upon the beach one eve,  
"Twas in the month of June,  
The summer wind was soft and sweet,  
And brightly shone the stars.

We sat us down beneath the bluff,  
Upon the soft white sand;  
No human creature was in sight,  
I held her little shawl.

Her face was very fair to see  
As up she gazed above;  
And as my arm stole round her waist  
I told her of my debts.

She turned her lovely eyes to mine,  
And down I bent and kissed her;  
And strange as it may sound to you,  
She said she'd be my wife.

## Latin School Notes

NOW for work.

"Which move?" Th-y-r.

The foot-ball prospects are very bright.

James, '97, has left school and is now in the market.

It looks as if '97 was to be the coming class in athletics.

Alfred Drew has left school. "Ten yards of ribbon, please."

The Fifth Class has some good foot-ball material in its ranks.

The Fifth Class pupils got an old REVIEW free. Think of that!

The Webster Debating Society began its year, Friday, September 21.

Goodridge, '94, is trying for the Harvard Freshman foot-ball team.

It is said that one of the Latin School boys voted in Maine. Good work.

All of the Second Class scholars have not yet bought class-pins. Why not?

This year Mr. Bradbury will teach the First Class Advanced Mathematics.

The classes have now got settled, and things are beginning to run smoothly.

This year many boys have come to the Latin School from Browne & Nichols'.

Quite a number of High School scholars have come to the Latin School this year.

The First Class is now breathing freely, as they have passed(?) their preliminaries.

The candidates for the foot-ball team appeared on the common Tuesday, September 18.

The Latin School Debating Society held its first meeting this year, Friday, September 28.

Third Class scholars are becoming greatly interested in Physics with Mr. Chase as teacher.

Although Mr. Parmenter will be greatly missed, the new Physics teacher, Mr. Chase, will

ably conduct the Physics course during the ensuing year.

Adams, '95, has returned to the Latin School after passing a year at Mr. Kendall's private school.

The Debating Society will be reorganized according to the by-laws. Everyone will have a chance.

The present Fifth Class contains 103 members,—a few more than last year's class at the same time.

The First Class fellows are requested not to forget that every other day they have a recitation after recess.

The designs for '95's class-pin have been submitted to the members, but as yet no decision has been reached.

Some of the Second Class scholars have not yet found their voices, which they lost last year in the Latin recitation.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association was held at Mr. C. W. Parmenter's house, September 20th.

The Executive Committee has decided that those gentlemen who are behindhand in the payment of their dues to the Athletic Association will have their names printed in THE REVIEW.

On September 24th, '97 elected the following officers: President, Alexander M. Blackburn; Vice-President, Miss L. I. McWhinnie; Secretary, Miss G. E. Alexander; Treasurer, E. S. Emerson.

The Class of '98 held a meeting, September 25th, and the following officers were elected: President, A. H. Sawyer; Vice-President, Miss V. Kastman; Treasurer, G. L. Dow; Miss F. A. Nichols was reelected Secretary.

The following are the officers of the Athletic Association: President, Harry N. Stearns; Vice-President, Edward B. Brown; Secretary, Waldo S. Kendall; Treasurer, Charles W. Parmenter; Executive Committee, Charles E. Bald-

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BOSTON.

CHICAGO.

win, Walter F. Wyeth, James F. Bacon and Edward W. Stevens.

The following officers have been chosen by '95: President, Harry N. Stearns; Vice-President, Miss L. C. Reynolds; Secretary, Miss B. N. Cook; Treasurer, C. P. Adams.

A new Latin School building is going to be erected on the ground back of the High School.

The need of this building is imperative, as the school is already crowded. Probably, most of the scholars now in the school will have graduated before it is completed.

Last June the Class of '96 elected the following officers for this year: President, Conrad Bell; Vice-President, Miss M. D. Watson; Secretary, Miss E. B. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry E. Marean.

## English High School Notes

"SAM" Ball is quite a singer.

MacLean, '94, is a Freshman at Harvard this year.

"Dinah" Moynahan states that he is a candidate for foot-ball honors.

Miss Rogers has returned this year, for which everybody is glad.

The Second Class held their annual election of officers last Friday.

Hurrah for the double quartette! Mr. Chapman says it will be a big success.

Mr. Joseph A. Coolidge is to have the principaship of the Evening High School.

Be sure and subscribe for THE REVIEW this year. You can't get along without it.

The Institute boys find Trigonometry and Algebra quite easy with Mr. Coolidge.

Hopkins, one of '96's musicians, has left school. He will be greatly missed at the class socials.

The lawn in front of the school building is about as good looking as that fronting City Hall these days.

O for the good old days when we went to the hall every morning! May they come again, and very soon, too.

The Senior Class is enjoying Astronomy with Mr. Huling very much. Indeed, so much so, that even the Vernal Equinox and the Oblique

Sphere have gotten within reach of the understanding of some of the brightest scholars.

The class meeting for the purpose of electing officers was held on Friday, September 28.

The Columbus boys, who, by the way, come from the Somerville High School, are clever foot-ball players.

Mr. Hill, Secretary of the State Board of Education, and late Master of the school, visits the school frequently.

Miss Alice Burton, '94, is resuming her studies at the school this year, and is taking up Algebra, Trigonometry, etc.

Fred Suhr, who was a member of the Class of '95, two years ago, is contemplating taking a course at the Training School.

None but a chosen few of the Senior Class are taking Second Class Latin with Mr. Sargent. Those few, however, enjoy it thoroughly.

Miss Bird resumed her position as instructor in the Senior Class this year, after enjoying a year's leave of absence, which was spent abroad.

Miss Warren has been transferred to the Latin School. Miss Mabel L. Chamberlain has been changed from the Morse Grammar School to the High School.

The Class of '96 has at last got into good running order and most of the pupils know to whom and when they recite their different lessons. The Institute Section is taking United

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HOUSE,  
HARVARD SQ.**

States History this year, and this causes them to have four recitations a day.

Ninety-eight seems destined to be an enterprising class in athletics. They have already posted notices calling for candidates for their foot-ball team.

The Training School pupils who recite with the Institute Section were allowed to sit in Miss Deering's room the first week, but it began to get rather crowded in that room, so they were obliged to move.

It is rumored that several members of the Class of '96 have formed a club called the Bachelors' Club. The name seems very inconsistent to the friends of the members.

There is some talk of adding wings to the school building; that is, if the number of pupils grows so large as not to be accommodated by the structure as it stands now.

There is a general feeling that the appointment of Harry A. MacKusick, '95, to the position of Manager of the foot-ball team, was a good one. "Mac" was always interested in that lively game, and also knows a thing or two about making a bargain.

The subject of forming a debating society should be agitated at once. The evening schools open about the first of October, and as our school will then be open on Friday evening, the usual evening for the meeting of the society,

it should be formed at once, in order that no time may be lost. It is to be hoped that the majority of the school will enter as members.

Everybody in the High School should subscribe for THE REVIEW, and thus aid in upholding the reputation which it has always held, of being the largest and best school paper in the world.

At a meeting of the Class of '97, held September 20, it was voted to organize a class society. A committee was appointed for the purpose of drawing up a constitution, and the following officers were elected: President, Fred Kelsen; Vice President, Miss Close; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Adams. The class colors, crimson and gold, were chosen at a special meeting, held later, and designs for class pins are now in preparation.

The Class of '96, E. H. S., held the first regular meeting of the school year on Friday, September 28. After the reports of the Social Committee and Treasurer were read and accepted, the annual election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President, E. P. White (unanimous); Vice-President, Miss C. A. Thurber; Secretary, W. A. Parker; Treasurer, Miss Ruth S. Arnold; Social Committee, Miss Emerson, Miss Yerxa, Miss Gordan, and Messrs. D'Arcy and Moynahan. The Treasurer's report showed that there was a substantial surplus in the treasury, and everything seems to indicate another successful year.

## Poetic Justice

WE once knew a young female Dr.  
Who had a bad parrot that Mr.  
He would also blaspheme,  
Using language extreme,  
And in various other ways shr.

So she gave him away to a Col.  
Who was noted for sayings infol.  
These two became friends,  
Lived in peace till their ends,  
Then passed on to their roasting etol.

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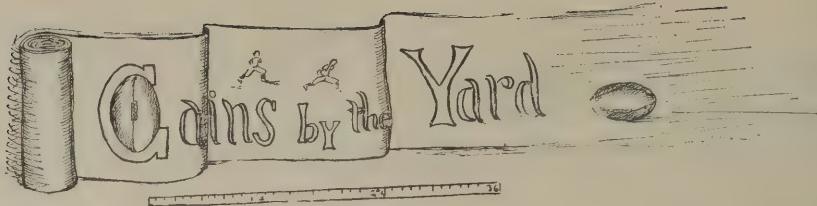
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BIRD, '94, is trying for centre on the Harvard eleven.

F. J. Goodridge, '94, is a candidate for the Freshman Foot-Ball Team.

L. C. Miller, '97, E. H. S., will not come out again for the foot-ball team.

"Bob" Wrenn is making a good bid for quarter-back on the 'Varsity.

Ward has been elected Captain of the Boston English High Foot-Ball Team.

J. F. D'Arcy, '96, will receive the dues of the High School boys for the Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association has started out well this year. It is sure to be a good thing for school athletics.

All but one of last year's Manual Training School Team are back, and they began practice a week before school opened.

Of the practice so far this year the showing of Raymond and Columbus seems to be at the top. Columbus plays a fine tackling game.

Everybody should take more notice of the foot-ball team than they do. Not enough credit is given the team for the work that they are doing.

Burrage, C. L. S. '94, who played tackle some last year and captained the team early in the season, is trying for the Harvard 'Varsity Foot-Ball Team.

A tennis tournament ought to be held this fall. Courts could be secured on Jarvis Field, and the entry list would surely be sufficiently large to pay all expenses.

Why has nothing been said about a class foot-ball league? There ought to be enough men in each class to make some sort of a team. It

would develop new players, and would do the same good to the school that the Interscholastic League does to Harvard.

Boston Latin seems to have gotten a great lead over us concerning early games. They have played five or more. One with Andover, when they were beaten 12 to 0.

Every fellow should join the Athletic Association and do his share toward supporting the various school teams. The English High fellows are not joining as they ought to.

Adams and Smith of the Boston Latin School last year, who were prominent in foot-ball circles, have gone to Hoppy and will add so much more strength to Hopkinson's foot-ball team.

Mr. Chapman is busy at work getting ready an entertainment for this winter, in aid of the Athletic Association. At the present time all is a secret concerning it, but it will probably be announced soon.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association was held a short time ago and the base-ball management was given its appropriation of ninety dollars. Other business of a secondary nature was acted upon.

Many do not understand what the assessment of the Association is for. It takes the place of the disagreeable subscription lists. The boys of the lower classes seem to think that they will have to try for some team if they join the Association.

#### FOOT-BALL MANAGER.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

By virtue of the power invested in me, I appoint Harry A. MacKusick, E. H. S. '95, Manager of the Cambridge High and Latin School Foot-Ball team for the season of 1894.

CHARLES E. BALDWIN.

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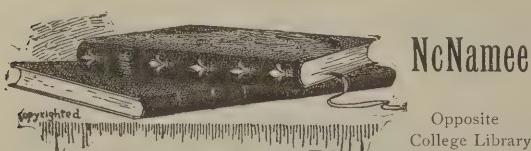
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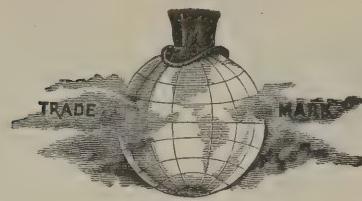


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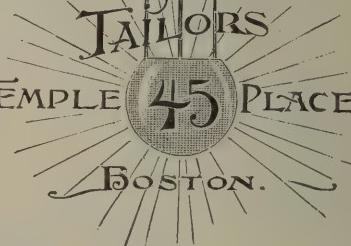
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## Editorials

THE sad accident which recently befell Miss Almira L. Hayward at the Public Library, has brought a feeling of personal bereavement and loss upon every member of our schools. Miss Hayward was widely known and had many friends, but nowhere did she have more numerous and more devoted ones than among the young people of Cambridge.

The recent decision of the School Committee which excluded girls from membership in the High School Debating Society, caused much surprise and not a little dissatisfaction. We understand that the Committee thought it undesirable for boys and girls to debate together. This seems to us a wholly inadequate reason for their action, and we are glad to learn that they have reconsidered it, and decided to allow girls to join the Society if they wish.

Early in the month a competent coach was secured for the foot-ball team, and the hard and faithful practice since that time, added to the fine showing in a recent class game, gave everyone confidence in the eleven. The result of the first championship game was therefore somewhat disappointing; nearly everyone was sure we would score, and there were many who looked for a victory. The unfavorable weather conditions were decidedly against us, and our poor showing was doubtless largely due to that fact. All the men played a stiff, hard game, which augurs well for their success against the other lighter teams of the League. There is no cause for discouragement, and if the eleven practises faithfully, we should easily secure second place. Considering the wretched weather, the attend-

ance at the first game was very satisfactory. Let everyone go to the game tomorrow, and help cheer the team on to victory against its Boston rivals.

The Athletic Association is gradually increasing its membership, though not so rapidly as it should. We are sorry to learn that there are two or three fellows now playing on the football team who have not yet paid their dues, and that one of the highest officers of the Association last year is also a delinquent. The captain and manager of every team ought to see the laws of the Association enforced, and the fellows themselves ought to be glad to join, and thus avoid the constant demands for subscriptions for the various teams.

New seats have been ordered for the Latin School Hall, and it is probable that the morning devotional exercises will be held there in a few days. As usual, one hour a week will be devoted to musical instruction. The members of the upper classes are quite anxious for this to begin; it forms a popular and interesting part of the school life, and is much enjoyed.

In another column we show the record which the Latin School made in the examinations at Harvard last Spring. The result is very satisfactory, especially as regards the number of honors taken. Few preparatory schools can

show as fine a record, although many sent more candidates than the Latin School. The fine showing made reflects great credit upon both teachers and scholars.

The Latin School Debating Society has begun the year well, and there is every prospect of a successful season. The constitution has been so revised that none can join but those who really care for the excellent practice which they obtain in debate and parliamentary law.

The formation of the Latin School Chess Club is another move in the right direction. Anything which is open to all the scholars, and tends to bring them into closer relationship, whether socially or on the field of sports, is for the best interests of the school, and ought to be heartily encouraged.

This month we present another new feature to our readers. This is a review of the work of former Interscholastic teams which have represented our schools. It is our intention to illustrate this department with the likenesses of the captains of each team. The younger pupils will thus have an opportunity to learn our athletic history, of which we have good cause to be proud.

Next month THE REVIEW will appear a little later than usual, to be in keeping with the Christmas season.

## Cambridge Latin School

THE Cambridge Latin School sent to Harvard and Radcliffe this year 26 of its graduates. The school has kept its record well up to the high standard of the years before, as the following statistics prove:

NOS.	FAILURES.				HONORS.		CLEAR
	Subjects.	Hrs.	Subjects.	Hrs.	Subjects.	Hrs.	
Boys....14	181	238	3	3	59	96	11
Girls....12	144	192	6	6	31	53	7
Total..26	325	430	9	9	90	149	18

In addition to these *graduates* there were three boys who entered Harvard, three girls who entered Radcliffe, one girl who entered Tufts,

one who went to Boston University, and one to Vassar. One graduate entered the Institute of Technology.

### PRELIMINARIES.

To the preliminary examinations at Harvard and Radcliffe this school sent 33 candidates with the following results:

NOS.	FAILURES.				HONORS.		CLEAR
	Subjects.	Hrs.	Subjects.	Hrs.	Subjects.	Hrs.	
Boys....20	106	143	3	4	36	55	17
Girls....13	66	88	0	0	26	38	13
Total..33	172	231	3	4	62	93	30

This record needs no comment.

# The Mountain Lark

A CONTINUED STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

## I.

"The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him :  
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,  
And the daylight that awakes him."

— Coleridge.

THIS must be it. I knew it was somewhere around here."

The speaker and his companion paused, impressed by the magnificence of the scene.

And if you, my dear reader, intend to read of the strange and novel proceedings which once took place in this country residence, you also must be impressed by the beauty of the grand old mansion.

We are standing before an arched gateway whose massive posts are surmounted with spheres of stone. Notice the broad drive winding through the long, smooth lawns which slope gently down to the walls surrounding them. Observe the lordly oaks scattered here and there, and the rough boulders, too large and too handsome to be removed from their bed of green velvet. And now look up to the stone towers of the mansion itself, rising far above the foliage and the fortress-like piazza wall with flowers and rare shrubs clustering at its base.

Truly a proud and aristocratic old dwelling, standing boldly out from its mountainous background and commanding a view of the valley below and the cloud-capped heights beyond.

How perfectly its bleakness harmonizes with its wild environments, its deserted silence with the driving rain and wailing wind.

Do you see it all as Reginald King and Morton Macomber saw it on that eventful day? Let us look for a moment at them.

The former is slight, well built, dark, good looking, and always high-spirited, a general favorite and leader among all his friends.

The other is large, clumsily built, and light, rather plain and usually thoughtful, with the reputation of being a "good sort of fellow," but queer. Between the two a great contrast, and, for that reason, a great friendship.

"Come on," shouted Reginald, whose voice could scarcely be heard above the surf-like roar of the trees, "we'll be soaked standing here."

As was his custom Morton turned and followed his friend. They proceeded with difficulty against the storm up the long drive to the back of the house. Here Reginald produced a key with which he finally unlocked a door. A musty odor met them. As they closed the door, the whole house seemed filled with echoes.

"We'll have some fun out of this, though, won't we?" cried Reginald, enthusiastically. "No end of a lark, hey?"

"I guess so," answered Morton dubiously, recalling former experiences with similar promising beginnings.

"Mortar"—a pet name cherished by Reginald—"you're the greatest fellow I ever saw. You're always guessing, as if you were trying to read a sight translation. Why shouldn't we have no end of fun?"

"I don't know, Reg, only I thought your uncle might perhaps —"

"Might suddenly appear by magic, for what else could bring him back from the sunny South so soon? Besides, what if he did? We're not going to do any harm, and anyway, it's better for houses to be occupied. I might write and tell him what we're going to do, but what's the use? We'll be gone before he could answer it."

Morton looked more cheerful.

"Of course we'll do as you say, old man," said he; "but you see it was my fault that we lost our reckoning, so I felt if we got into trouble for this, I'd be to blame."

Reginald laughed gaily.

"It would be the first time you were to blame for anything we ever did," he said as they passed through into the kitchen. "It's lucky you got us into this fix, or we'd have died of indigestion, chills and the blues in that little hovel of a tavern, wherever it is."

"I hope it will be pleasant tomorrow so we can have some shooting," remarked Morton, removing his dripping coat.

"Yes, as long as we came here for that," returned Reginald, who was rummaging around in the pantry. "There's a raft of stuff in here, so Mrs. McFrill said, and she seemed like a truthful creature if she was as deaf as a post. I kept shouting that I was the nephew of the owner of this house, and she replied only that 'Mr. McFrill wasn't to home.' If he had been, we might not have got the key."

After a satisfactory examination down-stairs, they proceeded to the dim, silent rooms above.

"Queer I never thought of this old place before," said Reginald at the end of the exploration. "Well, I guess we'll sleep in this room."

The coverings disappeared from the furniture, and things began to lose their deserted appearance. During this settlement, Morton expressed some forebodings, but he was quickly silenced by his friend's careless volubility, and they were soon installed very comfortably.

Supper had been eaten in a decidedly hilarious fashion in the old manor. Darkness had settled down, accompanied by fierce gusts of rain. Reginald turned away from the window, where he had been looking out into the night.

"Let's go to bed early, Morton," said he.

"All right," answered Morton, yawning fearfully; "I'm ready."

They had just reached the broad oaken staircase in the great front hall, when Morton frantically clutched Reginald's arm.

"Hark, Reg! Do you hear that?" he demanded sepulchrally.

Reginald listened for a moment. A look of wonder not unmixed with consternation crossed his face. For above the tumult of the wind and rain the crunching of carriage wheels upon the drive could be plainly heard.

Before either had regained his equanimity the carriage stopped before the door; voices, the slamming of a door, and finally the sound of departing wheels, were heard. Then the ringing of the door-bell resounded through every nook of the empty house.

Always the first to collect himself on such an occasion, Reginald at last advanced and opened the door.

Immediately, amid a rustling of garments and

a whirl of wind which nearly extinguished the flickering hall light, there entered an old lady, closely followed by two water-proofed maidens. The old lady sank into an arm-chair against the wall.

"We've got here at last," she said, closing her eyes, "but no thanks to that stupid driver. He didn't know anything about the country or anything else. I wouldn't go through it again to see twenty of Nathan's houses or enjoy their comforts. I guess I could stand that little inn for three days. You may show us our rooms now," addressing the boys for the first time, "we wish to retire at once."

But still the whole group remained motionless. Of course the young ladies made no movement, and Morton, who was quite overwhelmed by these apparitions, and always constrained in the presence of young ladies, maintained an awed silence. While Reginald usually ridiculed him for this bashfulness, now he felt very thankful for it. For having readily comprehended the situation, his thoughts ran as follows:

"This worthy old lady, whom, by the way, I recognize as-a Miss Archer, has mistaken this house for the one further up on the hill. But the other house is unoccupied, as Morton and myself saw a few hours ago on our way here. In regard to that, there must be some misunderstanding. Now this Miss Archer and Uncle Theodore are on very bad terms for some reason or other, as I happen to know. She can't possibly get in at the other house, but she won't stay here if she knows whose roof covers her. Then what will she do? She will start off, with one of those lovely creatures on either side, for the dilapidated inn, a distance of perhaps three or four miles. That must not occur. On the contrary, if she is unconscious of the true situation, she will rest content and perhaps never be the wiser. And if she ever does find out, she ought not to be angry under the circumstances. And then," and Reginald's eyes glistened with anticipation, "there will be lots of fun in it, too. The young ladies look pretty and jolly. This unavoidable lark"—he disliked to think of it as a deception—"can be easily worked for three days, the length of time she just men-

tioned. Nothing can possibly turn up so soon and—”

“Come,” repeated Miss Archer, sharply, rising as she spoke, “we are very tired and wish to go to our rooms immediately.”

“Certainly,” answered Reginald, stepping for-

ward with a bland smile; “we did not expect you would retire quite so early, but your rooms will be ready very shortly.”

Morton stood aghast, and even when all were settled for the night, he had not recovered from his amazement.

(*To be Continued.*)

## A Tragedy of War

A TRUE STORY TOLD BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

THE following story was related to my grandfather by an old Revolutionary soldier.

It was in the summer of 1780, at the close of a Sabbath day, that the inhabitants of a retired farm-house in Georgia were assembled at their evening repast. The venerable farmer, his son's widow, and her daughter Kate, a charming young girl of eighteen, made up the little family.

Kate was betrothed to her cousin Leonard, who was then away fighting the battles of his country against the British.

After finishing their supper, the peaceful family joined in prayer for the absent one and his safe return, and retired early to rest.

The dwelling of John Cammel was situated on the side of a hill, at the foot of which ran a deep and narrow stream which watered the valley. On the bank of this stream terminated the boundaries of the farm, and the vale beyond was mostly a thick wood, where a few new settlers had begun to clear small portions of the ground. The huts of these people were the only dwellings within some miles of Cammel's house, which was rendered the more retired by the thick shade of the numerous trees which grew around it. It was a small one-story house, divided into a parlor and three sleeping apartments, which the family occupied. The house-servants lived in the loft above, while the negroes who tilled the farm dwelt in their own cottages on the other side of the hill, nearly two miles away. Kate and her mother slept in a back room, whose windows looked out onto the brow of the hill.

It was nearly midnight, and Kate had sunk

into an uneasy slumber, when she was awakened by the indistinct sound of smothered voices. Suspecting no danger, and unwilling to awake her mother, she arose, and gently opening the window, she leaned out and listened; all was silent, and she saw nothing but the tall trees that stood waving in the moonlight, stirred by the gentle summer breeze. She was about to leave the window, when she suddenly perceived something gleaming among the thick foliage of the old willow, whose branches trailed to the ground. She fixed her eyes upon it; it was a bayonet which glanced in the moonlight! At the same time she saw one of the negroes running towards the house. “Shut the window,” he cried, seeing her; “the British are here!” A mortal wound from a musket prevented him from continuing. But Kate had heard enough; she attempted to bar the shutters, but ere she could do so, she heard the report of a gun, and felt its burning contents in her bosom. Darkness came over her, and for some moments she lay insensible. The fresh air which blew from the window on her face, revived her. She crept to the bed to arouse her mother, but it was empty, and the sound of men's footsteps, deep execrations and horrible oaths struck her with terror. Amidst the noise and tumult, she distinguished the voice of her faithful nurse, calling from an upper window, and entreating her to come to the loft. “Quick, quick!” repeated the woman. Kate rose, and with difficulty walked to the door. She had only to cross the hall to reach the stairs that led to the garret. She entered the hall,

and was hastening through it, when she saw the inanimate form of a man lying on the floor. Another glance told her that it was her aged grandfather. She lingered an instant, and that instant decided her fate. The door of the parlor was opened, and an officer with several soldiers entered the room. Approaching the terrified girl, he addressed her in coarse and jeering terms. She attempted to sink on her knees for mercy, but the officer grasped her by the arm, and overcome by terror and her wound, she fell dead at his feet. The man threw her from him with an exclamation of horror, and giving some orders to his followers, they quitted the room.

But there was one who had been a trembling witness to his brutality, who had marked his countenance as he stood for a moment with uncovered head, and who had heard the name by which the soldiers addressed him. An old negro, the husband of Kate's nurse, had ventured to descend the stairs to seek the ill-fated girl, and had partly opened the door which shut him from the hall, when he beheld her situation, without being able to give her any assistance. He now hastened to raise her, and perceiving the blood which flowed from her bosom, he called to his wife to assist him in carrying her to the loft.

But the volume of smoke which burst from every part of the house, showed that the marauders had finished their dreadful work. While the nurse supported the cold form of her young mistress, the old man stole outside to observe the movements of the enemy. They were marching silently up the hill, and the faithful servants, with their lifeless burden, fearfully descended to the stream, and crossing, followed a narrow foot-path, which brought them in safety to the cottage of a young farmer, who willingly admitted them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Leonard Cammel had entered the army as a private soldier, but his merit soon gained him promotion. He had just received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed, in conjunction with myself, to conduct an expedition. As a mark of favor, Leonard was permitted to stop at

Cammel's farm for two hours, to see and converse with his friends. I could not but envy his feelings, as I looked upon his glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and joined in his bright anticipations.

At length we arrived at the farm, and entered the road which led to the place of Leonard's birth. As we ascended a high hill, Leonard looked around, and turning pale, said, "I do not see the house." We spurred on, and another moment brought us before the black and smothered ruin. The house was burned to the ground, and some of the finest trees had shared its fate. The garden, which even in its desolation seemed to show a woman's care, was trampled, and its flowers were crushed.

"This is not the effect of an accident," exclaimed Leonard, leaning against a tree as if stunned by the shock, while the soldiers vented their anger in oaths and threats of vengeance.

"Where shall we find your family?" I enquired.

"Not on earth, I fear," answered Leonard; and yet the eagerness with which he led the way to the cottage showed that he still cherished hope.

The old nurse was sitting at the door as we approached, and at the sight of Leonard she wrung her hands, and weeping bitterly, cried, "You have come too late!"

"Where are Kate and the others?" was Leonard's eager inquiry; and without waiting for an answer, he rushed into the house. I followed him, and beheld stretched on the bed the lifeless form of a young girl; her white arms were crossed on her breast, her face was convulsed with the agony not only of death, but also of mental terror, and her long brown hair was much clotted with blood. It was only by speaking of revenge, and urging the imperious calls of duty, that I was enabled to tear the wretched youth from the corpse of his murdered love. Before setting out, he ascertained the name of the officer who had commanded these fiends. I was not surprised when the negro who described the whole scene, mentioned the name of G——. "You will easily know him," he said, "by a scar which covers his right cheek."

"I shall know him," said Leonard bitterly; and his manner then changed from deep dejection to a great and feverish eagerness.

We were successful in our errand, and rejoined our regiment in a few days. One morning, as I was sitting alone, Leonard came to my tent, his face lighted up with a joyful but fierce expression. Before I could speak, he exclaimed, "Have you heard the order! We are to attack Fort H——."

"Who defends it?" I asked.

"Who? G——." Alarmed at his fierceness, I said, "What are you thinking of, Leonard?" Grasping his sword, while his brow crimsoned with rage, he replied, "Of the smoking ruin and of *her!*"

Colonel G—— was obliged to surrender to our superior forces. As he walked from the fort, between the ranks of his conquerors, a musket ball whistled through the air. It was aimed by an unerring hand, and G—— fell to the ground a dead man. Although every effort was used, the murderer was never discovered. I dared not question Leonard, but the calm sternness of his countenance spoke of satisfied revenge. Once I ventured to deplore the event, as a stain upon our honor. "Would that he had died in battle! He had surrendered and trusted himself to our faith; to harm him then was faithless and unmerciful."

"He showed *her* no mercy," said Leonard, in a voice that made me shudder.

## The Story of a Song

IT never seemed to make any difference to Tad whether he was hungry or not. Neither of us had had a bite to eat since morning, and I was almost faint from hunger, but he swung along in front of me, with his heavy rifle in the hollow of his left arm, exactly as he had when we left camp at seven that morning, nearly twelve hours before. His little briar pipe was in his mouth, and the puffs of smoke which came writhing back over his shoulder had a most comforting odor.

"Tad," said I, "aren't you hungry?"

"Huh!" he grunted back. "Is frogs green?"

I liked to bother Tad with questions. He knew well that I was no tenderfoot, so I could talk too much without greatly lowering his opinion of me.

"Tad," I went on, "don't it make you sick to smoke so much on an empty stomach?"

Tad grunted contemptuously, and we walked on in silence. I could not but admire the herculean proportions of Tad's figure as he walked before me. He was not as tall as I, but his shoulders were broad as those of Atlas himself, and the folds in which his overalls had dried, after fording the stream the last time, outlined a leg which reminded me of the gnarled and wind-toughened stem of the mountain mahogany.

We emerged suddenly from the rocky gate of the cañon we had been following upon the broad park in which our camp lay. Before us was one of the most glorious mountain sunsets I ever saw, and both stopped an instant almost involuntarily. The deep crimson glow which glorified the granite peaks above us lit up Tad's rugged face as I scanned it narrowly to see if he had a soul for the beauty of the scene.

"Isn't that pretty fine, Tad?" I asked him.

He slowly removed the pipe from his mouth and spat on the surface of a flat rock, then started on. "I'd rather have a hunk of bacon 'bout now," was his sole comment.

I laughed. "'Tad, you ought to be a poet,'" I said. "Have you any 'music in your soul'?" He looked up at me gravely without replying, and we went the rest of the way in silence, too hungry for chaffing.

Anyone who has ever been in a similar position can imagine what quantities of camp-baked bread and bacon we consumed that evening; no one else can. When we had finished and cleared up the camp, we lay on our beds of pine boughs before the fire and smoked for some time in silence, which Tad, to my surprise, was first to break.

"Mr. Henry," he said.

It was my turn to grunt now. I was too comfortable to talk.

"You tell me I ought to be a poet," he went on.

I laughed and nodded, but a glance at his face silenced the laugh. He was sitting up, leaning on one arm, one leg stretched at full length, the other drawn up and one arm hanging over the knee, gazing intently into our roaring fire.

"You din' know I made a lil' song once?" he said, without looking at me.

One gets to know a man with whom he spends a summer in the wilderness better than one with whom he spends years in the haunts of men. Thoroughly as I thought I knew Tad, here was a new side to his character. I was intensely interested at once.

"No," I answered; "did you? Could you sing it to me, Tad?"

Without further preface he began. The words were in his native tongue, German, and of the most touching simplicity, perfect in their plaintive sweetness; and the air—everyone knows it, the same which drove the packed audiences in the opera houses of Europe and America wild when they heard it sung by the world's greatest cantatrice twenty years ago. Never afterward, however, did I hear it sung as then. It was the noble sadness of the wind

through the pines of the mountains—now a sigh, now a moan, now a roar—a flood of melody which rivalled the mountain stream.

He finished, and we sat in silence for some time, Tad still gazing into the fire, I at his face.

"Tad," said I at last, "you never told me you were both musician and poet."

He smiled sadly, and I saw that thoughts of other times were surging through his mind.

"It was when she died," he said, "my Tina. I could not stand the pain. I came over here to new places, but my mind could not stay in the new places. I made the lil' song and it comforted me, somehow." There was no show of emotion in word or tone; but the song . . .

"Mr. Henry," he went on, "you can write music; will you write it down for me?"

"I'll gladly try," I replied, and he sang it again and again, while with stub of pencil I wrote, as nearly as possible, the notes that represented his melody on a page of my diary.

When we emerged from the wilderness I went back to Germany to pursue my studies. There, by Tad's permission, I had the song published, but Tad would not allow his name to become known as the author of it. It took the civilized world by storm, but no one ever knew, no one could ever guess, who wrote it. Some thought that I did.

## Sketches

THE king was dying, and in the royal bed-chamber the courtiers spoke with bated breath, and the great ladies in their silken trains ceased to quarrel with one another and bent lower than was their wont as the young prince passed them.

At the gate of the palace a beggar stood and craved to know if the king yet lived. But the servants drove him away, crying, "Get thee gone; what is it to thee whether the king lives or not; for surely when he dies thou wilt still have a king, and little better off thou wilt be thereby." And the beggar crept away, for he was afraid.

Within the royal chamber the great bed with its silken hangings stood cold and silent, for Death had kissed it. And the physician approached the prince, and kneeling, cried, "The king is dead, long live the king." And the chamberlain and the great officials of the kingdom came in and bowed themselves down before him, and the pages robed him in a robe of spun gold, and all the courtiers cried, "The king is dead, long live the king." And the pages whispered it to the door-keepers, and the door-keepers to the servants, and the servants cried, "The king is dead, long live the king."

And without the gate of the palace the beggar

heard it and wept, for once this king had thrown him some coins of gold.

I had been trying for some time to find a certain book. The old book-dealer had given me a candle, and bearing it aloft, I groped my way down the narrow passages walled on either side with dusty volumes. All was quiet except for the distant rumble of the city street. At last I found the book I wanted, and joyfully brushing the cobwebs from the yellow pages, I hurried back to the little office, eager to ascertain the price. As I came around the corner, I paused at what I saw,—the saddest of all sights, an old man weeping. He was wringing his hands and talking earnestly with the book-dealer. "Yes, they are all gone, *stolen*. All my books, the only thing my poor father could leave me. You see, as I told you the other day, I had them packed ready to send to you. And this morning I went in to take a last look at them, my treasures that I have guarded all these years. But they were gone."

He stood there, his noiseless sobs shaking his whole frame; then slowly climbing the narrow stairs, he disappeared down the street.

I lean forward in my chair, my hands clasped around my knees, as I gaze into the glowing fire, thinking of the future.

The fire sends out a cheerful light and I seem to see, reflected in the coals, my life.

Yes, some day I shall be great, and men will point me out among the crowds of other men. But this is not a pleasant prospect. No, some day I shall be rich. Some day I shall build great palaces and plant wide gardens where I shall walk at noon-tide and where proud peacocks shall sun themselves along the marble walls, and where, beneath azure shade, fountains shall run sweet wine. Yes, all this shall be—some day.

But suddenly the fire falls apart, and breathlessly I gaze into the dying coals.

Some day I shall die.

## Athletic Association

THE semi-annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held October 2. First, the roll-call was read; twenty-three members out of forty-nine were present. The first report read was a letter from Mr. C. W. Parmenter, in which he tendered his resignation of the office of Permanent Treasurer of the Association. His resignation was accepted. The reason for Mr. Parmenter's resignation was his election as Master of the Boston Mechanic Arts School, which would prevent easy communication with the officers of the Association. Mr. Joseph A. Coolidge of the English High School was unanimously chosen to succeed Mr. Parmenter.

Mr. C. E. Baldwin's letter, in which he resigned from the Executive Committee, was then read and his resignation accepted. Mr. Baldwin resigned because he had been elected Captain of the Foot-ball Team of 1894. Mr. W. D. Fuller, E. H. S. '95, was chosen to fill the vacancy in

the Executive Committee. It was voted to censure publicly those who have not paid their dues to the Association. Messrs. W. F. Wyeth, E. W. Stevens and A. M. Goodridge were appointed a committee to censure the delinquents.

A motion was made and carried that the Captain of the Track Athletic Team be elected at this meeting. Mr. Fuller made a motion that the Captain of the Track Athletic Team should appoint an Assistant Captain from the other school. Mr. A. M. Goodridge made the amendment that the Assistant Captain should also be manager of the Track Athletic Team. The amended motion was carried unanimously.

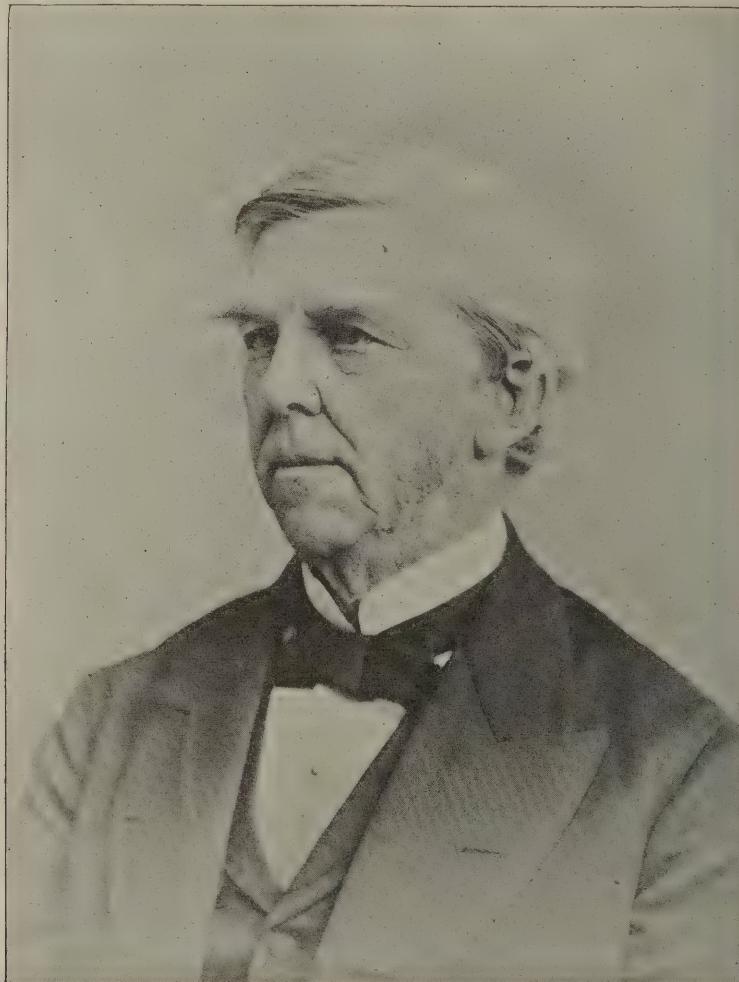
Mr. Fuller resigned his position on the Executive Committee, and Mr. J. F. D'Arcy, E. H. S. '96, was chosen to fill the vacancy. Mr. Fuller was then elected Captain of the Track Athletic Team.

The meeting adjourned at 2.15 P. M.

## Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes

O LIVER Wendell Holmes died peacefully early Sunday morning, October 7, at his home on Beacon Street. His passing away was that of a man who had completed life's work and laid down to rest, the summons bringing with it a message of relief to one weary of a long struggle.

The old house in Cambridge where the poet was born was for many years one of the interesting landmarks of our city. It was a roomy, gambrel-roofed house, which until within a few years stood near the Harvard Law School, but in 1885 was torn down for an extension of the college buildings. In "The Poet at the Break-



Dr. Holmes was born August 29, 1809, in Cambridge, and so quiet and uneventful was his life that it is quickly told. His family was one of the good old Puritan stock. His father, Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., was in his day a well-known clergyman of Cambridge, and a historian as well.

fast Table," Dr. Holmes has described this house.

At the age of fifteen, the future poet was sent to Phillips Academy at Andover, where he prepared for college, and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1829, at the age of twenty years. Among his classmates were James Freeman

Clarke, Chandler Robbins and William Henry Channing. He then entered the Law School, but soon left it for the Medical School. To pursue his studies, he went abroad and passed several years in the hospitals of Paris and of other large cities. When he returned, he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine, and in 1838 became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. He remained in this position several years, and then resigned for a similar position in Harvard. He held this office for about thirty-five years.

Early in life the poetic tendency displayed itself in Dr. Holmes. "He was a light-hearted, genial, pleasant writer, though keen. He was a wit rather than a humorist. He was no philosopher, yet he had uncommon good sense," said Charles Eliot Norton. He was often spoken of as the American Horace.

Soon after graduation he wrote "The Spectre Pig," "The Dorchester Giant," and other humorous poems. In 1857, first appeared in the *Atlantic* his sketches of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table." These at once attracted

great attention, and became an English classic. After a few years they were known by the title of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and then as "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Throughout the war he wrote many stirring poems. Many of his poems were written for special occasions. He wrote many of them for certain clubs at Harvard.

In 1840 he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Hon. Charles Jackson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

In 1886 Dr. Holmes made a trip to Europe, where he was received with great honor by his admirers. After his return home, he spent the rest of his life in Boston and at his country residence at Beverly Farms.

Dr. Holmes himself considered "The Chambered Nautilus" his best work.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

## Alumni Notes

**S**TARK is playing half-back on Harvard '95. Goodridge, '94, will try for the Mott Haven team.

Burrage is playing guard on the Freshman eleven.

A. F. Barnes, '94, is playing on the 'Varsity Banjo Club.

John Corbett, '90, is coaching the Depauw foot-ball eleven.

Tom Moore has been pitching to the Harvard ball nine this fall.

Fitzgerald is playing centre on the Harvard '97 foot-ball team.

A. W. Reynolds, Hugh Bancroft and H. B.

Dyer are prominent members of the Freshman Debating Society.

R. D. Wrenn has recently been elected Third Marshal for Class Day.

Frank Whittemore, '92, is leader of the Harvard 'Varsity Glee Club.

C. F. Manning, '94, is a candidate for coxswain of the Freshman crew.

Ray Whitman, '91, and Randall Capen are members of the Harvard Glee Club.

R. D. Wrenn, '91, the tennis champion of America, is a candidate for the 'Varsity eleven.

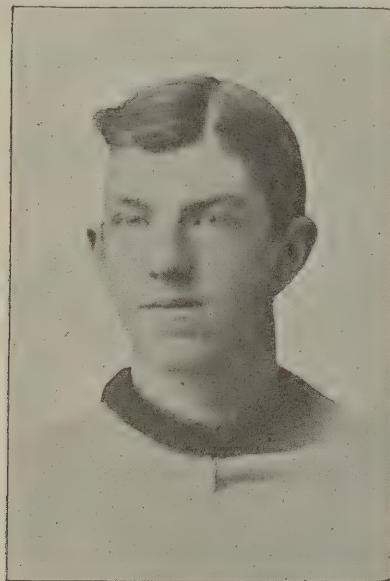
In the finals of the Harvard tennis tournament G. L. Wrenn, '92, and Bert Read, '91, met, the former winning the championship of Harvard.

# Athletic Review

## FOOT-BALL.

IN the Spring of '88, a few gentlemen interested in foot-ball at Harvard gave a cup to be contested for by the preparatory schools in the vicinity of Boston. The Interscholastic Foot-ball Association was formed in consequence of this gift, with R. B. Beals of Roxbury Latin as President.

The whole aim of the Association was to train up good men, so that the University captain



GEORGE W. WHITTEMORE.

would not be obliged to spend his time in drilling raw material.

Cambridge entered the Association together with the following clubs: Roxbury Latin, Boston Latin, Chauncy Hall, Hopkinson's (Hale's, Nichols' and Stone's combined), and Noble's.

George W. Whittemore, '91, was Captain of the Cambridge team. By the hardest and most faithful work, Captain Whittemore turned out a championship team. The eleven played with a life and snap which has been wanting in the teams of the last three or four years. Team

play, which before had scarcely been considered, was one of the chief factors of success.

The following was the make-up of the team :

NAME AND CLASS.	POSITION
G. W. Whittemore, '91	Left End
E. H. Moore, C. H. S.	Left Tackle
E. H. Rogers, '89	Left Guard
E. E. Clark, '90	Centre
A. E. Thayer, C. H. S.	Right Guard
P. W. Wrenn, '90	Right Tackle
W. B. Fox, '92	Right End
R. L. Stevens, '89	Quarter-back
J. Corbett, '90	Left Half-back
R. L. Whitman, '91	Right Half-back
J. Burns, C. H. S.	Full-back
Average weight, 140 3.	Average age, 17.5.

As will be seen, the team was very light, the heaviest man, E. H. Rogers, weighing 161 pounds, while Stevens weighed only 120.

During the season, Corbett kicked 27 goals out of 33 trials, a very fine record. In the championship games, he made 12 touch-downs and kicked 20 goals out of 24 chances.

The team scored 200 points to their opponents' 58, and were defeated only twice, both times by the Harvard Freshmen. The following was the final standing of the elevens :

	GAMES.		POINTS.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
Cambridge	6	0	136	0
Boston Latin	5	1	140	15
Roxbury	4	2	66	56
English High*	2	3	20	78
Combination	1	3	48	52
Hopkinson's	1	5	18	118
Noble's	0	5	9	108

The best game of the season was that in which our team defeated Boston Latin by a score of 6 to 0. Six four-horse barges, packed with Cambridge admirers, attended the game. Neither side scored during the first half, although Cambridge came dangerously near Boston Latin's goal line. But in the second half, our men, by repeated rushes and good team play, scored the touch-down which proved to be the winning point.

\*English High had been admitted to the Association, as Chauncy Hall had dropped out.

Cambridge did not score again, but probably would have, had not the time been shortened at the request of Boston Latin's captain.

## BASE-BALL.

The same school year, that of '88-'89, saw both the foot-ball and base-ball cups established.

It was ascertained that a cup, to be contested for by schools near Boston, had been given by some fifty Harvard graduates to encourage base-ball in the Harvard preparatory schools.

The Harvard Interscholastic Base-ball Association was formed with a membership of eight

schools, as follows: Boston Latin, Browne and Nichols', Cambridge High and Latin combined, Chauncy Hall, English High, Hale's and Noble's combined, Hopkinson's and Roxbury Latin. J. M. Kendricken of Boston Latin was elected President.

All the games were to be finished before June 1st, and a deciding game

was to be played between a club picked from the whole Association by the captain of the winning team, and the winner of the annual Andover-Exeter match.

Cambridge started in with very bright prospects with the following make-up:

Corbett, '90.....	Catcher
Linfield, '90.....	Pitcher
Dickinson, '90.....	First Base
Harding, '90.....	Second Base
Whittemore, '92.....	Third Base

Whiting, C. H. S.....	Short Stop
Reed, C. H. S.....	Left Field
Fox, '92.....	Centre Field
Bradford, C. H. S.....	Right Field
Bacon, '91.....	Change Pitcher

Harding, '90, was Captain. In the first part of the season our team played a very good game, winning their first three championship games with comparative ease. Owing to weak batting, the nine was defeated by English High, 8 to 3, and by Boston Latin, 10 to 8. The following was the final standing of the clubs:

	GAMES.*	
	Won.	Lost
Boston Latin.....	5	0
English High.....	4	1
Cambridge H. and L.....	3	2
Roxbury Latin.....	2	3
Browne and Nichols'.....	1	4
Hopkinson's.....	0	5

The following were the records of the nine in comparison with the other clubs it played:

	RUNS.	A. B.	HITS.	AVE.	ERRORS
Cambridge.....	161	475	127	.267	151
Opponents.....	94	486	122	.266	146

The batting averages in championship games were:

Linfield.....	.400	Bradford.....	.263
Fox.....	.384	Bacon.....	.250
Corbett.....	.345	Harding.....	.240
Dickinson.....	.333	Whittemore.....	.222
Whiting.....	.284	Reed.....	.160

Cambridge lost the championship by poor fielding and batting in the last two championship games.

Of the members of this team Corbett and Dickinson have played on the Harvard 'Varsity, and Linfield, Harding and Bacon on their class teams.

\*Chauncy Hall, and Noble's and Hale's dropped out of the Association.

## Hurt Him

**S**HE played for him until he said  
It really made him soar;  
And now he wonders why it is  
She speaks to him no more.



THE telephone is about to be introduced into China.

In all Persia there are only twenty miles of railroad.

Delaware is the lowest state and Colorado the highest above the sea level.

It costs about fifty dollars for telegraphing to inform the people of this country that the Sultan of Morocco is ill.

The anti-foreign feeling is growing steadily in Pekin. Foreigners on the street are subject to annoyance and insult.

France is preparing to begin active operation against Madagascar, for the purpose of maintaining French authority over the island.

The Brazilian government is to send a commissioner to Europe to negotiate with the various continental governments with a view to encouraging emigration to Brazil.

A Polish rebellion nowadays is impossible. The real danger lies in socialism. The modern Poles have felt themselves as Prussian subjects and have recognized the existing order of things without reserve.

A British steamer, laden with munitions of war, is on her way to China from a continental port. An enormous rate of freightage has been paid upon the cargo,—in fact, greatly exceeding in the aggregate the value of the vessel.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last of the great New England poets, passed away at his home in Boston, October 7. A short time ago he celebrated his 85th birthday and seemed in very

good health. He belonged to the circle composed of Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne. He was master of many branches of learning, and his works are many and varied. His loss will be universally felt.

Horns are to be used on the war-ships as a mode of signalling, in place of the electric bells or boatswain's whistle which was formerly used. The change is made because the old signals cannot be heard in the lower part of the ship.

Maiwatchin in Mongolia, close to the borders of Russian Siberia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to leave this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia.

The abrogation by Brazil of her reciprocity treaty with the United States has caused extensive orders to be placed in Germany and other parts of Europe for the coming year, although the United States still retains the trade in bacon, lard, lumber and kerosene.

News comes from Rio Janeiro that the Brazilian government is making arrangements to effect a loan in Europe of £3,000,000 sterling, secured by the receipts of certain railroads. The head of a financial house says there is a remarkable inquiry from England for investments in Argentina, owing to money being so plentiful there.

Korea possesses a small army drilled after the American model, equipped with rifles and commanded by an American ex-naval petty officer. Their uniform consists of blue trousers and blouse with red facings, sandals and broad-brimmed hats. Caps were first tried, but so derogatory to their wearers did they seem (a Ko-

rean being ranked as a man by his hat) that violent opposition was raised, and a compromise on hats two feet in diameter was made. Not a word of English do the officers or soldiers know, yet all the commands are given in that language.

The errand of H. A. Wideman of Honolulu to this country is said to be to commence a damage suit against the United States in behalf of the ex-Queen of Hawaii. She wants \$200,000. Her claim is that the provisional government could never have been established, and herself

deposed, had it not been for the unwarranted action of a recognized agent of the United States, the Captain of the ship "Boston," which action was disavowed by the President.

A report is in circulation that the Japanese intend to establish a blockade of the treaty ports of Chee Foo and Tien Tsin. Chinese merchants at Shanghai are cancelling their freight contracts. The missionary at Liao Yang has fled to New Chwang. The country is in a very unsettled state, and the soldiers are much feared.

## Book Reviews

"MOLLIE MILLER." Illustrated. By Effie W. Merriman. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

A sequel to "The Little Millers." We follow Mollie, Ned and Max and their "adopted child," Johnnie, through the many pleasures and vicissitudes of youth, observing the formation of their characters through changing fortunes, with increasing interest. The struggles and trials of these young people in their endeavors to rise above their circumstances are presented with much natural incident, gentle humor, and bright dialogue, and the volume will be an inspiration to all young readers. It is one of the best stories Mrs. Merriman has written.

There is enough of love and adventure to satisfy admirers of both, and the characters so strangely brought together are in almost everything "centuries apart."

"TWENTY YEARS AT SEA." By Frederick Stanhope Hill. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

This book contains a series of short sketches of sea-life. The story which tells of Farragut's famous passage of the forts below New Orleans is especially vigorous. The sketches treat of both the merchant and naval service, and the glimpses of life aboard a merchantman fifty years ago are very entertaining. The characters are well portrayed, and almost seem to breathe of the sea.

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU." Edited by Anna E. Mack. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, white and gold, \$1.50.

Poetry is the language of love. Volumes of sweet and tender love-poems might be gathered from the world's literature, but few could select with the discrimination and delicacy which Miss Mack has manifested. She has given a rare book to con over with a sweetheart, or from which to select sentiments to accompany a gift of flowers. It is just the book, also, to present to the "nearer one, dearer one yet than all

"CENTURIES APART." By Edward T. Bouvé. Illustrated by W. St. John Harper. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

A new story with a novel idea. An expedition sent by the North to the aid of the Mexican government during the Civil War in this country is driven far out of its course to "South England," a hitherto unknown country in the "open sea" of the Antarctic regions. The scene of the story is laid chiefly in this new country, and the manners, customs and dress of England in the reign of Henry VII are brought face to face with those of America during the Civil War.

others," who has given comfort and encouragement to the rough ways and steep ways of life, or to the aged friend, or the bereaved one cherishing yet the memory of days of love, and remembering that Love is still the promise of the future. No taste merely, but spiritual insight has directed this grouping of the best thoughts of the best poets, and it is a veritable casket of gems. No person who wants the best thoughts on this sweetest of all themes can afford to do without it.

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"THE PEARL OF INDIA." By Maturin M. Ballou. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 8vo. \$1.50.

In this, his latest work, Mr. Ballou has given us an interesting and accurate account of Ceylon, "The Pearl of India." He describes its inhabitants, their customs, industries and amusements, its animal and vegetable life, and gives a short history of the Island. Many little incidents and adventures are related, which add greatly to the interest. The book is written in the author's well-known style, and tells just what everyone wishes to learn about this remarkable Island.

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"SIRS, ONLY SEVENTEEN!" By Virginia F. Townsend. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

Miss Townsend has many admirers, and anything new from her pen will be received by them with great pleasure and interest. She always introduces us to characters that we like to associate with. She does not seem to expend much energy in giving us psychological analysis, but manages to call out our hearts to them. She throws upon our senses the charm of youth and beauty without diminishing our reverence for the soul within it, or permitting us to forget that it is a blossom of Divine Thought. Her plots are always ingenious and full of interest, and incidents and situations follow swiftly in her stories. Her books are always pure, bright and cheery. She has brilliant descriptive and imaginative powers, which are displayed at their

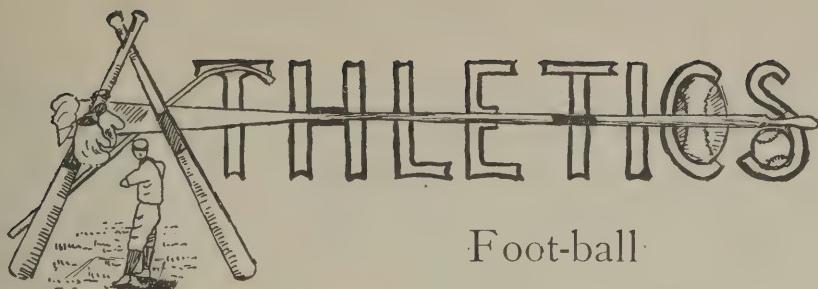
best in this new story. In it she pictures the lives of some very interesting people, prominent among whom are Dorothy Draycott and her brother Tom, a Harvard student, two very strong and attractive characters. Boston and vicinity furnish the groundwork for most of the scenes, the movements and incidents of which are sufficiently alluring to keep the reader's interest and attention to the end.

---

"BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER." Illustrated. By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

In response to many requests, Mr. Adams commences with this volume a new series of "The Blue and the Gray." The scenes, incidents and adventures of this new series are laid on the land, as those of the previous series occurred on the water. The story opens in one of the Border States which was the scene of many exciting episodes previous to and at the opening of the war, and the present volume relates largely to the conflict for supremacy between the hostile factions which, at first, seemed to be about equal in strength. In the families of two brothers, who had removed to this state from the North a few years before, are two sons, just arrived at the military age, who are the heroes of the story, on the different sides of the question.

While all the events of the stirring times which preceded open hostilities are not touched upon, yet the story of the adventures of the Lyon boys will give the readers of the present generation an excellent idea of the perils and vicissitudes through which the people in the Border States passed, and at the same time impress upon the mind the great lessons of courage and patriotism. Wherever historical events are related in the course of the story, the incidents are made to conform strictly to the facts. The story is told in the simple, direct and powerful style of the author, and the interest which has been aroused by the preceding volumes of "The Blue and the Gray" will be fully maintained by this interesting story.



## Foot-ball

THE foot-ball season has been open now more than a month, and the team has practised almost daily. The services of Arthur Lovering, Harvard '97, have been secured for coach, and under his leadership we ought to hope for nothing but success.

Many new men have come out since our last issue and the team has been materially strengthened.

The Eleven has played two games a week and in some cases even more; it has not won all of them but yet has always made a creditable showing.

The Eleven has played most of its games across the river with the Harvard class teams.

---

### GROTON, 58. CAMBRIDGE, 0.

On Saturday, October 6, the team went to Groton. We lacked team work, as there were several new men. Groton had a very heavy eleven and was very proficient in team-play. Groton had the ball in the first half and held it the entire twenty minutes, scoring 48 points. In the second half Cambridge braced up and held Groton down to ten points. Our centre showed up very well for the first game.

---

Monday, October 8, the team defeated the Boston Mechanic Arts High School on the Common. The game was very one-sided and Cambridge scored repeatedly; score the first half, 18 to 0.

In the second half the home team was made up mostly of substitutes and did not play as sharply as in the first half; final score, 24 to 0. Considering the light weight of the visiting team, this was not a large score and should have been considerably more. For Cambridge, the backs did the best work.

On October 15 the team lined up against the

Harvard Seniors. In the first half our team seemed rather weak, and the Seniors scored once, but in the second half our team, by repeated rushes, landed the ball behind the posts. Soon afterwards, time was called. Score, 6-6. The playing was generally commendable and the backs ran well together.

---

On October 17, the team tried conclusions with Harvard '96, and was defeated, 22-4. The team seemed to lack dash, and '96 broke through the line at will. The Harvard team was much heavier, and to this may be attributed the score. Both sides fumbled badly.

---

The team again played the Seniors October 22, for their final practice game until after the game with Training School. In the first game with the Seniors the final score was a tie, 6-6, and both sides went in to win. During the first half, Harvard '95 scored immediately by repeated assaults at left tackle, and the half closed with the ball in the centre. In the second half the team displayed more dash and soon forced '95 to make a safety. Later on, just before time was called, Campbell broke through their line and ran for fifty yards for a touchdown, making the score 6-4 in our favor, and our first victory against a class team. The playing of the backs was very good, and in the second half the line held well against men much heavier than themselves.

---

### C. H. AND L., 0. C. M. T. S., 38.

Our first championship game was played with the Training School on Soldiers Field, Friday, October 26. There was a drizzling rain, and the ground was slippery, but in spite of the weather quite a crowd turned out with their colors to witness the game.

Campbell caught the first kick-off and made a short run before being downed. C. H. and L. were forced to kick, Jewell catching Parker's punt. After two short rushes they gained the ball on a fumble. They made gains with their criss-cross and through the centre, but on a fumble the ball went to C. M. T. S. After repeated gains Jewell jumped through left tackle and ran thirty yards for a touchdown; Burnett kicked the goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Jewell received the kick-off and ran fifty yards, when he was forced outside. They worked it down to the three-yard line, then Jewell made another touchdown and Burnett kicked the goal. Score, 12 to 0.

Parker kicked off but C. M. T. S. worked the ball down to the 35-yard line, when Vaughn stopped to take breath. Robinson was laid out and Adams took his place. After a few short rushes Jewell crossed the line for a touchdown; Burnett kicked the goal. Score, 16 to 0.

C. M. T. S. received the kick-off, and with short rushes down the field Jewell made another touchdown, but Burnett failed to kick the goal. Score, 22 to 0.

After next kick-off time was called for the end of the first half.

C. M. T. S. failed to gain, but lost twenty

yards on two off-side plays. After ten minutes' play Campbell hurt his ankle, but went on in a few minutes. Jewell made a touchdown, and Burnett kicked the goal. Score, 28 to 0.

C. H. and L. kicked off-side twice, giving the ball to their opponents, who kicked back. Parker was forced to punt, but C. M. T. S. broke through and stopped it. Before many minutes they had made another touchdown and kicked a goal, making the score 38 to 0.

They again received the kick-off, but on a fumble the ball went to C. H. and L. On the fourth down C. M. T. S. gained the ball and made rushes to the ten-yard line, when time was called at the end of the second half.

C. H. AND L.	SUMMARY.	C. M. T. S.
Baldwin, r. e.....	l. e., Kidder	
Usher, r. t.....	l. t., Murphy	
Taylor, r. g.....	l. g., Warren	
Estabrook, c.....	c., Burnett	
Stearns, l. g.....	r. g., Behr	
Robinson (Adams), l. t.....	r. t., Vaughn	
Columbus, l. e.....	r. e., White	
Saul, q. b.....	q. b., Sawin	
Raymond, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Jewell	
Campbell, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Sullivan	
Parker, f. b.....	f. b., Thompson	

Score—C. H. and L., 0; C. M. T. S., 38. Touchdowns—Jewell, 7. Goals—Burnett, 5. Referee—D. Connor. Umpires—Connor, Linesman, Clark. Time—50 minutes.

## Walter D. Fuller

AT the October meeting of the Athletic Association, Walter D. Fuller, High School '95, was unanimously elected Captain of the Track Athletic Team. In the last year and a half he has distinguished himself on the track by winning fifteen prizes. He has won three firsts and one second in 100-yard dashes, his best time from scratch being 10 2-5 seconds; two firsts in 300-yard runs, best time 35 2-5 seconds, and second in 75 yards in 8 seconds. Fuller's star event is the 220-yard low hurdle race. In this event, in the Interscholastic Meeting last June, he crossed the last hurdle before anyone else, but was beaten at the finish by three inches. At the N. E. A. A. games, September 22, he was prevented from being the champion

hurdler of New England only by Garcelon, the crack Harvard hurdler, who reached the tape a foot in the lead. In this race Fuller's time was 26 3-5 seconds, which is 2-5 of a second better than the Interscholastic record. The other prizes, with the exception of one first in 220 hurdles, were won in jumping. Fuller is not only easily the best runner in the school, but is considered one of the leading hurdlers and sprinters in New England.

The prizes which he won are: eight silver cups, a gold watch, a gold water pitcher, a banquet lamp, two French mirrors and two silver medals. If prizes had been offered in all the races in which he has competed, his collection would be much larger.

# JO B() LOTS



LETTERS of credit—I. O. U.

Pretty well off—The leaves.

A family affair—Noah's Ark.

A chestnut belle—An old maid.

Triple plated—A table set for three.

Nothing in it—A dude's conversation.

The difference between a looking-glass and a dude is that one reflects, but can't talk.

"How prudishly Rose keeps her feet hidden?"

"Why not? They should be kept *sub rosa*."

MRS. BLEEKER—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?

THE NEW DOMESTIC JEWEL—Yis, mum; can't yez shmell it.



NEXT TO NOTHING.

BROWNLEIGH (*visiting friends in the country*)—  
I don't often get such a good supper.

JOHNNIE—Neither do we.

A pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
And in less than a jiffy  
They landed like this.

CLARENCE (*after a call of three hours*)—Does that clock go, Angelina?

ANGELINA (*with emphasis*)—Yes; the *clock* goes.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class.

"The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.

JOHNNY—Is a man born in Poland a Pole?  
HIS FATHER—Yes, my son.

JOHNNY—Well, then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?

SERVANT—Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE—Why, Babette, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any.

#### AFRICAN HISTORY.

A smiling young woman of Niger,  
Who went out to ride on a tiger;  
At the end of the ride  
She came back inside,  
With a smile—on the face of the tiger.

JONES (*meeting Brown in dry goods store*)—Hello, Brown; how are you? What are you doing now,—got a steady job?

BROWN—I guess I have. I'm waiting for my change.

"Madam, can you tell me why two women stop in the middle of a street-crossing to talk?"

"I suppose they do it for the same reason that a man rushes at the top of his speed to get

across the track in front of a train of cars, and then stands and watches the train go by."

The gentleman changed the subject.

THE COUNT — She ees vairy deestant to me now. I naiver go to zat house, all because I make a very small meestake. I would say her daughter was a turtle dove, and I get ze wrong word and call her a squab.

PRISCILLA — What is the matter with your nose, Cornelius? Have you been painting a dado on it?

CORNELIA — No; but Jack Frost has been painting a freeze on it.

#### UNDER THE SWORD.

LUCULLUS — Hello, Dam, old boy! what are you doing these days?"

DAMOCLES (*with a nervous glance upward*) — Waiting for a hair cut.

"The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they, mama?" said Jacky.

"No, dear."

"I suppose, instead of snowball fights, they have fishball fights, eh?" said Jacky.

MISTRESS — Did you post the letter?

MAID — Yes, Senora.

MISTRESS — Then why did you bring me back the fifteen centimos I gave you for the stamp?

MAID — I slipped it in the box when they weren't looking.

#### TWO VIEWS.

WOMAN (*to herself*) — It scares me half to death to drive this horse. I wonder what he'll do next?

HORSE (*to himself*) — That must be a woman driving, or I wouldn't be jammed into everything on the road.

SUPERINTENDENT OF ELECTRICAL RAILROAD (*to applicant for position of conductor*) — What is your name, sir?

APPLICANT — Wood, sir.

SUPERINTENDENT — Can't take you.

APPLICANT — Why not?

SUPERINTENDENT — Electrical experts say wood makes a poor conductor.

DUDE (*at the museum*) — Think of it, old fel! It's been dead three thousand years! If it could speak, what do you think it would —

MUMMY (*with a leathery cough*) — For heaven's sake, blow that cigarette smoke the other way.

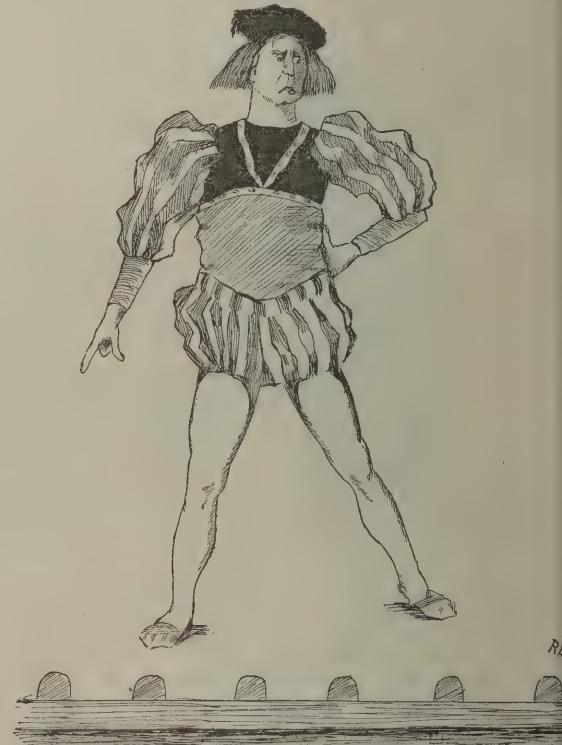
#### ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

Two-twenty, three, and four-fifteen,  
Five-thirty, and six-twenty-two,  
Or seven,— it's any one of these,—  
The deuce! What can a fellow do!

She'll surely be on one of them,  
And yet — one can't hang round all day  
To meet a train! She writes, "Of course  
You'll be there," and goes on to say:

"You must be sure to be on time!"  
(On time!) "Hoping to see you soon,  
I'll close my note — the train arrives  
There *some time* in the *afternoon*!"

Two-twenty, three, and four-fifteen,—  
You wonder what these figures show?  
They're just the train she's coming on,  
That's all,— so glad I am to know!



A SELF-MADE MAN.

## C. L. S. D. S.

THIS year the Debating Society came to life a little earlier than usual. The first meeting was held Friday evening, September 28, with W. R. Estabrook in the chair. After several new members had been chosen, the Society proceeded to the election of officers. The Chairman was given the presidency by a unanimous vote. It took several ballots to decide the other officers, but finally the selection of the following was the result: Vice-President, F. E. Thayer; Secretary, H. S. Hyde; Treasurer, J. F. Bacon; Rhetorical Committee, Murdock, '97, Dow, '98, Henry, '96, Goodridge, '95, and Bancroft, '98.

Friday evening, October 12, the Society held its second meeting of the season. The subject for discussion was: "*Resolved*, that the Pullman Company was in the right in the recent strike." Blackburn and Regan, both '97, defended Mr. Pullman, while Thayer, '95, and Dyer, '98, spoke for the negative. The debate was very interesting and showed careful study of the subject. There were also several speakers from the floor, among them ex-President Bancroft. The negative was awarded the debate by a vote of 21 to 11.

Several new members were elected.

## Practice and Preaching

H'E'D writ a book on how to love,  
With points on what to say,  
But when he tried to pop one night,  
He fainted dead away.

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## Latin School Notes

WHY not have class foot-ball elevens?

Who stepped on those matches at the Debating Society?

The Second Class is beginning to enjoy the bliss of study.

With faithful practice the team should win the championship.

Ninety-five began to read the Iliad about the first of the month.

Be sure to attend the championship games to cheer for our team.

The team had a jolly time at Groton, although it was badly beaten.

There is a boy in the Fourth Class who is Wild(e) over Geometry.

The Second Class has commenced struggling with G. C. D. examples.

The team's trip to St. Mark's had to be postponed on account of rain.

We shall be pleased to receive school notes from anyone in the building.

The Class of '96 enjoy Miss Sawyer very much, both in French and German.

The half-holiday on the 9th was a welcome surprise to the Latin School scholars.

Wrenn of '91 stands a good chance of getting quarter-back on the Harvard 'Varsity team.

On the resignation of Miss Nichols as Secretary of the Class of '98, Miss Parsons was elected.

J. F. D'Arcy of the High School has been elected to take Baldwin's place on the Executive Committee.

Everyone should join the Athletic Association and subscribe to THE REVIEW, and thus help to support the school.

When a specimen of '95's class-pin was shown to the members, the class was greatly disappointed. A meeting was held, and the colors were changed from heliotrope and gold to white

and gold. The pins, with the last named colors, are now made.

THE REVIEW opens a new department this month,—a short review of Cambridge's teams since the formation of the Interscholastic Associations.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the High School, October 12th. Mr. Coolidge, the new Treasurer of the Association, presided.

All of our championship games are scheduled to be played on Soldiers Field. It looks as if the team will do well financially and turn a good surplus into the treasury.

The Chess Club has elected the following officers: President, Norman R. Willard; Vice-President and Treasurer, Farwell E. Thayer; Secretary, Albin L. Richards.

Arthur Lovering, '93, has been secured as coach for the foot-ball team. Mr. Lovering has received the very best coaching at Harvard and understands the game thoroughly. He coached the team last year for a short time.

The first social of the Class of '95 was held Friday evening, October 12, at the residence of Miss Winslow, 152 Magazine street. The entertainment committee is to be congratulated on the selection of the game of "letters," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The first prize was won by Mr. Stearns, and the booby by Miss Cook. The company dispersed at half-past ten, after a very enjoyable evening.

About October 1st, the Latin School Chess Club was organized. Membership is divided into two grades, full and associate membership. Only those who are familiar with the game are eligible for full membership, while beginners and those who know nothing of it are associate members. Any fellow who is a member of the school is eligible for membership, even if wholly ignorant of the game. The associate members receive instruction from the full members and may become full members whenever the Execu-

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Early issues will contain a two-part story by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, entitled **A Village Stradivarius**.

There will be an important series of papers on

**POLITICAL HISTORY**,

**NON-PARTISAN POLITICS**,

**AMERICAN POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS**,

**CONTEMPORANEOUS EUROPEAN POLITICS**.

Conspicuous in these will be: **The Survival of the American Type**, being a paper upon the rise of the "A. P. A." by JOHN H. DENISON; **Co-operative Production in the British Isles**, by J. M. LUDLOW; **France**, by Prof. A. COHN of Columbia College.

Much interest will centre in the series upon

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The many admirers of Mr. Fiske's profound knowledge and charming style in the treatment of historical subjects will be particularly interested in this announcement.

Aside from these papers, each issue will contain the best of fiction, poetry and sketches of adventure, character and travel. The book reviews, which in the past have contributed so largely to the interest of the magazine, will continue in 1895.

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tive Board thinks them sufficiently proficient. The Society meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month. The admission fee is ten cents, and the dues ten cents per month. It is hoped that the High School and other schools will also form clubs, so that Interscholastic games may be played.

The Class of '96 held its first social of the year, Friday evening, October 20, at the house

of Mr. Conrad Bell. The entertainment consisted of a Proverb Party, which brought forth the artists of the class and was enjoyed very much. Mr. Hawes won the first prize, and Miss M. Babson, the second. After refreshments had been served, the game of shouting proverbs was played. The class then joined in singing college songs. Mr. Bradbury favored the class with his presence.

## English High School Notes.

**I**T is rumored that the Senior Class is to run a drama shortly.

Mr. Huling delivered an address at Lawrence, Friday evening.

The Class of '97 has not yet received its pins, but they are expected to arrive shortly.

Some of the scholars of the Fourth Class say that Latin is proving to be very difficult.

Ninety-eight should form a class organization, and thus follow the good example set by '97.

One of the departments of the boys' basement is being transformed into a drawing room, where the modelling class will meet.

THE REVIEW in its last issue, in the catalogue of the list of teachers, inadvertently omitted the names of Miss Lilian Rogers and Miss Bertha M. Cogswell.

Messrs. Louis J. Seidensticker and Harold, both former students, visited the school a short time ago. They are taking courses at the Institute of Technology.

Some very interesting photographs of the surface of the moon are on exhibition in the library, and they will prove to be quite helpful to astronomy students.

The first meeting of the year of the Debating Society was held in the Science Lecture Room on Thursday afternoon, October 11. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey; Vice-President, Mr. Karl S.

Barnes; Secretary, Miss Ethel I. Murch; Treasurer, Mr. Walter D. Fuller.

Members of the fourth grade find English History very interesting with Miss McIntire. The recitations are frequently illustrated with specimens and pictures.

The members of the Senior class were the guests of Miss Bird and Miss Deering last Thursday afternoon. The afternoon tea at Miss Bird's home on Belmont Street was much enjoyed by all present.

The Class of '97 has held two special meetings during the past month. The last was for the purpose of electing a new Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Davy was elected to the former position, and Miss McLeod to the latter. Both are from the Commercial division.

At the last meeting of the "Bachelors' Club" of '96 a Constitution was adopted and the following officers chosen: President, W. G. Beebe; Vice-President, H. A. Brigham; Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. Cordwell. The governing board consists of W. A. Parker, J. F. D'Arcy and E. A. Babson.

A special meeting of the Debating Society was held Thursday, October 18, in the Senior room, when it was resolved to petition the High School Committee to reconsider their action in excluding girls from membership in the society. The petition was presented that evening, but there being no quorum present, the matter was put off for two weeks. On the following Friday

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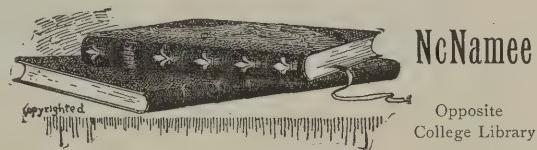
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evening, however, two of the Senior boys paid a visit to Mr. William A. Munroe of the School Committee, that gentleman having sent for them, and they explained to him how the Debating Society was conducted, its object, and how it was managed last year. A few evenings after this, Mr. Munroe took upon himself the trouble of visiting the other members of the High School Committee, whereby a decision was arrived at, allowing the girls to be members of the Debating Society.

The Class of '94, E. H. S., presented our school with a handsome descriptive photograph of Egypt, on October 5. The picture is a remarkably clear one, the contrast between the light and shadow being very marked. In the background to the right and left are seen two Egyptian pyramids. In the middle distance is the sphinx, and in the foreground the ruins of a temple, which was called the Temple of Pyramids. The picture now hangs in the library, and is a valuable addition to the ornaments of the school.

The October social of the Class of '96, in the form of a fancy dress party, was held at the residence of Miss Yerxa, Friday, October 19. So unique were all the costumes that it was no

easy matter to decide which was the best; but, after much deliberation, the judges awarded the ladies' prize, which was a fan, to Miss Florence Yerxa, who was attired as a witch, and the gentlemen's prize, a pocket-book, to Mr. F. W. Moulton, who represented a cow-boy. After refreshments were served, the remainder of the evening was occupied by an observation party, in which Miss Bertha Hunnewell won the prize. The class entertained as guests Miss Grace L. Deering, Miss Weldon and Mr. W. F. Saul.

The scholars of the school assembled in the hall on Monday, October 22, to listen to some very interesting exercises in memory of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. About a dozen pupils took part in the service, including representatives of all the grades. A sketch of the poet's life was read by Miss Marion A. Dogherty. The reading was interspersed with selections from the poet's works and sketches from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Previous to this exercise a semi-chorus, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Chapman, sang the hymn, "O Love Divine," and after it "Omnipresence," both of which were written by the venerable poet and were great favorites,— "My Sunday morning hymns," as Dr. Holmes expressed it.

## A Serenade—En Deux Langues

SOUS le maple, mort de night,  
Avec le lune beams shining through—  
Ecoutez-moi, mon hapless plight,  
Je vous aime — qui lovez-vous ?

Je plink les strings de mon guitar,  
C'est bien froid — J'am nervous, too.  
Dites-moi, dites-moi, ce que vous are?  
Je vous aime — qui lovez-vous ?

Tu es si belle, je veux vous wed,  
Mon père est riche, comme riche est you?  
Bon nuit, adieu — j'ai cold in head.  
Je vous aime — qui lovez-vous ?

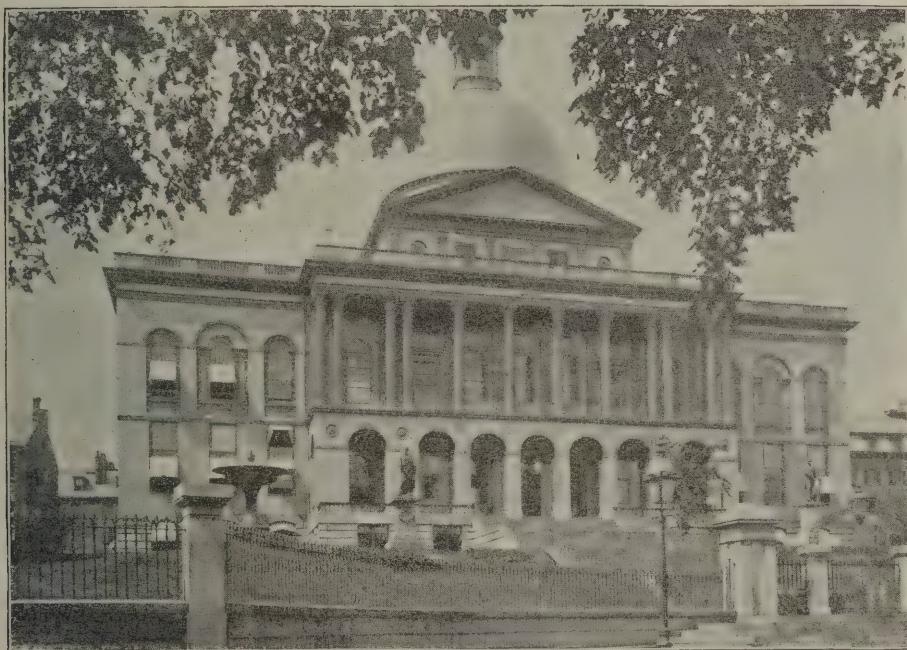
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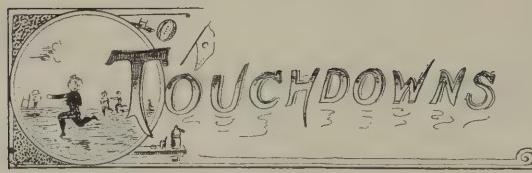
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THE first game is over—a defeat; yet there is great hope in the future.

Sam Usher played well; he has come out only lately.

Some of Vaughn's playing was called "dirty" by the spectators.

Training School's left end mass play was grand, and the way it was done deserves mention.

Thirty-eight to nothing on a wet day means about half that on a fair day. On wet grounds the weaker team is at a disadvantage.

It is rumored that the Foot-ball Team will get sweaters. Good financial standing is probably the result. No one begrudges them; they deserve them.

The young ladies came out as if there were no such thing as rain. They are to be commended on their loyalty, and it is hoped they will come to other games.

During a game with Harvard '95, the younger Columbus was hurt so badly that he had to leave the game; nevertheless, he was out next day as if nothing had happened. He is very plucky.

Something ought to be done so that the games could begin earlier. Friday, there was a long dispute over the length of halves. Cannot these things be arranged some other time before the game?

When Training School marched around the field and came in front of where the Latin School was sitting, several of our men made an attack on their flag, tearing one end from the

pole. This may teach them to keep where they belong.

Great interest seems to centre in the question what kind of an entertainment the Athletic Association is going to have. Many rumors are about,—some that a new minstrel show is being rehearsed, others that a comic opera is the programme. But no one knows. It is a fact that something is being done, but no one connected with the Athletic Association knows anything concerning it. Mr. Chapman knows something about it, but he is sworn to secrecy, and here the matter lies. Everybody will find out in due time.

The following is the schedule for the rest of the season:

- October 31. English High and Newton High, Soldiers Field.
- November 2. Boston Latin and Hopkinson, Soldiers Field.
- November 3. Hopkinson and C. H. and L., Soldiers Field.
- November 8. Boston Latin and Cambridge H. and L. (place undecided).
- November 9. Hopkinson and English High, South End grounds; Cambridge M. T. S. and Newton, Soldiers Field.
- November 15. Cambridge M. T. S. and Boston Latin, Soldiers Field.
- November 16. Cambridge M. T. S. and English High, Soldiers Field; Hopkinson and Newton, South End grounds.
- November 22. Newton and Cambridge H. and L., Soldiers Field.
- November 23. C. M. T. S. and English High, South End.
- November 29. English High and Boston Latin, South End; Hopkinson and C. M. T. S., Soldiers Field.

## No Importance Anyway

I SHOT an arrow in the air,  
It fell to earth I know not where,—  
And what is more, I do not care.



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# THE LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL Review

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## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

December, 1894

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# THE Latin and High School Review.

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No. 3

THE REVIEW is published monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

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## Editorials

THE foot-ball season is over, and once more the championship has come to Cambridge, but this time, unfortunately, to our neighbors and not to ourselves. The eleven was deserving of better success, for without exception they practised hard and faithfully. And yet, at critical points in some of the games, there were times when it seemed as if a little more practice would have secured us the necessary gain, or prevented our opponents from making theirs. The surprise of the season was the remarkable improvement the team showed in the last two games. Had they played as well throughout, we should not have needed to be content with third place.

There seems to be no reason why we should not easily win the championship next year, as nearly the whole team will be back. The most difficult question will be to choose the proper person for captain. If experience alone were to be considered, this would be no difficult task; but in this case, at least, there are several other very important elements which will go far towards determining the leader of next year's champions.

The polo season is now open, and speculation is rife as to who will make the team, and what the championship prospects are. One thing is certain. We shall have to work harder than ever before, if we wish to retain our title and the cup. The value of

class teams will be thoroughly tested this year, as the school team will probably be composed almost entirely of those who were developed by the class teams last year.

One third of the school year has passed by, and the ever-welcome Christmas vacation is at hand. To what better use can the leisure moments be put than to improving one's style of writing English? And this cannot be done more easily and to better advantage than by writing some story or sketch, or even verses, for *THE REVIEW*. It is no easy matter for an inexperienced person to put his thoughts into connected and well-formed sentences, and if he ever intends to write for larger magazines, he will find early experience of the utmost value. Even if an article is not accepted, one cannot fail to reap some good as the result of his effort.

Many scholars, upon entering the High Schools, write a very fair hand; but on leaving they very seldom do, and what is worse, they have become confirmed in a poor style, and are generally too old to change it easily. The use of lead pencils, in place of pen and ink, is doubtless responsible for part of this trouble; but the root of the evil lies in the amount of time given to pupils to write their exercises. One has to write as fast as he can to get through, and, moreover, he works with the knowledge that

poor writing will bring him quite as high a mark as really good penmanship would do. This matter is an important one, and should receive the attention of the proper authorities.

There are many scholars who are very anxious to obtain a place on the staff of *THE REVIEW*, and who would doubtless do good and faithful work if appointed to such a position. Although we are obliged to limit the number of Editors and Directors, we feel that, in justice to them and to ourselves, these scholars should replace any member of the staff who does not do his share of the work properly, whether the fault be inability or disinclination. We should, however, be very sorry to have to change the staff as it now stands, except to add to it worthy candidates.

The entertainment held by the graduating class of the High School was a decided success, as it is every year. Why should not the Latin School Seniors follow the good example set them, and so add to their amusement, and incidentally to the contents of their treasury? There is surely always good talent, even though there is not so large a number to choose from. While it may be rather late to work up any such plan in time for presentment this year, we think the matter well worth the consideration of future graduating classes.

## A Kicker

THE full-back punted the ball  
With a powerful, accurate stroke,  
And kicked it so far toward the goal  
That the hearts of his opponents broke.

Whence came this remarkable skill,  
This triumph the leather sphere o'er?  
He served at a summer hotel,  
And trained on the dining-room door.

# The Mountain Lark

A CONTINUED STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

II.

"For the lark's bold song is of the sky."

—Coleridge.

REGINALD was walking up the drive, enjoying the invigorating freshness of the morning. He was in the highest spirits, owing partly to the sparkling sunlight and crisp atmosphere, and partly to pleasant thoughts. But then he was always light-hearted.

He had risen early in order to purchase a few necessary articles required by the unexpected addition to the household, and particularly to hire a maid-of-all-work, whose absence Miss Archer bitterly lamented.

"No girl in the house!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Well, you see the girl couldn't very well get here until tomorrow," Reginald explained. And Miss Archer was perfectly satisfied.

The good lady possessed a vague idea that the boys were hired to keep the place in order generally, and to act as guides for herself and the young ladies.

Morton had also risen early this morning but with no similar sensations of exuberance. Of course, building the kitchen fire and preparing the breakfast do not tend to inspire such feelings, yet these were not the causes of his dejection. For Morton was bewildered and alarmed at the prospect presented by the next three days.

In the silence of that darkened house Reginald had explained his little mystery. Morton had listened without a word, and finally agreed that his friend had adopted the best course under existing circumstances. 'Tis true he exhibited no signs of enthusiasm, but that was not his way.

"I tell you I'll let the cat out of the bag the first thing," he said gloomily. "That black-eyed girl makes me feel shaky all over."

Reginald's merriment was unrestrained. "My dear fellow," he cried, "why on earth should you mind her?"

"I think it must be her eyes," was Morton's despondent response; "anyway, it's something."

As Reginald now approached the house, he perceived Miss Archer standing upon the piazza.

He closely scanned the small, sparkling eyes, the straight, thin nose, the tightly drawn mouth and the tall, erect figure. Evidently these did not belong to a person with whom one could easily trifle.

"Good morning," said she in answer to his polite salute. "Yes, I'm enjoying the view; I had no idea it was so beautiful. And the house doesn't look exactly as I expected either."

"Ah, I suppose not," answered Reginald volubly. "People and houses seldom look as we expect unless we have seen their photographs."

"But I cannot understand," continued Miss Archer, paying no particular attention to this speech, "why Nathan should have a stable, and such a handsome one, too. He has no horses."

"I know it," agreed Reginald unblushingly. "It is very strange indeed."

"Oh, he has horses," interrupted Miss Archer quite innocently, "but he never brings them here."

"And that is why I think it so strange the stable is here," returned Reginald, not in the least disturbed.

Miss Archer seemed about to answer,

when their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the young ladies, followed by Morton.

Both Eunice Ivers and Sylvia Glenn were pretty, but their faces were entirely different. Miss Ivers, the "black-eyed one," was pretty in a dashing, animated style, Miss Glenn in quite the opposite. The latter was quiet and reserved, but very attractive,—more so, under the present circumstances, than the vivacious Miss Ivers.

Immediately there was a chorus of good mornings, and exclamations at the weather and view.

"How pretty that little village looks down there!" cried Sylvia, shading her eyes with her hand from the glare of the sun.

"I suppose you young gentlemen live down there, don't you?" inquired Miss Archer.

She said "young gentlemen," but addressed Morton. Reginald made haste to answer, however.

"Do we not look like country gentlemen?" he demanded evasively, and then smiled at Morton's evident relief.

"But appearances are often very deceitful, you know, Mr. King," put in Eunice, with twinkling eyes.

"As, of course, in this case," retorted Reginald skilfully. He laughed, but he experienced a sensation similar to his friend's in regard to this young lady.

"Breakfast is ready," announced Morton, breaking a rather embarrassing pause.

After a short delay, owing to a desire on the part of Miss Archer to see the destination of a certain cloud upon the opposite mountain, they were seated at breakfast. Miss Glenn began the conversation.

"It seems so lovely and quiet here," she remarked; "I feel quite refreshed. You can't imagine, Mr. Macomber, how hot it was in Boston when we left."

Not without warranted apprehension, Morton ventured to converse for the first time.

"Yes, it's been awfully hot there," said he, with honest sympathy, "but then it always is in summer, and cold in winter. It's worse at our house because"—

"Excuse me," interposed Eunice from the other side of the table, "but you seem very familiar with our delightful Boston climate. I thought you said you lived down here in the village."

"I didn't," said Morton bluntly, after a distracted pause. Poor honest Morton could wield a base-ball bat much more skilfully than his tongue.

"We said we looked as if we came from the village, I believe," observed Reginald, coming to the rescue.

"But you don't really then?" persisted Eunice. "You are from Boston?"

"How strange," remarked Miss Archer, looking up from the cup into which she was pouring coffee of a rather doubtful character, "that Nathan should go so far for his boys."

At this moment the agitated Morton upset his cup of coffee, and for a time suspended the conversation. It was resumed all too soon, however.

"What an exquisite old place this is!" remarked Sylvia, glancing through the window out upon the shady, sloping lawns; "exactly like those one reads of in novels. I think it should have some fine old name, as they always do."

"An excellent idea," cried Eunice enthusiastically. "Let us christen it at once. How would 'Oak Terrace' do?"

Now Morton was fond of originating, whether it was a name or not. Furthermore, he had recovered sufficiently to fall again into the clutches of Miss Ivers.

"Don't you think," said he thoughtfully,

"that 'Thorpe Towers' would sound well? The towers in this house are very conspicuous, you know." Then, overwhelmed by the sense of what he had said, he bowed his head and prayed to sink through the floor.

"Confound it, I've done it this time," he muttered under his breath.

Sylvia's face expressed nothing more than mild enquiry, and Miss Archer seemed ignorant of the remark. Reginald's face expressed calm despair, while Eunice's was a study.

"'Thorpe Towers'!" exclaimed Reginald in feigned surprise. "I suppose you are thinking of that Mr Thorpe."

"Pray who is Mr. Thorpe, and where does he live?" inquired Eunice, who seemed bound to ask the most disastrous questions.

"Oh, he has a house quite near here on the hill," returned Reginald uneasily, "and Morton is always confusing his name with that of Mr.—Mr."—But who was he whom Miss Archer called Nathan?

Luckily Eunice, who was leaning eagerly forward, interrupted his stammering.

"And will you show us the house tomorrow? I wish to see it so much."

"Certainly," answered Reginald, who in his cornered position could say nothing else.

"Early tomorrow morning then," continued Eunice hurriedly, "a sort of little excursion to see the neighborhood."

"Eunice, do you forget what I have always requested?" demanded Miss Archer in a tone of icy displeasure. She had been regarding her niece in the utmost surprise and anger since the name of Thorpe reached her ears. "I wish to hear no more of Mr. Thorpe. Henceforth, please let that be remembered."

Breakfast over, Miss Archer signified her intention of looking over the whole house, and although the boys feared it, she found nothing to excite her suspicions.

They began to feel quite relieved, since after all their narrow escapes, nothing important seemed to have been discovered.

Had they known how Miss Ivers, with the help of a little previous knowledge, was making two and two equal four, they would have felt quite differently.

(*To be Continued.*)

## Satisfactory Surroundings

A S Corydon and Phyllis fair  
Paused in the shade to rest,  
He threw his arms about her there  
And drew her to his breast.

If I had gold, he said to her,  
'Twould be my dearest duty  
To see that your surroundings were  
Befitting to your beauty.

Sweet Phyllis blushed and softly sighed  
A sigh of deep content,  
And whispering said, I'm satisfied  
With my environment.

## The Christmas Turkey

MRS. Maria Jenkins was a lonely widow who lived in Petersham; in fact, she was so very lonely and prim and exclusive that her neighbors were inclined to make fun of her. Every Sunday she marched sedately up the aisle of the little village church, looking at no one. People smiled, as she passed by, at her old-fashioned dress and sour looks. She appeared in the village only twice a week, to do her marketing and shopping; and she never was seen at social gatherings. Nevertheless, some few of her friends and relations visited her occasionally, and were received quite cordially by her.

The fact was she had had a quarrel, about ten years before my story begins, with her sister Jane, who lived very near. It was some trifling question of property, but the sisters had parted with angry words, and had not spoken to each other since. Poor Mrs. Jenkins was sorry for it afterwards, but was too proud to acknowledge it; so she had been drawn more and more within herself ever since.

Christmas was drawing near, but Mrs. Jenkins did not think of it until the day before, when, on looking at the calendar, she exclaimed, "Why, mercy me! tomorrow's Christmas! I suppose I must celebrate it somehow. I can't get a turkey, for I never would get through with it; but I'll go to the village and buy me a small chicken."

So she put on her bonnet and shawl, and walked down to the village, repeating from time to time to herself, "It must be a small one, remember; a very small one."

It certainly was a small one when she opened her bundle at home, but it just suited her.

The next day, she prepared her chicken and a few vegetables for her dinner.

"Deary me! how lonely it is here," she thought, as she set the table for one; "I almost wish I had a big turkey and lots of people coming." Suddenly the door-bell rang. "Oh! is my wish coming true?" and she hastened to the door. "Why, Mrs. Brown! how do you do? Come right in." Mrs. Brown was a neighbor.

"I came," she said, "to see if we could have our dinner here. I have been away, you know, and didn't have time to order my dinner. My husband will be here soon, for we thought you wouldn't refuse to have us."

"Oh, cer — certainly not," answered Mrs. Jenkins. "Do stay. Take your things right off. Why didn't I get a larger chicken," she thought; "but then I guess we shall have enough."

"Maria!" came forth from the entry, in a prolonged drawl. "Maria, be you to home?"

"Who *can* that be! Why, it's Cousin Susan, and her two children!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, going out into the entry.

"We've come to dinner," announced Cousin Susan.

"And mother says we are to have a turkey," cried the boy.

"Yes, a great big turkey!" echoed the girl.

"And presents!" they both shouted.

"Them children always was hilarious," said Cousin Susan, beaming down at them. "I've been telling them the good things they'd get, just to amuse them in the train."

Maria Jenkins fairly gasped in astonishment. "Six people to eat a small chicken!" she thought to herself, "and presents, indeed! I wonder if they think I'm made of presents and turkey! Their disappointment will serve them right for their coolness in coming. Presents," she said aloud, "O

yes, no end of presents. Come in and take your things off."

Cousin Susan kissed her on each cheek. "You always was generous, Maria. I never seen the time when we weren't welcome at your house."

"Please excuse me while I go and look at my *turkey*," said Maria, after having introduced her friends. "O me! what shall I do!" she exclaimed, as she looked at the chicken. "That chicken's growing smaller and smaller."

The bell rang again. Maria grew pale. She caught hold of the table, steadied herself, and marched to the door. It was Mrs. Jackson, the grocer's wife, and her small boy.

"How d'y do, Maria. I thought I'd bring Jimmy over to dinner here. My husband's gone up to the city on business, and I thought you'd be lonely today."

"You were very good to think of me," said Maria. "There are several people here now. Come in!"

"Well, I didn't know you was going to have any company, and if it wasn't for Jimmy I'd go home; but you see, he is so anxious for some turkey."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins grimly; "of course he must have some turkey."

The front door opened again and Mr. Brown walked in, but someone was with him!

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I brought my friend Peters in. Oh—er," hesitating, "I didn't know you was going to have sech a lot."

"No more did I," thought Maria.

"But then, one more wont make any difference."

"No; O no; not at all."

Mrs. Jenkins went to the kitchen again. "What *shall* I do. There isn't even enough chicken to go round once. It is such a

small one. Nine people to eat this dinner that I cooked for one."

Then what do you suppose happened? *The bell rang!* The door burst open, and three children rushed through the entry and into the kitchen.

"Granny went to the city and she sent us over here," said one.

"She said we might stay to dinner if you invited us," cried another.

"And that we would have some *turkey*!" shrieked a third.

"Come straight out of this kitchen. I suppose you'll have to stay now. Oh!" she sighed, "there's twelve people to eat up my poor little Christmas dinner."

Then she sat down and tried to entertain her guests; but her thoughts kept wandering to that chicken in the oven. There were six healthy children ready to eat a hearty dinner. "It will be a sort of April Fool's day," she thought with a grim smile.

In about half an hour, she went to the kitchen again. Could she believe her eyes! There in a corner stood a Christmas tree, loaded with presents for young and old. She opened the oven door. A monstrous turkey lay sizzling in the pan, instead of the chicken. What could it mean? She went into the dining-room and found the table set for twelve people. There was no time for her to wonder; she hastened to put the turkey on the table, and the vegetables, which she had discovered on the stove.

She entered the parlor beaming. "Come right in to dinner, please. I am so glad that you all came, for I never could have eaten all my dinner alone."

The children opened their eyes wide when they saw the good things heaped on the table. It was a jolly dinner, and Mrs. Jenkins was the jolliest of them all.

After dinner they went into the kitchen and found the tree all lighted up. There

were presents for all. Toys for the children, hoods, mittens and mufflers for the grown people, and a nice warm shawl for Mrs. Jenkins.

After they had all gone, Maria sat down by the kitchen window to wonder about her good fortune. She suddenly looked up and saw her sister gazing at her from her back door. A sudden thought struck her. She opened the window.

"Jane, did you do it?" she called.

"I saw what a fix you were in, so I tried to help you out," cried Jane.

Then, with one impulse, they both rushed out and into each other's arms.

"Oh, Jane! Jane! why did we ever quarrel?" cried Maria, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "and how did you ever get

those things into my house, and where did they come from?"

"They were left over from last Christmas. I got John, my hired man, to help me. We watched our chance, and came in when we thought you were talking to your company. I tell you, I had to hurry to get that table set," she said, laughing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"They say that Maria Jenkins and her sister Jane have made up," said one village gossip.

"Yes," said another, "and I heard that Jane gave Maria her Christmas dinner."

"Well," said a third, "I knew they would make up some time, and I am very glad they did it just now, and had such a happy Christmas."

## Sketches

**H**ENRY Nelson was very superstitious about one thing only,—the old clock which ticked away in the corner of his little room. It was the only thing he had inherited from his father, as the rest of their scanty furniture had been sold to defray the expenses of Mr. Nelson's illness and funeral. It was a queer old clock, with a painted moon and a place in the middle of its face supposed to tell the day of the month.

It had never been known to stop but once in its long life, and that was when Henry Nelson's father had died. And so his son believed that the next time it stopped he himself would die. It was supposed to be an eight-day clock, but Henry always wound it on Saturday to be sure.

One night the flickering fire sent little rays of light along the shabby room, warming the pinched face of the man with a youthful color. It was Saturday, and the old man sat musing on what he would do

the next day. Long he sat there, till at last his head dropped slowly to one side, keeping time to the jerky ticking of the clock.

\* \* \* \* \*

There next day he was found, kneeling in an agonized attitude before the old clock, whose hands had stopped at twelve.

Mr. Jameson had always been considered a miser. He lived in the house at the corner and had worked at his trade while he was a young man, but during the last few years he had gone around, an old broken-down man, molesting no one.

He had been married once, but his wife and child, a boy of some six years, had died of diphtheria many years before, and since then he had lived alone.

As I said in the beginning, he was considered a miser. This opinion was based on the facts that he had always worked hard

and spent little, and that he had a trunk which he treasured above all other things. Once even, during an illness, he had requested that this trunk should be moved into his room.

The towns-people firmly believed that he was rich, and when, after a few years of suffering, he died, they hastened to open the poor old trunk, expecting to see money glisten in untold quantities. They found nothing, so the old farmer told me, but a woman's wedding-dress, a pair of child's shoes and some battered toys.

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Miss Jane Jackson was a school teacher in a little Canadian village. It was recess, and she stood by the open window, gazing at the drooping gooseberry bush around which the children, little, brown, bare-legged Canadians, were swarming, as the bees had done a few weeks before. Jane was not ambitious, but her one wish at present was to go to the World's Fair.

It had been rumoured that there was to be an excursion from this town, costing \$20 for the round trip. Jane had saved \$40 from her two years' teaching, and now each day, at close of school, she had wandered along the uneven railroad track to the little barn-like station to see if any news of the excursion had been heard. The smiling operator had learned to know her, and each day as she appeared, he would greet her with, "No news, Miss Jackson; expect to know by tomorrow."

Today she stood by the window and looked across the fields towards the station.

Suddenly she leaned eagerly forward; she thought, yes, she was sure, she saw a yellow poster against the weather-darkened side of the station. She rang the bell for her scholars and tried to continue the lessons in her usual manner, but the little girls noticed that she was flushed and excited, and once she was seen to make a mistake in an example.

At last four o'clock came, and putting on her hat, she hurried along the road to the depot. The telegraph-operator was standing on the platform when she reached it. "Sorry, Miss Jackson," he said, "but they can't do it under \$30."

She raised her eyes, in which tears had risen, and it seemed to her he was more smiling than ever; then, pinning her hat on securely, she turned homeward, bitter at heart.

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It was last summer. A little boat flew across the water, now dark and rough with the approaching storm. Far in the distance a squall was rising, and the flitting shadows were coming nearer. The boat bent forward, as her sails filled with the strong gusts, and "jibed" occasionally, in spite of the strong hand of the pilot.

On she flew, the water dashing across her slanting deck. The whole surface of the water was now upturned, and the green waves rose and fell with a swaying, uneasy motion; but the good boat had reached the harbor, and with a quick movement of her sails, disappeared into the safe "haven where she would be."

## Not Strange

WE sat together side by side  
In total darkness. Yet I know  
Her lips were moving now and then —  
Somehow I *felt* that this was so.



ELEPHANTS frequently live 120 years.

Paper can be made from more than 100 kinds of grass.

Ten thousand people in British India annually die from the bite of poisonous serpents.

The Chinese viceroy is trying to buy British war vessels.

London and Berlin are to be connected by telephone via Brussels.

There was not a public library in the United States 100 years ago.

It is said that seventy-eight different languages are spoken in India.

War chariots appeared for the last time during the Persian invasion of Greece.

A monument to General Grant will be erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The French government is about to introduce a bill fining railway companies for late trains.

The annual ivory export from Africa represents 60,000 elephants, which shows that the African elephant is in no little danger of extermination.

The three hundredth anniversary of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero king of Sweden, is soon to be celebrated throughout Europe.

He was ranked by Napoleon with Hannibal. A monument is to be erected to his memory in Berlin.

Great Britain has demanded from China an indemnity for the forcible removal from a British ship of several Japanese.

An owl cannot move his eyes, as they are fixed in their sockets. The deficiency is atoned for by great freedom of motion in the muscles of the head and neck.

The severest earthquake since 1857 occurred at Mexico City on the morning of November 1, lasting two minutes. Three distinct shocks were felt, and considerable damage was done.

It is reported that the French Government has closed diplomatic relations with Madagascar. The Hovas, it is said, are resolved upon a stubborn resistance to the demands of France.

The resignation of the German Chancellor, Caprivi, caused quite a stir in political circles. It was due to a disagreement with the President of the Privy Council, although the cause is not clearly known. Prince von Hohenlohe has been appointed as his successor.

The Czar of Russia, Alexander III, died in November, after many months of suffering. His reign was not a long one. Several attempts were made upon his life by the Nihilists. One of the chief events of his reign was the expulsion of the Jews. His

son, Nicholas II, succeeds him, and it is thought that he will carry out the policy of his father.

The funeral services of Alexander III, at Moscow, on the eleventh, were held with much pomp. The city was draped in black and thousands of people viewed the body of the dead Czar, as it lay in state.

The Chinese have asked the United States Government to act as mediator in

the war. It is understood by both Chinese and Japanese that the United States would be willing to arbitrate their differences, and the prospect that they will accept our friendly offices seems to be good.

One of the drawbacks connected with Queen Victoria's lofty station is the law that forbids her reading documents or receiving any letters from her own family, until they have been scrutinized by the person in charge of the royal correspondence.

## Book Reviews

"ANOTHER GIRL'S EXPERIENCE." Illustrated. By Leigh Webster. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A book for girls. Frances, the oldest daughter of a poor minister, becomes tired of her homely and uncongenial surroundings, and with her parents' consent goes to New York as companion to an invalid. The two grow very fond of each other, and the heroine's experiences in this position form the subject of a very interesting story.

"MOLIERE." Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Roberts Brothers, Boston. 6 vols. \$1.50 per vol.

A new edition, containing the complete works of the famous French dramatist, with an introduction by Balzac, and criticisms by Sainte-Beuve and others. The first volume contains an excellent portrait of Molière, by Coypel. In her note, the translator states that her object has been to give the reader a correct general idea of Molière's works, and she has certainly succeeded admirably. The comments on the plays, by various well-known authors, are a valuable and interesting feature. Volume I contains: "The

Misanthrope" and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Volume II: "Tartuffe," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "George Dandin."

"THE USE OF LIFE." By Sir John Lubbock. Macmillan & Co., New York. Cloth, \$1.25.

A new book by Sir John Lubbock is always welcomed as a valuable addition to the library. "The Use of Life" is not unlike the other works of this author in its general character. It discusses, intelligently and philosophically, many subjects which are constantly thrusting themselves forward in the great question of living a useful life. The chapters on "Money," "Religion" and "Hope" are especially good. Anyone must be the better for reading the book.

"THE JEROME BANNERS." Painted by Miss Irene Jerome. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Four styles, \$.50 each.

This unique set of publications differs from anything previously offered to the public. It consists of four Banners, designed in colors and gold. Each Banner is composed of four separate cards, attached to each other

by colored ribbons, and is so arranged that it can be displayed on the wall, or folded into book form. The selections of thought as well as the decorations are appropriate to the title given. The season is not likely to bring anything prettier or more dainty for a Christmas offering.

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"JOLLY GOOD TIMES TODAY." By Mary P. Smith. Illustrated. Roberts Brothers, Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

A very interesting book for children. In the course of the story many new ideas for children's amusement are suggested. The binding is very attractive, and the book makes a very pretty gift for the Christmas season.

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"A SAINT." By Paul Bourget. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. Illustrated by Paul Chabas. Roberts Brothers, Boston. Parchment, \$1.00.

A dainty little volume in white vellum. The story of the Abbé of Monte Chiaro—the "Saint" of the title—and Philippe Du-bois, a young Frenchman, is from Bourget's "Pastels of Men." The sketch is a very pretty one, and yet there is much to criticize. The illustrations, although very good, generally describe unimportant events, and the amount of description is entirely out of proportion to the story proper. The last scene, however, is extremely touching, and goes far towards making up defects in other directions. Mrs. Wormeley has lost none of the spirit and grace of the original in her translation.

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"ASIATIC BREEZES." By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

This volume completes the second series of the "All-over-the-World Library." The characters are the same as in the preceding

volumes. The *Maud* sails for the Island of Cypress, and meets with a severe gale on the passage, through which she passes safely. The companion steamer of the *Maud* does not arrive at Cypress as soon as her small consort, and as a result the latter has to fight a smart battle with an old enemy. She comes out victorious, after a very narrow escape. The whole book is made up of exciting adventures, intermingled with interesting information concerning the countries passed. The description of the construction and working of the Suez Canal is very complete and interesting.

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"THREE BOYS ON AN ELECTRICAL BOAT." By John Trowbridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.00.

This book, by Professor John Trowbridge of Harvard, describes the adventures of three boys on a U. S. electrical man-of-war. It will appeal to all who enjoy romantic adventure, as well as to those who like to speculate on the possibilities of electricity. The *dénouement* of the story is very good, and would scarcely be anticipated by the reader.

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"CŒUR D'ALENE." By Mary H. Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

A novel relating to the riots in the Cœur d'Alene mines in 1892. Mrs. Foote's knowledge of the Rocky Mountain country, and of the character of its rough inhabitants, enables her to write stories of peculiar interest. Her new book contains many dramatic and exciting scenes, and includes a love story with many original situations.

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"HARVARD COLLEGE BY AN OXONIAN." By George Birkbeck Hill. Macmillan & Co., New York. Cloth, illustrated, \$2.25.

Mr. Hill's book is a very interesting one to read, especially to us who live in the

"University City." The illustrations of the College buildings are very good, and the frontispiece is an excellent likeness of President Eliot. However, there is very much to criticize in the work. Many of the author's criticisms and comparisons are extremely unjust. Moreover, he shows constantly throughout the book that he possesses to a large extent the characteristic "feeling of superiority" of an Englishman. He looks upon the Americans as almost

"barbarians," and expresses a very doubtful hope that they may become sufficiently civilized to enjoy afternoon teas! His remarks on the only base-ball match he ever witnessed are also likely to cause some amusement to Americans, especially when they see the "national game" ranked far below cricket. Everyone should read the book, if only to learn the opinions of a foreigner concerning our greatest university.

## The Song of the Ghost and the Passing Soul

I SAT on the top of the cold, drear world,  
And the stars were cold and dead,  
And the fading light of the pallid moon  
Shone faint about my head.

Nothing there was upon the earth  
As far as I could see,  
But a ghost, which glimmered through the wastes,  
And stopped and spoke to me.

"Now whither fare ye, passing soul,  
To Heaven or down to Hell?  
And I can guide ye to either place,  
For the ways I know them well."

"To Hell," said I; "and I gladly go  
To dwell in eternal flame,  
For I leave forever this world behind,  
And with it my load of shame."

"Not so," said the ghost; "of the Hell I ha' seen  
Ye have no lack on earth,  
For ye know the better and follow the worse,  
As ye have since Abel's birth.

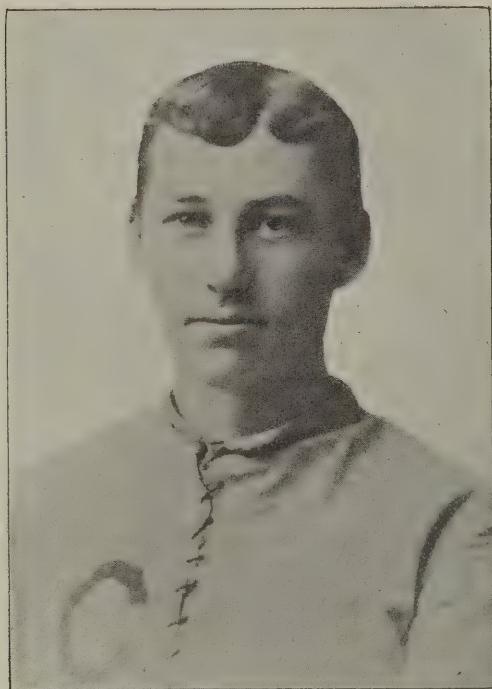
"And what would ye have that is worse than that?  
Ah! I speak what I know full well;  
Since Eden on man hath lain this curse  
And there's nothing worse in Hell."

The spirit spake and held his peace,  
And "Had I known," I cried,  
"That I live to endure what I died to escape,  
'Fore God! I would not ha' died!"

# Athletic Review

## FOOT-BALL.

**I**N the fall of '89, a few days after the beginning of school, about twenty fellows met on the Common to organize a foot-ball team. Only three members of the '88 eleven were able to play, and P. Wrenn, who was to have captained the team, was obliged to give up foot-ball on account of an accident which happened to him during the



JOHN CORBETT.

summer. Corbett was elected to fill Wrenn's place.

The team-work was superb, and the fine showing made in the championship games was due in a great measure to the hard and steady training which the men underwent. Although a lighter eleven than most of its opponents, the scientific work of the line and the backs won the day for it.

The following was the make-up of the team :

NAME AND CLASS.	POSITION
G. W. Whittemore, '92.....	Left End
E. E. Clark, '90.....	Left Tackle
R. B. McDaniel, '90.....	Left Guard
I. Haines, '92.....	Centre
A. Dickinson, '90.....	Right Guard
W. D. Sprague, '90.....	Right Tackle
A. Harding, '90.....	Right End
R. D. Wrenn, '91.....	Quarter-back
J. Corbett, '90.....	Left Half-back
R. L. Whitman, '91.....	Right Half-back
R. L. Raymond, '91.....	Full-back
W. E. Stark, '91.....	Right Half-back
Average weight, 138.5.	Average age, 17.

The heaviest man on the team was R. B. McDaniel, who weighed 158 pounds, while Wrenn weighed only 115! Corbett tried for 23 goals and succeeded in kicking 17, of which three were from the field. In the championship games he kicked 11 goals out of 17 chances.

The following was the final standing of the elevens :

	GAMES.			POINTS.	
	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Won.	Lost.
Cambridge .....	3	0	1	105	16
English High.....	2	1	1	46	32
Boston Latin.....	2	2	0	58	20
Roxbury Latin.....	2	2	0	24	68
Hopkinson.....	0	4	0	6	103

The game with English High was 10 to 10, while that with Boston Latin was 10 to 0.

The team defeated Groton by a score of 8 to 0,—a feat which our teams have not accomplished of late years.

## BASE-BALL.

The base-ball team of '90 started off with the brightest prospects. Of the '89 team, six were still in school. As these included the in-field and battery, Captain Harding had no difficulty in making up the team. The nine practised hard and faithfully, and retrieved their defeat of the year before by winning the championship. The make-up

and batting averages of the team were as follows :

NAME AND POSITION.	B. A.
Clark, Third Base.....	.500
Dexter, Left Field.....	.462
Corbett, Catcher.....	.391
Harding, Second Base.....	.381
Dickinson, Pitcher.....	.350
McDaniel, Centre Field.....	.294
Whittemore, First Base.....	.273
Linfield, Right Field.....	.250
Moore, (sub) Left Field.....	.250
Whiting, Short Stop.....	.150

The most exciting contest of the season was played with Boston Latin. Cambridge finally won by the score of 8 to 6.

The following were the scores by which the nine won from its opponents :

Browne and Nichols'	11-4
Hopkinson's.....	15-5
Roxbury Latin.....	19-8
English High.....	14-1
Boston Latin.....	8-6

The success was largely due to heavy batting.

## Records at Harvard Entrance Examinations

In the *Boston Journal* of July 14 (1894) was published the following :

### COL. BANCROFT'S BRIGHT SON.

Hugh Bancroft, the son of Cambridge's Mayor, has been smashing records at the Harvard admission examination. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

At the admission examination he carried off 15 credits, a better record than any other graduate of the Cambridge Latin School ever made. It is generally understood that the Cambridge Latin School held the record, 14 hours, made by E. K. Arnold, now a Senior at Harvard. Bancroft now holds the record, 15 hours of credits. He has also passed in two extra hours, which will count for a degree with distinction.

Besides all this, he will without a doubt be the youngest man in the Class of '98 at Harvard, being only 14 years of age.

He is a very ordinary kind of good fellow you would like to know. He is neither intensely conceited nor painfully modest and retiring,—just an ordinary, sensible boy. He was President of his class at the Latin School, editor of the *LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW* for four years, and he won second place in the mile walk at the school games this spring.

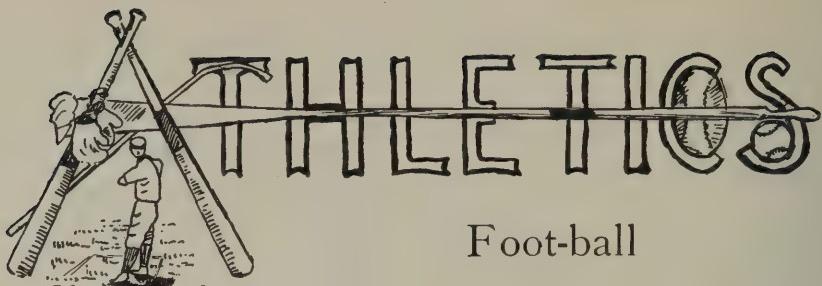
Whoever wrote the statement above did not give the facts. Bancroft, as the record

shows, is now (November, 1894,) fifteen years old. He did not carry off fifteen credits, but fourteen out of eighteen hours that he tried. Arnold had fourteen credits out of sixteen hours. From a reliable source the writer learns that, in spite of the brilliant record of these boys, the Cambridge Latin School is not entitled to hold the record. The following shows that the first place belongs to the Lowell High School :

Number of hours passed	"with credit,"	Percentage of whole examination passed "with credit."
Hugh Bancroft, Cambridge Latin School, 1894.	18	14 $77\frac{7}{8}$ per cent
Edmund Kent Arnold, Cambridge Latin School, 1891.	16	14 $87\frac{1}{8}$ per cent
Arthur Winfred Hodgman, Lowell High School, 1885.	20	18      90 per cent

The Cambridge Latin School has no need to claim what does not belong to it.

A DUDE is a man with a glass in his eye,  
Which he wears, he supposes, to see his friends by.  
And his friends think the notion exceedingly good,  
For they see by the glass that the man is a dude.



THE foot-ball season is over, and although our team did not win the championship, it made a better showing than was generally expected.

Two of the games were played under adverse weather conditions, which acted against our team on account of their light weight. The last two games showed what the team was capable of under ordinary circumstances.

The eleven has been very evenly balanced. The men all played a good steady game, although there were no stars. Campbell, Currie and Parker showed great improvement as the season advanced. Campbell, especially, made some excellent runs around the end in many of the games. Saul has filled the position of quarter-back very acceptably, although a trifle slow at times. Parker at full-back excels any man in the league in punting.

The forwards have all played strongly. Columbus has made an excellent showing at left end. He is a strong tackler, and a very hard man to put out of the play. Captain Baldwin at the other end has played good steady foot-ball. He understands his position thoroughly, and is very quick. He has also proved a good ground gainer, and has run well in the interference. The tackles were both new men, and in view of this fact their work has been excellent. Adams has also done well as substitute in this position. Of the guards, Stearns has easily excelled any man he has run up against. He is a good tackler and gets through well, but plays

## Foot-ball

rather high. Taylor, while not as good as Stearns, has generally succeeded in holding up his end against his opponents. Estabrook at centre has played his usual strong game.

Coach Arthur Lovering has done the team much good. His work clearly shows that competent coaches should be secured every season.

While it is very early to offer predictions concerning next year's team, it may be said with good cause that the outlook is very bright. Only three men who have been regular players on this year's eleven leave the school — Baldwin, Stearns, and Taylor.

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C. H. AND L., O. HOPKINSON, 18.

Our second championship game was played November 3 on Soldiers Field in a pouring rain. Before the play had advanced ten minutes every player on the field was drenched. It was a hard-fought game throughout, but Hoppy's superior weight won.

Baldwin played with snap and tackled well, but Columbus was not up to his usual standard. "Bug" Stearns made some pretty tackles. Saul fumbled once or twice, but made up for it at other times. Parker was good in end plays, and his punts were long and accurate. Campbell and Currie played well, considering the weather. Usher was hurt, and Adams took his place.

Hoppy had the first kick-off, from which Cambridge made short gains. The slippery pigskin went back and forth, until Hoppy pushed Adams over the line for the first

touchdown. Sargent kicked a goal. Score—Hopkinson, 6; C. H. and L., o.

Cambridge kicked behind the line, giving the ball to Hoppy on the 25-yard line. Finally, after the ball had changed hands several times, Livermore was pushed over the line. Goal by Sargent. Score—Hoppy, 12; C. H. and L., o.

This ended the scoring for the first half, and time was called with the ball on Hoppy's 15-yard line.

Both teams were very wet and tired-out in the second half.

Cambridge kicked out of the gridiron twice, giving the ball to Hoppy. After a few minutes' play, Adams went around the end for a short run, and made another touchdown. Goal by Sargent. Score—Hoppy, 18; C. H. and L., o.

It was useless to play any longer in such weather, so time was called. The line-up:

C. H. AND L.	HOPKINSON
Baldwin, r. e.....	r. e., Heard
Usher (Adams), r. t.....	r. t., A. Adams
Taylor, r. g.....	r. g., Holden
Estabrook, c.....	c., Homans
Stearns, l. g.....	r. g., Sargent
Robinson, l. t.....	r. t., Jewell
Columbus, l. e.....	r. e., Nourse
Saul, q. b.....	q. b., Stanwood
Currie, h. b.....	h. b., Livermore
Campbell, h. b.....	h. b., W. Adams
Parker, f. b.....	f. b., Richardson

Score—Hopkinson, 18; C. H. and L., o. Touchdowns—W. Adams (2), Livermore. Goals from touchdowns—Sargent, 3. Umpire—Warren. Referee—Gay. Linesman—Coot. Time—40m.

C. H. AND L., O. E. H. S., 42.

Our third championship game was a very poor one. It was expected that we would at least score, but luck was against us.

"Bug" Stearns took care of his guard, besides making good tackles. Baldwin had an off-day. Columbus at end tackled finely. Parker made some fine rushes.

English High made its first touchdown by a fluke. The ball was fumbled, and Mann grabbed it and ran forty yards across the line. He kicked the goal. Score—E. H. S., 6; C. H. and L., o.

Cambridge kicked off, and kept the pig-skin in English High's territory for a short time; but after short rushes, English High carried it to Cambridge's 2-yard line. Here Cambridge took a wonderful brace and held them for four downs. Then Parker made one of his long punts, which Hall caught. With the aid of Dakin, Hall, in short rushes, was pushed over the line for another touchdown, from which Mann kicked the goal. Score—E. H. S., 12; C. H. and L., o.

After a few rushes, Ellsworth broke through the centre, and in a second was over the line. Goal. Score—E. H. S., 18; C. H. and L., o.

After three rushes, Hall went around left end for forty-five yards, and landed the ball behind the line again. Mann kicked the goal. Score—E. H. S., 24; C. H. and L., o.

This ended the scoring for the first half.

Cambridge got ten yards for off-side play after the kick-off, and English High gained until Ellsworth went through the centre for a touchdown. Goal by Mann. Score, 30 to 0.

Cambridge kicked off, and Ferguson picked up the ball, and with beautiful interference ran eighty yards, making a touchdown. Mann kicked the goal. Score—E. H. S., 36; C. H. and L., o.

Cambridge gained the ball at English High's 15-yard line, but soon lost it on four downs. After short gains Ellsworth went through the centre for sixty-five yards, and a touchdown. Goal by Mann. Score—E. H. S., 42; C. H. and L., o.

Time was called on account of darkness.  
The make-up:

C. H. AND L.	E. H. S.
Baldwin, r. e.....	l. e., Mann
Usher, r. t.....	l. t., Dakin
Taylor, r. g.....	l. g., McDonald
Estabrook, c.....	c., Callahan
Stearns, l. g.....	r. g., O'Brien
Robinson, l. t.....	r. t., Purtell
Columbus, l. e.....	r. e., Manahan
Saul, q. b.....	q. b., Mitchell
Campbell, h. b.....	h. b., Ferguson
Currie, h. b.....	h. b., Hall
Parker, f. b.....	f. b., Ellsworth

Score—E. H. S., 42; C. H. and L., 0. Touchdowns—Hall (2), Mann, Ellsworth (3), Ferguson. Goals—Mann (7). Umpire—Mr. Durkee. Referee—Tom Moore. Time—45m.

CAMBRIDGE, 6. BOSTON LATIN, 0.

On November 16 we won our first championship game, from Boston Latin. The game was played on Soldiers Field, and a small but enthusiastic crowd was present. The victory was hardly expected, but Cambridge showed up stronger than in any previous contest this year, and put up a very good offensive game. Cambridge also outgeneraled her opponents.

Boston had the wind in her favor in the first half, but failed to take advantage of it by punting. Cambridge had the kick-off, but Boston gained steadily until the ball was on Cambridge's 10-yard line. Here they were held for four downs. The ball changed hands several times, but Parker finally punted to Cambridge's 50-yard line. B. L. S. returned the kick to the 30-yard line. Saul here did some poor work, and Parker was again obliged to punt. Cambridge soon got the ball on downs, and were carrying it down the field in great shape; but time was nearly up when they reached the 15-yard line, so Parker dropped back for a goal from the field. B. L. S. broke through and stopped the kick. Time was then called for the end of the half.

In the second half Cambridge had the wind, and took advantage of it to punt frequently. Campbell caught the kick-off, but soon lost the ball on a fumble. After a few minutes' play Boston had the ball on our 10-yard line, but lost it for offside play. Cambridge worked the ball steadily up the field, but Parker was obliged to punt at his own 50-yard line. B. L. S. missed the catch, and Columbus picked up the ball and carried it twenty yards for the only touchdown of the game. Stearns kicked an easy goal. After a few more plays time was called, and we had won our first important victory.

For Cambridge, Stearns, Campbell, Currie and Columbus played a sharp game. Parker's punting was a feature, although he was slow in getting rid of the ball. Maguire and Morris did the best work for Boston. The summary:

CAMBRIDGE.	B. L. S.
Columbus, l. e.....	r. e., Robinson
Robinson, l. t.....	r. t., Dority
Stearns, l. g.....	r. g., Nagle
Estabrook, c.....	c., Eaton
Taylor, r. g.....	l. g., Lowe
Usher, r. t.....	l. t., Rankin
Baldwin, r. e.....	l. e., McLachlin
Saul, q. b.....	q. b., Meehan
Currie, h. b.....	h. b., Davis
Campbell, h. b.....	h. b., Morris
Parker, f. b.....	f. b., Maguire (Hardy)

Score—Cambridge, 6; B. L. S., 0. Touchdown—Columbus. Goal—Stearns. Referee—Ketcham. Umpire—Clark. Linesman—Wiseman. Time—25-minute halves.

CAMBRIDGE, 10. NEWTON HIGH, 0.

The last game was played November 22, with Newton, and proved to be a victory for us by a score of 10 to 0. The game was a very interesting one to watch, and was entirely free from slugging. Keyes, Newton's left tackle, suffered a dislocation of the right leg at the hip joint. This is the worst accident in any interscholastic game this

year. Cambridge clearly outplayed Newton. They kept the ball most of the time, and seldom failed to gain anywhere through Newton's line. Newton, on the other hand, frequently lost the ball on downs, although their interference was very good. Parker's punting was very fine, and helped Cambridge greatly.

Newton had the first kick-off, and Cambridge soon brought the ball back to the centre, where Parker was obliged to punt. After a few plays, Chase of Newton was injured and left the field. His place was taken by Whitney. Cambridge held for four downs, and forced the ball down the field by short, steady gains. Campbell made the first touchdown, but Stearns missed an easy chance for goal. This ended the scoring for the first half.

Cambridge had the kick-off in the second half. After a few rushes and exchanges of kicks, Cambridge got the ball on Newton's 55-yard line. Good rushing by the backs and Captain Baldwin, brought the ball to the 5-yard line, and Currie was pushed over

for a touchdown. Stearns kicked a goal. Score — Cambridge, 10; Newton, 0.

Newton did not come near scoring during the rest of the game, but time was called with the ball in Cambridge's hands on her opponents' 6-yard line.

For Cambridge, all the backs played well, and Baldwin made several pretty tackles. Estabrook also showed up well at centre. For Newton, Duane, Cotting and Brown played hard, and Blake at quarter-back ran the team well.

The line-up:

CAMBRIDGE.

Columbus, l. e.....	r. e., Cotting
Robinson, l. t.....	r. t., May
Stearns, l. g.....	r. g., Paul
Usher (Estabrook), c.....	c., Lee
Taylor, r. g.....	l. g., Van Voorhis
Adams (Usher), r. t.....	l. t., Keyes (Barnard)
Baldwin, r. e.....	l. e., Brown
Saul, q. b.....	q. b., Blake
Campbell, r. h.....	r. h., Chase (Whitney)
Currie, l. b.....	l. b., Tucker
Parker, f. b.....	f. b., Duane

NEWTON.

.....r. e., Cotting
.....r. t., May
.....r. g., Paul
.....c., Lee
.....l. g., Van Voorhis
.....l. t., Keyes (Barnard)
.....l. e., Brown
.....q. b., Blake
.....r. h., Chase (Whitney)
.....l. b., Tucker
.....f. b., Duane

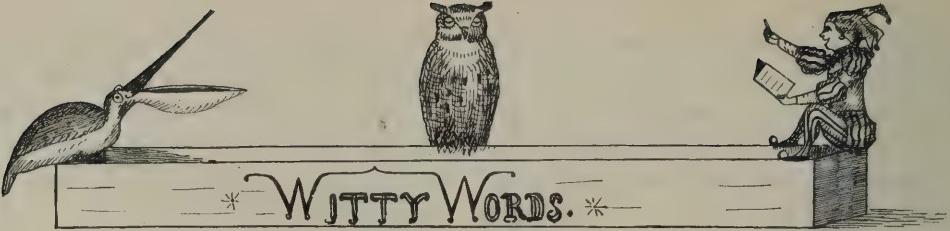
Score — Cambridge, 10; Newton, 0. Touchdowns — Campbell, Currie. Goal — Stearns. Umpire — Clark. Referee — Baldwin. Linesman — Bradford. Time — 25-minute halves.



IN IT.



EXIT.



**A** CAPITAL idea — Money.

A great falling off — The snow slide.

The best thing to part with is a comb.

Not enough to go round — A semi-circle.

A case of collarer — The policeman's grip.

Next to nothing — One degree above zero.

Always treating at another fellow's expense — The physician.

It is likely that a ship is called "she" because she is a sails-lady.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?"

"No; it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

**SOFTAS CANBY** — I have an idea!

**SAYSIT ANYHOWE** — How do you know it's an idea?

**WIFE** — There comes that tramp I gave some of my biscuits to, the other day.

**HUSBAND** — Impossible! That must be his ghost.

**CASABIANCA'S LUCK.**

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
The air with smoke was blue,  
But no one asked him — blessed lot —  
"Is't hot enough for you?"

**LIZE** — What yo' got to be thankful fo', Mose?

**UNCLE MOSE** — Dat chickens can't see after da'k.

"Yes, sir," said Gallagher; "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh; I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw

a smile go around the room, he grew red in the face, and walked away angry.

**DEACON** — Do you know what happens to boys who tell lies?

**SMALL YOUTH** — Yessir. They gits off, most times, if they tells good ones.

**CHAPPIE** — Would you like to change your name, Miss Higgins?

**MISS HIGGINS** (*blushing*) — Ye-es.

**CHAPPIE** (*with bright idea*) — Why don't you marry?

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial."

"Don't worry about that," replied Brown. "The thing is impossible; there's no danger of you being buried too soon."

**HE** — I am rather in favor of the English style of spelling.

**SHE** — Yes?

**HE** — Yes; take parlor, for instance; having *u* in it makes all the difference in the world.



"A CHASTE GIRL."

"Oh, for a man!"  
The alto cried;  
"Oh, for a man!"  
The soprano sighed;  
"A man!" they sang,  
With tearful eyes.  
"Oh, for a man—  
Sion in the skies!"

SURFACE — What sort of a war record has General Bulger?

ROWLEY — About a mile in six minutes.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.

"Did he get on his knees?"  
"No; he couldn't."  
"Why not?"  
"I got there first."



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## Latin School Notes

HOW much did you get in Physics?

Ninety-five's class pin is very pretty.

Where is that Banjo Club? Let us hear from them.

Ninety-five has chosen Hearn as its class photographer.

The skating came just at the right time for our vacation.

The Second Class has begun the German play, "Wilhelm Tell."

James F. Bacon has been reelected Captain of '95's polo team.

Bancroft, '94, has been appointed a corporal in the Harvard Rifles.

During the past month six new members have entered the Chess Club.

The average weight of the members of the eleven is about 152 pounds.

We had hard luck in playing our first two championship games in the rain.

On the first of November the Third Class began Virgil. This is earlier than usual.

"Gus" Lamb, E. H. S. '92, has been admitted to the "Tech" ('Varsity) Glee Club.

One of the topics in English was "The Horrors of War; or, The Springfield Game."

Harry North, formerly of '97, has been putting up a great game at right end for Brookline High School this year.

At a meeting of the '97 polo team Campbell was elected Captain. Most of last year's team are here, and '97 expects to win.

Ninety-five held a very enjoyable social at the home of W. L. Raymond, 779 Massachusetts Avenue, November 9. The enter-

tainment consisted of an "Auction Party" together with other numbers, which were well received. Mr. Bradbury was present.

The Fifth Class has elected the following officers: President, G. Cox; Vice-President, Miss South; Treasurer, F. Parker; Secretary, Miss Hyde.

The eleven has done pretty well financially. Towards the end of the season it did not receive as much support as it should have, although playing winning foot-ball.

This year, when all the scholars are assembled, the hall is comfortably filled. If next year's Fifth Class is larger than this year's, trouble may be experienced in finding room for all.

The Debating Society has a membership of about thirty. This is doing fairly well, but we hope that the scholars will support it even better, and make this year a memorable one in the history of the Society.

Adalbert Harding, '90, Editor-in-Chief of THE REVIEW in '89 and '90, and Captain of the base-ball team in '89, has gone South to tutor in a family in Asheville, N. C.

Ninety-seven held a sociable, November 16, at Miss Norris' house, Main street. The game played was "library," Miss McWhinnie winning the ladies' prize, and C. A. Peters the gentlemen's. Mr. Bradbury was present.

The Class of '98 held its first social, November 9, at Mr. Sam Barbour's, 8 Bigelow street. The Secretary, Miss Nichols, sent in her resignation, and Miss McIntire was elected to fill her place. A literary party was the entertainment, in which G. S. Howland won the gentlemen's prize, and Miss Hale the ladies'. After refreshments, dancing was enjoyed by all. Miss Warren and Miss Jouett, a former member of the class, were present as guests.

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## English High School Notes

THE First Class has chosen Hearn for its photographer.

The mid-year history exam. for the Class of '98 came last Friday.

Fred Kelsen, President of '97, has left school and gone to work.

F. W. Moulton, '96, has left school and gone into business with his father.

Rufus B. Allyn has come over from the Training School, and has entered the Senior Class.

Why doesn't '98 organize? They could then boast of being the first Freshman class in the High School to do so.

Let every member of the school purchase a copy of THE REVIEW this month. The handsome frontispiece is alone worth double the price.

We desire to again call attention to THE REVIEW box on the lower floor. We should be glad to have everyone put in anything which he thinks of interest.

Several of the young ladies of the Class of '96 are in the cast of a drama which is to be given, some time in January, by the King's Daughters of the First Unitarian Church.

Miss Hanscom and Miss Attwood, graduates of the Class of '93, and Miss Annie Grose, Miss Mabel White and Miss Iva Bailey, graduates of the Class of '94, entered the College of Liberal Arts, Boston University, this year.

Mr. Huling delivered a lecture on "The Moon," illustrated by the stereopticon, last week Tuesday morning, in the Science Lecture room, to those scholars who had obtained "excellent" in their reports for the first two months of the year, and also to the

members of the Senior Class. The lecture proved exceedingly interesting, especially to those who study Astronomy. Mr. T. H. O'Hearn manipulated the stereopticon.

The members of the Bachelors' Club passed a very enjoyable evening, Thursday, November 22, at their club-room on Story street. The occasion was the regular monthly meeting, and after the current business of the month had been transacted a banquet was served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in playing whist.

The first social of the Class of '97 was held at the residence of Miss Close, 380 Broadway, Friday evening, November 23. There were about fifty present, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all. There were recitations, dancing and games. The boys' first prize, a pair of silver cuff buttons, was carried off by Master Brennan, and Miss Pettes won the first prize for ladies, a silver souvenir spoon.

The second monthly social of the Class of '96 was held at the home of Miss Bertha H. Wheeler, 96 Oxford street, November 23. One of the features of the evening was a "placard party," and, unnecessary to state, it proved highly enjoyable. At the conclusion of the game refreshments were served, after which the remainder of the evening rapidly glided by with the rendering of college songs. The guests of the evening were Headmaster Huling, Miss Rogers, Miss Scudder and Miss Deering. The Class is to be congratulated on its excellent social committee, consisting of Misses Emerson, Yerxa and Gordon, and Messrs. D'Arcy and Moynahan, through whose untiring efforts the socials have attained their present high standard. The next social occurs the latter part of this month.

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## C. L. S. D. S.

THE Debating Society is a great success this season. The debates are good and great interest is shown by the large attendance, which is, however, principally from the lower classes. The First and Second Classes certainly ought to show more interest in these debates. New members are joining at every meeting.

On Friday evening, October 26, Mr. Bacon's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Dow was elected to take his place as Treasurer. The subject considered was, "*Resolved*, That in her attack on China, Japan is actuated more by a desire to increase her own power than to benefit Korea." The debaters, Chipman, '97, and Graupner, '99, for the affirmative, and Goodridge, '95, and Murdock, '97, for the negative, handled the subject in a very creditable manner. Thayer, Dow, Chandler and Estabrook spoke from the floor before the debate was closed by the principals. The negative won the debate, although the vote on the merits of the question resulted in favor of the affirmative.

November 9, the subject, "*Resolved*, That a dam should be constructed across the Charles River at its mouth," was discussed by Bancroft and Dow for the affirmative, and Flanagan and Chandler for the negative. Graupner, Blackburn, Murdock and Clarke spoke from the floor. In spite of Flanagan's able debate, his side was defeated.

The subject disputed November 23 was, "*Resolved*, That the recent Republican victory was for the best interests of the country." Thayer, '95, and Blackburn, '97, defended the affirmative well, but Willard, '96, and Sawyer, '98, presented strong arguments for the other side. Nearly every member present expressed his views on the subject. Although many thought Mr. Thayer delivered the best debate, the vote resulted in favor of his opponents.

The best debate the Society has as yet listened to took place December 7. The subject was, "*Resolved*, That the President of the United States should be elected directly by the ballot of the people." W. R. Estabrook opened the discussion for the affirmative, and delivered the best debate of the evening. He was followed by Regan, '97, for the negative. Graupner, '99, for the affirmative, spoke next. He is a promising debater. Murdock, '97, began his debate with a witty reply to Estabrook. The debate was then thrown open to the house, and Miles, Bancroft, Dow, Dorchester and Thayer spoke from the floor. Henry Dyer, '94, was present, and when asked to speak made careful criticisms on each debater. It would be a good plan to have some graduate present at each meeting to make such remarks. Estabrook and Regan gave the final arguments and replies for their respective sides. The affirmative won.

## E. H. S. D. S.

AT the meeting of the Debating Society, held November 16, the subject for debate was, "*Resolved*, That the Income Tax is for the best interests of the country." Affirmative, Miss Dogherty, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Fuller; negative, Miss Sheehan, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Crocker. On merits of debate, 18

affirmative, and 16 negative. There are now fifty-seven members in the Society. Others wishing to join should apply to the Membership Committee, which consists of Miss Flagg, Mr. Sharkey, Mr. White, Mr. Willard and Mr. D'Arcy. More should join the Society.

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## Athletic Notes

NOW for Polo.

Burrage, '94, made the Freshman Football eleven as substitute guard.

Allan Barnes, '94, is trying for the Freshman Crew. He weighs about 160.

The whole foot-ball team was at the Training School-English High game.

The class polo teams have all been organized, and the season promises to be as successful and interesting as last year's.

The new sweaters gave general satisfaction. Fifteen players were supplied, and Manager MacKusick also received one.

MacKusick executed his duties as Manager of the foot-ball team exceedingly well. The Association came out a little ahead on the season.

Every member of the Melrose Polo Team, which we had so much work in beating, is back this year, and is looking for the championship. They have looked in vain for it for the last three years. It remains with us whether they look in vain this year.

It has been decided by the Executive Committee of the C. H. and L. A. A. to prohibit Clarkson, '95, from taking part in athletics on any school team on account of non-payment of dues. This action is much regretted on account of his ability, but it has been considered necessary, and, it is

thought, meets the approval of the members of the Association.

The choice of next year's foot-ball captain should be considered with great care. More so now than ever before; firstly, because there are several who have a right to this position of honor; secondly, because it will need a fellow with push; lastly, because the chances are unusually bright, and a strong hand with good coaching could bring out a winning eleven. Let every man put aside friendship in choosing this captain, and elect the man best fitted for the position, regardless of everything else.

Polo is the next number on our school calendar, and the team which represents the school this year must keep up the grand record of its predecessors.

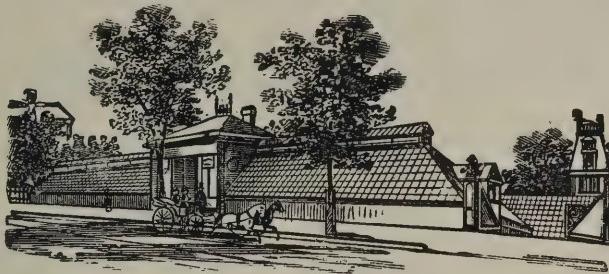
But two regular players and one substitute are back,—Clarkson, Stearns and Parker; but much good material is in the school, which has been developed by the class teams. Everybody who has played on a class team should be a candidate for the school team.

There are at least four open positions. Among the most promising men at present are Stevens, Parker, Bacon, Baldwin, Campbell, Currie, and a few at the High School. All of these candidates are the products of the class teams.

Clarkson, '95, has been elected Captain of the polo team, but by the rules of the C. H. and L. A. A. is not eligible. Another election has not yet taken place.

"THE good are not always happy,"  
There can be no doubt of this,  
Because, you know, they must sorry grow,  
When they think of the fun they miss.

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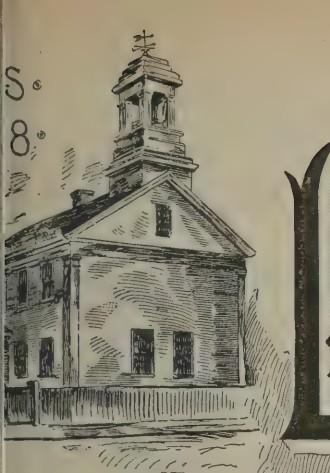
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## Editorials

WE are glad to state that an article which appeared in this column last month has had the desired effect, and that the graduating class of the Latin School has determined to give a play. This is the first attempt of the kind for some years in this school, and will therefore be watched with great interest. All the classes should support the play, and so make it an assured success financially at least. We have confidence in the ability of the "company" to take good care of the rest.

More interest is taken in polo this year than ever before. No championship games have yet been played, but the team has been decided upon and has done a great deal of faithful practising. The team is not as strong as last year's, as they lack their experience, and in some cases their ability. Four of the men have been trained by the class teams, and clearly show the usefulness of these. They form, as it were, a training school to the regular team.

The attention of the authorities has before been called to the terrible condition of this school if a fire should take place. No fire-escapes! Wooden stairs, and directly under each other, so that if the lower ones should burn, the building would become a holocaust indeed! But the questionable economy of the City Government will probably let the

matter pass, as it has for so long. And after all, there is something in the claim which is put forth, that there has been no fire in all the years that the building has been in use, and is not likely to be one now. Meanwhile we wait patiently, trusting to see our desire realized when that beautiful vision of the dim future, a new Latin School building, rises into existence, with its spacious rooms and its myriads of improvements.

On all sides, and especially from recent graduates, are heard regrets that the schools

have no gymnasium. These graduates are in college, and fully appreciate the advantages one obtains from the use of a well-equipped gymnasium. The arguments in the case have been brought up so often that we will not again discuss them. Everyone acknowledges the benefits, and the subject devolves itself into a mere question of expense. A neighboring city, not nearly as rich as Cambridge, did not let this stand in her way, but furnished her scholars with a handsome and splendidly equipped building. Shall Cambridge be outdone in foresight and generosity?

## Advice to Orators

If you cull from foreign phrases  
 To deck a feeble line,  
 You will raise the very blazes  
 If you haven't them down fine;  
 For instance, you will never show  
 Great depth in classic lores  
 If you exclaim with Cicero,  
 "*O tempora! O mores!*"

And it would be *mal a propos*—  
 To be entirely frank—  
 To use too much a phrase that goes,  
 In German, "*Gott sey Dank!*"  
 While if you speak of "siren Circe,"  
 Or "patient Penelope,"  
 Expect a delegation fierce  
 To meet you with a rope.

Though you may try a brilliant hit  
 About a big "jack-pot,"  
 It will not be a "*jeu d'esprit*";  
 To rhyme it with "*bon mot*";  
 And even though "*Jenny says pas,*"  
 I would not tackle that,  
 For fear you might achieve, alas!  
 A crowning "*coup d'état!*"

# To Oliver Wendell Holmes

BY HARRIETT FRANCES JONES, '96.

INTO that house with the gambrel roof,  
Eighty-five years ago,  
An angel left a child of truth  
Whom all the people know.

And while the father and mother slept  
In the stillness of the night,  
Calliope\* to his bedside crept  
In garments pearly white.

In her hand she carried a spinning-wheel  
Threaded with purest gold,  
Which, at the slightest touch, would yield  
Treasures as yet untold.

The baby held his hands out wide  
To receive the costly toy ;  
As she pressed it into his hands, she sighed,  
And gently said to the boy :

“ All through your life you must spin and spin,  
Your work can ne’er be done  
Till you success and glory win,  
And the end of this thread is spun.”

The baby took the wheel and turned,  
And daily in wisdom grew,  
Until at last renown he’d earned  
That went our country through.

He labored on till four-score-four,  
And gently then he said :  
“ My hands are tired ; not much more  
Can I spin of the golden thread.”

At last with the dawn of one morning  
He heard a silvery voice  
Say : “ Cease forever thy turning,  
And come unto me and rejoice.”

Just then an angel with gentle hands  
Parted the golden thread ;  
His spirit was freed from its earthly bands  
And Our Dear Old Poet was dead.

\*Calliope, in ancient times, was supposed to preside over poetry.

# The Mountain Lark

A CONTINUED STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—III.

**A**NOTHER mysterious conversation had taken place in this house of plotting,—this time between our heroines. Although we know nothing about it, we can easily imagine that it was conducted principally by Eunice.

At any rate, she seemed to have imparted some discovery, for in Sylvia's manner the next morning there was a marked change. Toward Morton it was half contemptuous, half compassionate; towards Reginald, distant to a degree of coldness.

Eunice's gayety, however, remained unchanged, and Miss Archer maintained her usual stately composure.

The weather on this following morning seemed as doubtful as the result of the day's events. Clouds choked the valley and damp gusts of wind swept down from the hills behind the house. A storm seemed approaching.

But nothing could thwart Miss Ivers from carrying out her intentions. The first thing she said that morning related to the proposed excursion.

"We must go everywhere today," said she, "for tomorrow morning we must continue our journey, and leave this heavenly old place."

It is unnecessary to say they went "everywhere." Eunice quickly overruled her aunt's objections, as only she could, and Sylvia offered none in particular, although she evidently disapproved of the whole thing.

Upon starting, Eunice immediately pounced upon Morton, as was her custom. Reginald escorted Sylvia.

The conversation of the second couple was constrained and of no interest to the reader, so we shall pass on to that of the first, which proved quite the opposite.

"Isn't it funny, Mr. Macomber?" began Eunice, who really found nothing strange in it, "this morning I came across two guns down in the back hall. I couldn't think what they were doing there."

"Why, they're ours,—Reginald's and mine," replied Morton, thoughtlessly. "We left them there when we came."

"I supposed that must be it. But why did you bring them at all? That's what I'd like to know," continued his talkative companion.

Morton remained silent. Experience had taught him to be reticent.

"I thought they might possibly be intended for burglars," restraining her laughter with difficulty; "but then you couldn't get at them very easily, if they were down in the hall. Were they for burglars?" she demanded, determined to receive an answer.

"No," answered Morton, looking longingly back at his friend. "Reginald and I were going hunting."

He felt in a confused way that this answer was unfortunate.

"Going hunting while we were here!" exclaimed his tormentor with elaborate emphasis.

"No, no, before you came," was the distracted reply.

"And did you go?" persisted Eunice.

"No," said Morton, abruptly.

"But why not?" she continued, perseveringly.

One would have thought by her manner that she was talking for the sake of making conversation.

"It rained," said Morton after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Supposing it hadn't rained," pursued Eunice, who was thoroughly enjoying her-

self; "who would have taken care of the house?"

"Why, the girl, I suppose," gasped her victim. A weakness, lately grown quite familiar, seemed settling in his knees.

"But your friend told us the girl couldn't get here until yesterday morning,—don't you remember?" continued Eunice with an absurd air of perplexity.

Now I am at a loss to know what Morton's reply would have been. No doubt he was himself. And I cannot say how much longer Miss Ivers would have continued this cross-examination. For, much to her displeasure, an interruption occurred. Her aunt shrilly announced that it was already raining.

The storm was fast approaching. The mountains muttered sullenly in answer to the rumbling thunder, and occasionally their frowning faces gleamed with a flash of lightning.

The first thing to do was to seek shelter. This seemed easy to accomplish, since they were now in sight of the house called by our heroes "Thorpe Towers."

Their nearness to this mansion was not a matter of chance. For, in reality, Eunice had been leading the whole party, and, moreover, she knew very well where she wished to go.

The rain, however, had come too soon. They would be unable to reach the point she wished.

Now it happened that below them, on their left, there lay a tiny lake. Extending out upon its ruffled surface was a small promontory; and upon this promontory stood the most picturesque little summer-house I have ever seen. Its red, pointed roof projected from a surrounding circle of young pines which nearly concealed its rustic sides.

Towards this shelter the party hurried in all haste. But they found someone already there. It was no other than a servant, who

had been caught in the shower while running towards the empty house above them.

This she explained to the new-comers. She carried a large bunch of keys which jingled in a manner quite foreboding to our heroes. For the hard, steely clinking seemed to tell them that preparations were being made to receive those who had been falsely welcomed and deceived but a short distance from here.

Eunice was standing by one of the little round windows, from which she could see rising from its closely trimmed shrubbery, the falsely named house. She gazed at its towers and turrets and smiled as she looked.

"So that is the Thorpe house, is it?" said she at last, turning towards the servant.

Morton, who was shaking in his shoes, mopped the perspiration from his brow. But Reginald, who foresaw what would happen, gave the servant no chance to reply.

"You really shouldn't stand so near that window, Miss Ivers," he remarked quickly. "It's very dangerous."

"Why dangerous?" she inquired, provoked by this unexpected interruption.

Reginald closely scrutinized her face. Could this question have a double meaning?

"It is said that lightning strikes," said he, coolly. "Think of the trouble it would cause us should it strike you, Miss Ivers."

"I think, Mr. King," retorted Eunice, with a laugh, "that there is much more danger of my becoming thunderstruck, and I am already struck with an idea. Do you think that will cause trouble?"

Reginald wished he knew. Morton wished he was many miles away.

"Eunice," interrupted Sylvia in a tone of great disapproval, "do you see how wet you are getting standing there?"

During this conversation the servant had been occupied in staring at Miss Archer.

She seemed to find something familiar in the face.

Miss Archer herself was watching the storm as well as she could, with great anxiety. She secretly feared an avalanche from the mountain behind them.

"So you are going to open the house," began Eunice again, addressing the servant.

"Yes, ma'am," responded that person, removing her gaze from Miss Archer.

"Then someone is coming," pursued Miss Ivers, hastily.

"Yes, ma'am," in a rather surprised tone.

"Do tell me who. I long to know whom we are to have for neighbors." Eunice did not dare to look at her aunt.

Now of course the boys, who had braced themselves for this crisis, believed the servant would answer, "Miss Archer, Miss Ivers and Miss Glenn."

And it may be also thought that Eunice expected that the woman would say, "Mr. Thorpe." Now this is what she really did expect, but for an entirely different reason, my dear reader, than you have been led to suppose.

However, it happened that the servant did not answer at all.

A clap of thunder so terrific as to shake the very earth, a flash of lightning, frightfully vivid, followed by a noise of splintering wood, as if the whole forest was being split asunder, appalled the whole party.

The servant immediately began elaborate preparations for fainting, thereby causing much confusion and rendering any continuation of the unpleasant conversation impossible.

\* \* \* \* \*

To hurry rather abruptly from this scene to one later in the day, we find Reginald playing croquet by himself in an aimless fashion.

The sky had cleared soon after the party had silently reached the house, and the grass was now nearly dry.

Reginald was congratulating himself upon the escape of that morning, and at the same time indolently wondering why it took young ladies so long to dress for dinner. He was also wondering if Eunice knew more than she should about this "necessary deception," and if so, how she had learned it; and why Miss Glenn treated him in so shabby a manner.

But at all events, as he told the dubious Morton, they were having a "bully lark out of it anyway," and he was sorry there was but one more day,

How could he know into what awkward snarls the next few hours would entangle him?

But he was soon to learn. Even at that moment Morton appeared in great hurry and excitement, carrying a sheet of paper which fluttered ominously in his hand.

*(To be Continued.)*

N<sup>E</sup>'ER step too boldly on the snow  
That does the paving-stone enwreath,  
For a slippery spot  
Of which you wot  
Not muchly may exist beneath.

## A Young American

If, some ten years ago, you had had occasion to glance at the magnificent residence on the corner of Dartmouth and Beacon streets, Boston, you would probably have noticed the name Brownell standing out in large letters on the silver door plate. Robert E. Brownell of the firm of Brownell, Pierce & Co., large woollen merchants, with his wife and three charming daughters, were the occupants of the house.

Singularly enough, Miss Esther, the eldest, was nineteen, while the younger sisters were but nine and twelve respectively; a son, of whom Mr. Brownell was intensely fond, had succumbed to scarlet-fever in his sixteenth year.

Esther, of whom we shall hear the most, had just made her début in society. She was of medium height, rather plump, with flashing blue eyes, and naturally curly hair of that beautiful blonde shade that does not suggest dyeing. As a conversationalist she was the admiration of everyone,—her brilliant phrases always were accompanied by the most fascinating of smiles, exposing her pure white and exceptionally regular teeth.

She had a decidedly sympathetic and beseeching way of looking one in the face when conversing on any serious matter, and this little characteristic had become the subject of much discussion among the young gentlemen whom she met in the pathways of her many social travels.

Esther received many callers, both gentlemen and ladies. Among the former was "Our Young American," Mr. Meredith Parks, a handsome, smooth-faced youth of twenty-three, whom she had met at one of the Symphony Concerts. Parks was rather tall and slender, with dark eyes and hair, and very regular features. His fascination lay in his refined manners and his enter-

taining qualities rather than his beauty. Meredith Parks was the only son of Amos Parks, a widower and a celebrated teacher of music, who had always had a large number of pupils among the first families of Boston. He had derived a large income from his labors, but the considerable expense of sending his daughter abroad and of educating both her and Meredith so thoroughly, had rendered it impossible for him to save any money. It was the fond father's pride and ambition to live to see the day when his son and daughter should be famous musicians. Unfortunately, his hopes were never realized, as he died suddenly in the middle of the winter of the very year in which our story begins. A word about his daughter, Gertrude. Of more than ordinary height, rather slender, with waving light hair falling in careless but beautiful folds down the sides of her finely shaped head, she was a picture of beauty, grace and refinement. She had just passed the first quarter-century milestone in her life at the time of her father's demise.

The bequests left to Meredith and Gertrude began to exhaust alarmingly as spring approached, and it became evident to them both that something must be done to derive an income. Meredith completed his advanced course in vocal culture and harmony and at once tried for a position in one of the church choirs, succeeding in getting into the Newbury Episcopal as a solo tenor. Miss Gertrude in the meantime sought pupils on the pianoforte and was quite successful. But still their united earnings could not begin to keep up the style of living that their father had always encouraged. A change must be made, and after talking over the matter thoroughly, the orphan musicians decided to sell some of the furni-

ture, store the rest and take rooms in a respectable but unpretentious boarding house. Ends met finely in this new routine, and Gertrude, although mortified, was happy. Not so with Meredith; his choir work took but little time and he wrote articles for the daily papers in his spare time in order to help things along, so that his sister, whom he dearly loved, might not be obliged to work so hard.

Instead of the success their efforts deserved, reverses unfortunately began to come upon them. The newspapers had Associated Press reporters and accordingly dispensed with the local men, thus throwing out Meredith's chances in that direction. Then the number of Gertrude's pupils began to rapidly and mysteriously diminish. Meredith realized the gravity of the situation at once and appealed to his friends, that they might use their influence in securing for him a position more pretentious than choir-singing. After many weeks of fruitless search, a New York gentleman secured an interview with the managers of the *New York Herald* in regard to the vacant position of assistant Paris correspondent. The interview was successful, and on the first day of June, Meredith sailed from New York for Paris. His sister at the same time moved over to Cambridge, where she at once resumed teaching, and Meredith arranged to send her a reasonable portion of his salary every month.

The night before he sailed he called on Esther Brownell. Let us pass briefly over the events of the evening. It is sufficient to know that Meredith proposed to Miss Brownell, and was accepted. As he was leaving the house, he met Mr. Brownell coming in. In a somewhat stormy interview that gentleman requested him never to call on his daughter again, and Meredith informed him that he was about to leave

town for some time, and would have no opportunity of doing so, even if he wished to.

A month later, the Brownells were all located at Beverly, Miss Esther a centre of attraction, but her parents noticed that she seemed to ignore the majority of the men and they did not know to what to attribute the strange change in her disposition. Once at the breakfast table, Miss Amy, Esther's nine-year-old sister, who was very loyal to Mr. Parks, made this astonishing remark, "Mamma, I know what's the matter with Esther." Upon being asked what, she said, "Why, she is sorry because Mr. Parks isn't down here." Esther replied, "Why, Amy, don't be so silly. He has gone to New York and never expects to return." Mr. Brownell had not learned just where Parks had gone, and exhibited some surprise when he asked what he was going to do in New York. "Oh, I believe he has accepted some newspaper position over there," said Esther, not wishing to show her father that she was at all interested in the matter. Mr. Brownell here changed the subject by asking them to prepare for a morning drive.

Meredith Parks was not the only devoted admirer of Miss Brownell. Robert Paul Leland, son of a well-known State street banker, was no less favorably impressed than Parks. Leland was twenty-five years of age and was a handsome fellow, but extremely arrogant and conceited. He had spent two years at Harvard, but through some irregularities he had had with the Faculty of the College, in addition to conspicuous absence from Sever, he had retired from the classic shades of Cambridge and was now enjoying the delightful pastime of killing time previous to going into business. Paul was a very frequent visitor at the Brownell home and was well liked by Mr. Brownell. The latter often remarked to Esther, "Why don't you

treat Paul the way you do Mr. Parks?" Esther always had a ready reply, "That it was contrary to the laws of nature. Men were so different, you know."

Leland's family were at Bar Harbor, but when he heard of Parks' sudden decision to go to New York, he thought he would go down to Beverly, and, as he boasted, "bag his game." Paul feared Meredith and realized the high position he occupied in Miss Brownell's esteem. The two fellows were acquainted, apparently friends, but Paul always had a dreaded dislike for Meredith since the time when he had met defeat at the latter's hands at a B. A. A. billiard tournament some two years before.

Meredith Parks was not a jealous fellow, and never mentioned Leland's name to Miss Brownell.

It was no uncommon sight during the season to see Mr. Leland and Miss Brownell together at hops and tennis tournaments, and they were indeed often seen at the grounds of the Essex Club, participating in games of tennis.

The climax was reached early in August, when Leland proposed to Miss Brownell and was rejected. He then began a verbal fusilade on Mr. Parks, which ended in his being cut from Miss Brownell's acquaintance.

The summer season closed uneventfully with Esther. With Meredith nothing encouraging had appeared. The regular Paris musical critic and correspondent, who was expected to resign in the fall, thereby leaving a great chance for Meredith, had decided to continue for another year.

Miss Gertrude Parks had made many friends at Cambridge during the summer, and one—an assistant professor in English—had made her an offer of marriage. She declined, after explaining her circumstances. She liked the man, but wanted to wait until she heard from her brother. By

mail she received Meredith's consent to her engagement.

The winter months flew by and another summer was at hand. The name "Parks" had not been heard around the Brownell mansion for a whole year. But the mail service was excellent and the parted friends still sent each other letters with clockwork regularity. The Brownells had decided to go to Newport this summer, and the middle of June found them all located at this most fashionable resort. Paul Leland had, during the winter, apologized to Miss Brownell for his rudeness and he was again permitted to call upon her. As in the previous year, he again decided to follow her, this time to Newport, where he hoped to be more successful.

Meredith, when he learned that the position that he had expected to secure was still to be retained by the present incumbent, felt that it was useless to try any longer to remain a slave to Miss Brownell. Still he was going to "cling to the ship" till shaken off.

The gay life at Newport was a great success with Esther, and Esther was a great success with the gay life. She met a Mr. Sidwell of New York at one of the Casino hops, and it looked like a case of love at first sight, as they promenaded between the dances about the cool, secluded paths of the brilliantly illuminated grounds. Miss Esther Brownell began to feel like herself for the first time since Meredith had left, over a year ago. Mr. Sidwell's chums at the clubs all urged him to propose, but for some reason or other he did not do it.

At this time the governess of the Brownells uncereemoniously left, and they advertised in a Boston daily for a successor. Miss Gertrude Parks always kept herself posted on her brother's progress. It was the height of her ambition to see him mar-

ried to Miss Brownell. Miss Gertrude's fiancé assisted her in learning the movements of the Brownell family. When Miss Parks learned of the imminent engagement of Miss Brownell and Mr. Sidwell, she determined to prevent it. While in deep thought as to how to do this, she glanced down the "want" column of the *Boston Herald* that she had just been reading and was most surprised to read :

WANTED.—A young lady, well educated, with refined manners. One who can speak French fluently preferred. Best of references required. Address at once R. E. Brownell, Newport, R. I.

This thought flashed through her mind, Why not try for the position, and by gaining the confidence of Miss Brownell, protect Meredith's interest? She could feign vacation to her pupils. The Brownells had never met her, although they knew that Meredith had a sister. She decided to do it. That evening, when her fiancé called, she told him of her intentions and he entered thoroughly into the spirit of the idea.

A finely written application was received the next day at the Brownell summer home. Mr. Brownell, after reading it through once, passed it to his wife and said, "There, she will do, I am sure. Let's send for her." Mrs. Brownell and Esther agreed that it was by far the most auspicious answer they had received.

Three days later, Miss Gertrude Parks, under the assumed name of Genevieve Prince, was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Brownell. They were delighted with their new governess, and Genevieve was a favorite from the start. She had to have Meredith's letters forwarded from Cambridge to the Newport post-office in order that her identity might remain sealed.

Meredith, with his usual ambition, was, in the meantime, trying a new enterprise,—

song writing. Mr. Whiting, the regular Paris critic, under whom he worked, was quite a poet and also had gained considerable prominence as a librettist. Meredith's songs took fairly well and he saved all of his royalties. Finally, with Mr. Whiting's aid, he started a two-act operetta.

Meredith felt that if this was a success it would give him a great prestige. He labored faithfully with the choruses, duets and solos contained in the libretto, and on the first day of August the librettist and the young composer presented their joint work to the manager of a Paris opera house. The latter was much pleased with it, and the three came to terms at once as follows : that the opera was to be brought out the first of September, and that Meredith was to lead the orchestra at all rehearsals and for the first nights. The opera was named "*La Princesse Therèse*," and was a very humorous piece, but at the same time gave excellent chance for Meredith to show his talent.

Meredith did not tell Miss Brownell anything about his forthcoming production, but his sister was thoroughly posted and correspondingly happy over the possibility that her brother might establish for himself a reputation as a composer.

Miss Brownell had really begun to forget her far-away admirer. The numberless festivities that surrounded her tended to increase her forgetfulness of the past. She had taken, however, a great fancy to the new governess, and really made a confidant of her, disclosing at different times snatches from her little romance that at this time seemed liable to come to an early end. Gertrude used her large gift of ingenuity in unearthing Miss Brownell's real inclinations, and no one could have fought harder in a quiet way for Meredith's cause than did his loyal sister.

Miss Parks was allowed entire freedom of

the Brownell household when the latter was not besieged with visitors, and it was her delight to discourse sweet music from the piano that stood in the music-room behind a row of beautiful palms. One of the pieces in her brother's new opera was a duet entitled "Forever I'll Wait for Thee," to be sung by the tenor and soprano prima donnas. Meredith had made a copy of it and a few other gems of his score and sent them across to her. Miss Parks was particularly fond of the duet and played it very often.

One morning, in company with the two Brownell children, she was in the music-room, and she tried to teach the older of the two to sing the refrain. Miss Esther had heard the piece before but never knew what it was, and being very much taken by it she at this moment entered the room and hastening to Gertrude's side asked her what that piece was. When she heard the title, "Forever I'll Wait for Thee," a strange look appeared on her face. She asked, "Who wrote it?" Miss Parks answered, "A friend of mine who is now abroad." The strange look on Miss Brownell's face grew stranger, and with a quickly improvised excuse she sent the children from the room. The two girls were alone. Miss Brownell walked across the room and pulled together the heavy velours portières that hung between the parlor and music-room, then drew up a chair beside Gertrude. "Genevieve," Miss Esther began, "I have one secret that I have not told you about." "Tell me then, and perhaps I can be of some assistance to you," replied Miss Parks. Then Esther completely disclosed the truth of her little love-affair, and ended by asking Gertrude what she would do in her position. This was just the opportunity that Gertrude had long hoped for,—what she had accepted the position of governess in the Brownell family for.

"Miss Brownell," said Gertrude, "if he is an honorable fellow, talented and ambitious, I should most certainly wait a little while longer. To be sure, you have been exceedingly loyal, and he undoubtedly realizes this. Why don't you wait until the winter season opens and then decide the matter; perhaps there may be changes in the meantime." (Gertrude thought of the possible prominence Meredith would attain if his opera was a success.)

"Well, you know," added Esther, "that mamma and I have almost decided that we shall go over in September and stay till March or April. I can see him then and decide the whole thing, finally and forever."

"That is a capital idea," replied Gertrude. "I admire your womanliness."

Miss Brownell then explained how she might possibly remain abroad a year to complete her education, and what a delightful existence it would be for her if affairs took a favorable turn with Mr. Meredith Parks.

The two girls whiled away another hour in this secret conversation, and Miss Brownell astounded Gertrude by saying, "Do you know, Genevieve, that you really remind me very forcibly of him?"

"Why, how singular!" exclaimed Gertrude, in an off-hand manner. She thought of disclosing her identity at this point but decided not to. The girls parted with a vow on Miss Esther's part that she would not encourage any of her suitors, for the present at least.

Mr. Sidwell, of whom we have spoken before, later in the season proposed to Miss Brownell. The latter, in a very honorable way, told him that she was already engaged. He, being a perfect gentleman, politely discontinued his direct attentions. Not so with Leland. The latter had a steady battle with Sidwell to see who should be the favored

one as far as Miss Brownell was concerned. Somehow or other, Leland secured the information that Miss Brownell was going abroad, and with his usual persistence, he decided to follow her. He told his parents about his plan to go across the ocean and be a member of the Brownell party. Mr. Leland, Senior, consented on condition that this should be Paul's last vacation.

Nothing of interest occurred during the

remainder of the month of August, but hardly a day passed that Miss Brownell did not have a little confidential chat with Gertrude Parks. The latter was very happy. Her fiancé was more devoted than ever, though deprived of the privilege of calling on her, and she made occasional trips to Providence to see him. The arrangements for their marriage at an early date in October were completed.

(*To be Continued.*)

## Book Reviews

**"PUSHING TO THE FRONT; OR, SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES."** By O. S. Marden. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

The object of this stimulating book is to encourage young people with few advantages to strive for success. The book is largely made up of quotations and examples from the lives of eminent men, to illustrate and give force to the author's statements. Such chapter-heads as "The Man and the Opportunity"; "Boys with no Chance"; "Possibilities in Spare Moments"; "Enthusiasm"; "Victory in Defeat," etc., give a hint of the practical and helpful nature of the work, but no adequate idea of its great interest. Many of the portraits are reproductions of photographs never before published.

**"IN WILD ROSE TIME."** By Amanda M. Douglas. Cloth, \$1.50.

Miss Douglas has given us a story as strong and true in its pictures of life among the poor, and the trials and temptations which surround them, and also of the noble lives which spring up and blossom amid such scenes, as anything which has previously emanated from her pen. Dilsey

Quinn, "like a gem of purest ray serene," stands out in bold relief, and, though poor and ignorant, in her strong love and motherly care for her younger and helpless sister Bess, and her beautiful forgetfulness of self in such love, exercises an influence for good on all with whom she comes in contact, and causes the current of many lives to run in new and better paths. Faith, Love, Hope and Charity shine out on every page of this book like beacon lights, and so vivid are the pen-pictures that one seems to be a participant in them. Had Miss Douglas written but this one book, it would alone have placed her name among our best authors.

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**"CITIZENSHIP."** By Julius H. Seelye, D. D., LL. D. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

A book for classes in government and law. The work is divided under two principal heads: "International Law" and "National Law." Each of these is subdivided and treated in all its branches, from the simplest to the most complicated. The result is a work suitable for either advanced classes or for beginners in the subject. The book is a small one, and is intended to

serve as a text-book only, leaving much outside work to be done by the student.

"JEAN BELIN, THE FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE." From the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

"Jean Belin, the French Robinson Crusoe," is a book which will be eagerly read by the young people into whose hands it may come. It has been justly called the companion to the "Swiss Family Robinson," as Jean and his companions, thrown upon an uninhabited part of the coast of Africa, show the same fertility of resources in adapting themselves to their surroundings, and causing the wil-

derness to yield up its treasures for their comfort, as did the heroes of the former story.

Jean and Landry's adventures among the savages by whom they are taken prisoners while attempting to reach the English settlements, and the treachery of Landry towards Jean after his arrival at Port Natal, from whence succor was sent to the shipwrecked family, are graphically told.

The final happy reunion of Jean and the Pearson family, and the humiliation of Landry, end a story which will prove as interesting to girls as to boys, and teach them the valuable lessons of self-help and united action.

## C. L. S. D. S.

THE Latin School may well be proud of its Debating Society this year. The Society started in with a poor outlook: it had lost some of its best debaters; in fact, most of its old members; nevertheless, its average attendance this year has been over fifty.

Friday, December 21, although it was in vacation, about fifty came to the debate. Mr. Chase was made an honorary member. Locke, '98, was elected on the Rhetorical Committee in place of Henry, '96, resigned. The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That foot-ball is a barbarous game and should be prohibited."

The negative won on the merits of the question. The first speaker was G. Goodridge, '95, who quoted extensively from President Eliot's Annual Report. He was followed by Locke, '98, who made several good points for the negative. Chipman, '97, was the next speaker and was followed by the last speaker, Dewing, '99, who had the best debate of the evening. Almost every-

body present spoke from the floor. Among them, Mr. Chase, who thanked the Society for electing him an honorary member, and gave some good advice to those present.

The jury, Messrs. Reynolds, Holt and Graupner, decided in favor of the negative.

Friday, January 4, the first meeting of the New Year was held. Locke, '98, tendered his resignation from the Rhetorical Committee, but it was not accepted.

The subject was: "*Resolved*, That the United States should increase her standing army." The vote on the merits of the question was won by the negative.

The Chair appointed Messrs. Chandler, Chipman and G. Goodridge on the jury. Bancroft, '98, and Murdock, '97, upheld the affirmative, while Thayer, '95, and Dyer, '98, defended the negative. The jury awarded the debate to the negative.

During 1895 the Society should more than double its present membership. It is part of every pupil's education to be able to speak in public.

## The Art of Engraving

ENGRAVING on metal plates is mentioned in Exodus xxviii: 36; and numerous other passages attest that the Israelites were skilful in it, and also in gem and seal engraving. They acquired the art undoubtedly from the Egyptians, who, as well as the Assyrians, engraved on both stone and metal. Specimens of incised copper plates found in mummy cases show that they were executed with tools similar to those now in use; and impressions taken from them at the present day prove that the Egyptians needed but a single step to make the discovery of engraving in its modern sense; but the idea of filling the incisions with color, and taking a print from them on paper, seems never to have occurred to them. Herodotus, speaking of the period 500 B. C., mentions a tablet of brass on which was a map of "every part of the habitable and the seas and rivers." In India and China the art was practised from the most remote ages. In fact, the various processes of metallic engraving, die sinking, and gem cutting prevailed among every ancient people who had made any progress in civilization.

In its modern sense engraving was probably first practised on wood, but its origin is involved in obscurity. The Chinese assert that they printed from engraved wooden blocks more than 1000 years before Christ; but as they were unacquainted with the art of making paper until about 100 A. D., their assumption may be doubted.

The history of engraving for printing is rather the history of prints. Few engraved plates of the old masters of the art are in existence. The earliest prints from plates belong to 1450-70. Many earlier dates are given, but it is safe to say that engraving on metal dates from 1460 in South Germany and perhaps 1470 in North Italy. The earli-

est metal plates were made of tin, zinc, and iron; but copper soon became recognized as the metal best adapted for engraving, and until the invention of steel engraving it was used almost to the exclusion of other metals.

Engraving, in its widest sense, is the art of cutting designs into any hard substance, as stone, wood or metal. In a narrower sense, engraving is the art of cutting or indenting the surfaces of metal plates or blocks of wood with designs for the purpose of taking impressions of the designs on paper.

In engraving on metal, the marks which are to appear on the paper are sunk into the



ELECTRO FROM PLATE BITTEN IN BY ACID.

(By Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

surface of the plate. When the impression is taken, these marks are filled with ink and the rest of the surface is kept clean. As

we have not space enough to enter into the practical details of the various processes, we can only try to make the reader understand how effects are produced, and the terms generally applied to this kind of art.

are done by rapidly revolving drills or wheels. The engraving of seals on very hard stones is done in this way.

Line-engraving or burin-engraving, is, as its name implies, the effect produced by a



HALF-TONE ENGRAVING. (*From James S. Conant & Co., Boston.*)

Copper and steel are the metals generally used. The former is more easily worked, the latter has greater durability. The process of working is essentially the same in both. The different styles of engraving are called line-engraving, mezzotint, stippling, and aquatint.

The tools of the engraver are somewhat similar in character: they are straight, sharp, edged or pointed, driven in by hard pressure or taps of a mallet, and are used as chisels. But some kinds of engraving

combination of lines. This style of engraving was hit upon by accident, and was known for some time before its importance was discovered. For cutting the lines, a graver or burin is used. The graver is generally in the form of a quadrangular prism, fitted into a short handle. In making an incision, the graver is pushed forward in the direction of the line required, and is held at an angle slightly inclined toward the plane of the metal. An instrument called dry-point, which is like a sewing-needle

fitted into a handle, is also much used in this work. The burr, which is formed by the action of the graver or dry-point on the metal, is scraped off. The plate is then made smooth by rubbing it with oil. After this, the plate is burnished, which erases any scratches it may have received, and makes lighter any part which may have been made too dark.

Etching is another very important process by which this same work is done. This process consists in exposing the plate to nitric acid and water at all the lines and points which are to be engraved, and protecting it everywhere else; and by exposing some such lines and points longer than others, if they are to be engraved deeper. The lines and points so engraved by the acid are said to be bitten. The corroding itself is called biting in. The plate is first covered with a

with his etching-needle, which cuts its way through the ground so as just to lay bare the copper beneath, or even to scratch it slightly. It is then ready for the acid. An etched plate, then, is an engraving of which the sunken or engraved lines have been eaten out by acid, the metal having wholly disappeared from these sunken places, leaving the plate around them clean and smooth.

Aquatint is the only other important kind of engraving with acid. It is not as important as etching, as it has never been much in favor among artists. By this method, the effect of drawings in India ink is produced. The plate is covered by a ground much less solid than that used in etching. This ground is composed of pulverized resin and spirits of wine, and assumes when dry a granulated form: and the acid, acting on the metal between the particles, reduces it to a



HALF-TONE ENGRAVING ON ZINC. (*From Hub Engraving Co., Boston.*)

composition of wax, asphaltum, gum-mastic, resin, etc., dissolved by heat. This is called the etching-ground. This ground is blackened by smoking it over wax-candles, and the surface is made very smooth and even. Upon this surface the artist draws the design

state such that an impression from it resembles a tint or wash of color on paper. By using different grounds in succession, applying the acid in each case to certain parts and not to others, different degrees of granulation are obtained, smaller parts of

the plate are treated with varnish and a brush, and after the acid has done all it can, the scraper and burnisher are used as in mezzotint.

Mezzotint is produced by first scratching and notching the plate all over, so that an ink print from it would be a uniform black;

scrapers and burnishers. When the metal is brought to perfect smoothness again, the ink will be removed when the plate is wiped, and the paper will come white in the print; between this and the uniform black, all gradations are possible.

This process is in one sense the reverse



HALF-TONE ENGRAVING ON COPPER. (*From Hub Engraving Co., Boston.*)

and then by scraping and polishing parts of the plate so that it will no longer hold the ink, or, at least, not so much of it. The plate is scratched and notched by an instrument called a "rocker," which has a serrated edge. This is rocked in all directions on all parts of the plate. Mr. P. G. Hamerton, an excellent authority, counted 110 teeth in his "rocker" in the space of 2 1-2 inches, and he calculates that there would be 2,640,000 little dots produced by it in a plate five inches by six. Upon this elaborately produced roughness, the artist works with

of line-engraving and dry-point, because in those the artist produces the dark upon the light, while in mezzotint the light is produced upon the dark. The fault of mezzotint engraving, in copper at least, is that it allows of so few good impressions. Twenty or thirty are all that can be taken perfectly; after that, the plate must be retouched and reworked, or the prints become more and more feeble.

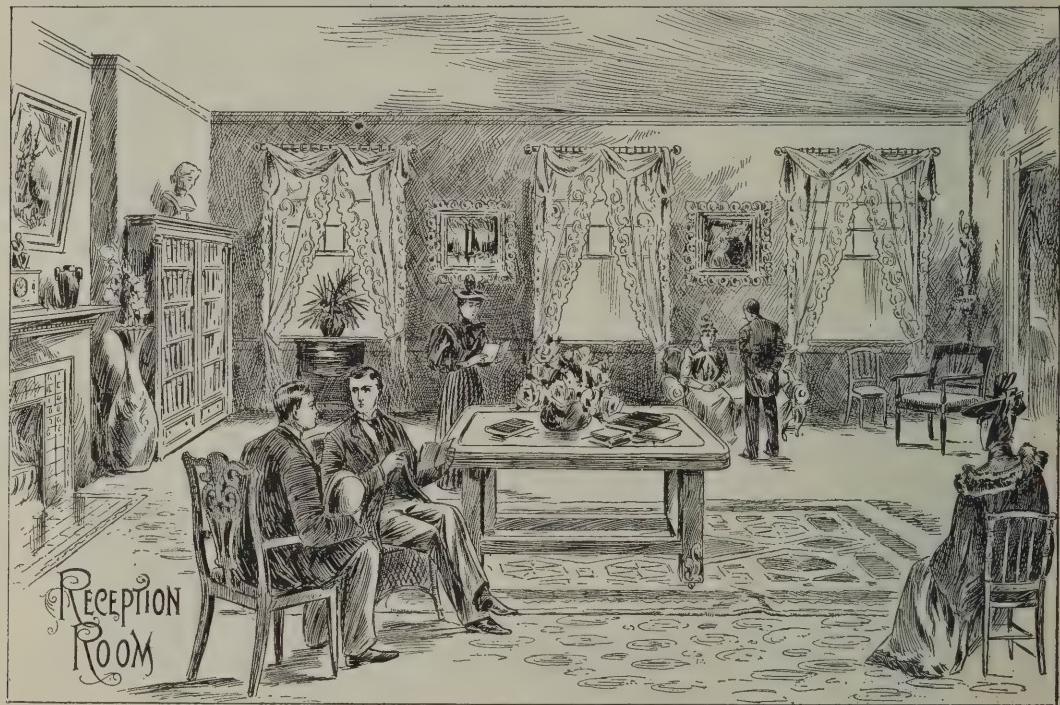
Stipple-engraving, or simply stipple, is generally considered a branch of line-engraving. It is done by making points or dots

instead of continuous lines. This style is well suited for portraits. It is not now much used.

Prints from plates prepared in any of these different ways require care and skill if they are to be as good as possible. Although the ink is held readily by every line, scratch or dot in the plate, and comes out of these as readily when dampened paper is

and dry-points, and India paper for line-engravings and mezzotints.

Wood-engraving, or xylography, is the earliest form of engraving. It differs from copper and steel engraving in that it has the parts intended to print on paper, in relief, and the blank parts of the design are cut away. Therefore, a wood-cut acts as a type and is inked and printed from in the usual



LINE CUT. (*From James S. Conant & Co., Boston.*)

pressed against it, yet to keep the plate in perfect order, to apply so uniform a pressure that all the ink will leave the plate at each separate impression, and yet not wear out the plate unduly,—all this requires training and artistic skill.

Different kinds of paper are used for prints. Japanese papers take the ink with more uniformity and show a clearer impression than any other kinds. What is called India paper comes next. Japanese paper is more generally used for etchings

way. This makes wood-engraving particularly suitable for the illustration of books, as the blocks can be printed from at the same time as the letter press.

Various woods are used. Boxwood, which generally comes from Turkey, is used exclusively for fine work. Mahogany, maple and pine, and occasionally pear, apple and beech, are used for coarse work.

The old-time engravers cut on large blocks of soft wood, the way of the grain; those of the present day use small blocks of hard

wood and cut across the grain. Some soft woods, as pine, used for engraving placards and posters, are still cut with the grain. When blocks of a larger size than two or three inches are required, it is necessary to join two or more pieces together. There is practically no limit to the joining process, as blocks have been made containing 50 to 100 pieces.

When the wood has been made very smooth, it is covered with a light coat of flake white mixed with gum water. This makes a ground for the drawing, which is done in the ordinary way, the tints being generally washed in with India ink and the details filled in with pencil. The drawings are liable to be obliterated by the engraver, and to prevent this, previous to beginning, he carefully covers the block with paper, fastened at the edges with bees-wax. A small piece is torn away from the part on which he is engaged. Drawings made with lead pencil and pen require more mechanical than artistic skill in the engraver; those made with brush, or brush and pencil combined, the reverse. The work of the wood engraver is precisely the opposite of that of a metal-plate engraver. The latter cuts the lines of the drawing into the metal; the former cuts away the surface around the lines, leaving them in relief. There is a method of wood-engraving in which the lines are cut into the block as in plate engraving. It differs from the latter in that

the ground receives the ink instead of the lines, which thus appear white on paper.

Modern engravers use a greater variety of tools than were known in the early stages of the art. The tools necessary are of three kinds, viz., gravers proper, tint tools and scoopers, or cutting-out tools for clearing out the larger pieces. The tools are arranged in different sizes to suit different portions of the work. Those for light tints are broader at the points than those for dark tints, so as to cut out more white.

Trees, foregrounds, etc., are cut with gravers. When the engraving becomes complicated with much shading, the cutting is very difficult, and brings into play the artistic talent of the engraver to preserve the proper shades, or color, as it is technically called, and the texture of the different objects.

Skies and flat tints are engraved with tint tools, which from their shape are best adapted for cutting straight lines; and by a judicious use of different sizes, the lines are left wider or closer, thicker or thinner, as the tint is wanted darker or lighter.

When the drawing is all engraved, a proof is taken by inking the surface gently with printer's ink, and, a piece of India paper being laid on it, by rubbing the paper with an instrument called a burnisher. The engraver sees from this what touching up is needed before it is finished and ready for the printer.

## A Trick of the Trade

BARBERS, it cannot be denied,  
Are honest fellows — but  
Whene'er they chance to cut your hide  
They try to hide your cut.



# ATHLETIC NEWS

ON THE ICE.

FOR the past two months much interest has been shown in polo. Our school has a spotless record in this branch of athletics which it will be hard to keep. We do not mean to say that Cambridge will not be represented by a good team, and one which has worked faithfully and deserves victory, but most of our players are new men, while Melrose has a team every member of which is a "star" and an old hand at the game. However, our team plays well together, and has adopted a defensive game, playing the centre only a short distance in front of the half-back. This style of play may prevent our opponents from scoring, and so save Cambridge from defeat,—a thing which we have not suffered since polo games between the schools were introduced.

Even if we cannot retain the cup this year, we will, we hope, have the satisfaction of beating the Training School, and also of securing second place.

"Neddie" Stevens, '95, and Parker, '97, are the rushers. Stevens is undoubtedly the best player on the team. He plays a lively game from start to finish and passes accurately. Parker had some experience as substitute on last year's team, and is putting up his usual game. Beardsell, '96, who plays centre, although a new man, seems to understand his position, and is a clever player. Baldwin, '95, is also a new man, but he is playing a steady game at half-back.

Captain Stearns is a good goal-tend, and will do his best to keep the rubber from crossing the goal-line. He deserves much credit for the way in which he has run the team. Whenever there has been ice he has had his men out to practice, even in the coldest weather, when the wind blowing a gale across Fresh Pond was sufficient to keep most folks off the ice. Bacon, '95, is substitute. He is a steady player, and made a good fight for a regular place.

It is a fact worthy of note that all of these men have played on their class teams. This year these teams promise to be more of a success than ever before. The First Class team, which won the championship last year, will be greatly weakened by the loss of so many men who have made the school team.

The Class of '96, the champions of two years ago, met a great loss in Beardsell. However, they ought to make a good bid for the championship again this year. They have practised much and play together pretty well. They also have their goal well defended. Their team will be made up as follows: Bell and Goodridge, rushers; Robinson, centre; Henry, half-back, and Persons, goal.

The Third Class will have one of the strongest teams in the school, with Campbell, Currie, and Lewis, rushers; Doyle, half-back; and Hyde or Fletcher for goal-tend.

The Class of '98 is predicted by many to be the winner of the inter-class series this

year. At the beginning of the season Goodridge and Warnock were prominent candidates for the school team. The following is the make-up of their team: Goodridge and Parker, rushers; Warnock, centre; Saul, half-back, and Lucas, goal.

Captain Adams of the Fifth Class has selected the following team: Mayhew and Adams, rushers; Marean, centre; Warland, half-back, and Stevens, goal.

The first class game was played January 14, between the Class of '96 and the Class of '98. It was a hot game from start to finish. In the first half neither side scored. In the second half '96 undoubtedly made a goal, but the umpire refused to allow it. Andrews, '95, who refereed the game, thought there was no doubt but that it was a goal. As at the end of the second half the score was 0 to 0, the teams continued play for ten minutes, but without scoring.

High School '95 will be represented on the ice by the following team: Rushers,

Fuller (captain), Gurney; centre, Ellison; half-back, Leitch; goal tender, MacKusick.

#### ON THE TRACK.

The track athletic team will probably begin training February 11. The in-door meeting will not be held until the 23d of March. Our prospects this season are better than ever before and it is hoped that much interest will be manifested in this branch of athletics. Fuller is a star, and Campbell, Garrett, Leitch, Usher, and several others, with proper training, ought to score points for the school. Every man in both schools, whether he has ever trained before or not, should be a candidate.

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Under authority invested me by the Athletic Association, I have appointed Arthur M. Goodridge, C. L. S. '96, as Manager and Assistant Captain of the Cambridge High and Latin School Track Athletic Team.

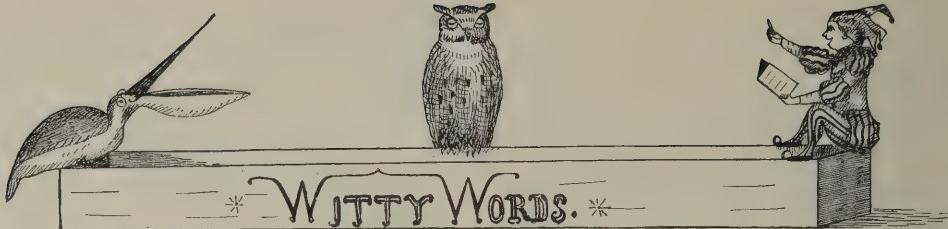
W. D. FULLER, *Captain.*

## The High School Drama

S AID a person who is well versed in dramatics, who was present at the drama, "Bread on the Waters," given by the Senior Class of the English High School on Friday evening, December 14, in Brattle Hall: "It surpasses any production by any class of the High School." This sentiment seemed to prevail throughout the entire audience.

The play was surely a success. Brattle Hall was filled by an appreciative audience and all enjoyed the piece thoroughly. Mr. Harry A. MacKusick, as the ungainly policeman, Jonathan Wild Butts, easily carried off the honors of the occasion. Messrs.

Stanley A. Sparrow and Joseph E. Sharkey as Harry Harlem and Fred Hastings, the hero and villain respectively, were equal to their characters. Mr. Ball's impersonation of Bob Winders was very funny and won frequent applause. Mr. William V. MacGill's impersonation of Dr. Harlem was, of course, good, and equal to other theatrical achievements won by him at former appearances on the stage. The ladies all deserve mention: Miss Alice E. Burton as Mrs. Loring, Miss Mabel C. Higgins as Lucy Harlem, and Miss C. Eva Lombard as Dilly. After the play, dancing was enjoyed until midnight.



**A** NUT cracker — The policeman.

HE — We have a clock that says, "Cuckoo."

SHE — We are going to get one that says, "What, *must* you go?"

VISITOR — No one would dream that I was but twenty, unless I told them so.

INNOCENT BOY — No; and a great many would not believe it then.

WIFE — And did Mr. Gray really say I was positively dove-like?

HUSBAND — Something of that sort. He said you were pigeon-toed, I believe.

SHE — Why do you toy so nervously with that fan — are you afraid of it?

HE (*gallantly*) — I am afraid of anything that could produce a coolness between us.

SHE — I wonder if he has a ghost of a show now?

HE — Who?

SHE — P. T. Barnum.

MISS GUSH — Oh, Colonel! just look at those magnificent elms. I am sure you love trees.

COLONEL BLANK — Dearly, Miss Gush. I learned to love them during the war.

#### AN EPITAPH.

The King of Cannibals nothing could save,  
He passed from earthly labors;  
And kind missionaries wrote over his grave,  
"A man who loved his neighbors."

It was in a Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence, "*Rex fugit*," which, with painful slowness of emphasis,

he had rendered, "The king flees." "But in what other tense can the verb *fugit* be found?" asked the teacher. A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "Perfect," owing to a whispered prompting. "And how would you translate it, then?" "Dunno." "Why, put a 'has' in it." Again the tardy response was drawled out: "The king has fleas."

"No, I didn't catch anything all day," said the fisherman; "didn't even get a bite. I —"

But at this moment a chariot of fire descended from out of the heavens, and he was borne away to dwell forever with George Washington.

#### TANTALIZING.

HE — I beg your pardon — might I ask your name?

SHE — Smith.

HE — Would you not like to change it?

SHE — Yes; what is yours?

HE — Smith.



HIGH AND LOW TIDE.

# The Atlantic Monthly

## FOR MARCH

Will contain the Opening Chapters of a  
Striking Serial entitled:

### The Seats of the Mighty,

BY

GILBERT PARKER.

It will run through several numbers, and is one of this popular author's most powerful stories.

Grace Howard Pierce, who contributed a strong story entitled "For their Brethren's Sake" to a recent issue of the ATLANTIC, now writes a two-part story of the French Revolution, **Gridou's Pity**, Part One of which appears in this issue.

Everyone who is interested in anti-slavery literature, or who has read "Neighbor Jackwood" and "Cudjo's Cave," will be glad to read **Some Confessions of a Novel Writer**, by John T. Trowbridge, the gifted author of these remarkable stories.

Two papers of importance are **Immigration and Naturalization**, by H. Sidney Everett, and the second of Mr. J. M. Ludlow's papers, **Some Words on the Ethics of Co-operative Production**.

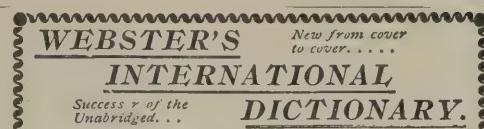
Albert H. Tolman, of the University of Chicago, will contribute an article on **Sound in Speech**.

Another delightful Sicilian paper by Elizabeth Pullen will be **Bova Unvisited**.

Aside from these features there will be other articles touching upon a wide range of topics, poems by Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard and Madison Cawein, Book Reviews, The Contributors' Club, etc.

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## Latin School



## Notes

A COMIC opera this time. Next! Isn't the Third Class very literary? Wiles, '98, has gone back to Chicago. The class polo teams are all practising hard.

The Third Class sleigh ride has been postponed.

The Webster Debating Society gave a very successful dance.

MacKusick, E. H. S. '95, has been selected as Manager of the polo team.

Clarkson, '95, has been playing on the American Polo Team in Canada.

The Second Class have finished Greek History and have begun Roman.

The Fifth Class had a sociable at Miss Hopewell's house, Friday, January 11th.

Not as many candidates for the Fifth Class polo team have appeared as could be wished for.

The Class of '95 is going to give a play some time in February. Look out for some fun.

There are only four teams in the Senior polo league this year, since Hopkinson and Roxbury Latin have dropped out.

On December 8th, the Second Class held a very enjoyable social at Miss James' house on Lake View avenue. In spite of the terrible weather, a large number were present,

and all enjoyed the game of "Letters." Refreshments were served. The prize winners were Henry Marean and Miss McGlinchey.

The following were the dates for our polo games: C. M. T. S., January 9th; Somerville High, January 17th; Melrose, January 26th.

A translation from Virgil on the Monday following the Harvard-Yale game: "They received the unfriendly Waters on the worn-out sides."

Fresh Pond has been fine skating, though rather unsafe. Let us hope that no Latin School scholar will take any unexpected baths.

Miss McIntire, '98, has invited the members of her class to her home on Massachusetts Avenue, Old Cambridge, January 25th, to a birthday reception.

The fellows who wished to sing in the comic opera had their voices tried by Mr. Chapman at the E. H. S., January 6th. About twenty were present.

The First Class has begun the sixth book of Virgil, and Mr. Adams, on the strength of some of the translations given in class, has advised the members to start a comic paper.

Ninety-five held a very pleasant social at the home of Miss Brooks, 28 Inman street, December 21. A "Library Party" furnished much fun, and after refreshments

had been served, dancing was enjoyed. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Leighton were present.

It is rumored that the authorities are thinking of stopping skating entirely on Fresh Pond on account of the number of accidents which have occurred.

Mr. Charles W. Parmenter, our former Physics teacher, recently spoke before the Teachers' Association on "Plans of Manual Training in Several Parts of the State."

The Class of '98 held its second class social at McDonald's home, 1557 Massachusetts avenue, Old Cambridge. The entertainment furnished was the game of Proverbs. The first lady's prize was won by Miss Vesta Richardson, the second by Miss

M. A. Abbot. Howland took the first gentleman's prize, and Warnock carried off the second. After refreshments, dancing was enjoyed by all, the music being furnished by a three piece orchestra.

This year Mr. Chapman has determined to give a comic opera for the benefit of the Athletic Association. W. L. Raymond, '95, has been chosen Manager. There is little doubt but that this venture will be as successful as last year's.

A meeting of the Polo Committee was held some time ago for the purpose of selecting the prize offered by the Athletic Association for the Class Polo Championship. The matter is still under consideration, but will be settled in a few days.

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English

High



School

Notes

**N**IETY-FIVE is talking of running a dance.

The mid-year English examination for the First Class is booked for February 15.

Messrs. Barnes, Downing and Lingley have resigned from the class organization of '96.

Ninety-five will hold a social at the home of Miss Bernice E. Mayhew next Wednesday evening.

Many of the members of the Debating Society attended the Harvard-Yale debate Friday evening.

George Taylor, '95, paid a visit to his home in Youngstown, Ohio, during the Christmas vacation.

The Second Class this year has more studies than last year's class, inasmuch as English has been added to the course.

Some sneak-thief entered the building last Monday and stole a valuable black overcoat belonging to one of the Senior boys.

Captain Walter G. Fuller of track athletics requests that all candidates for the indoor meet, which will be held March 23, be out for practice, February 2d.

Why do not the other classes follow the example of the Senior, and organize polo teams? There is a woful lack of energy in our school in athletics, which is plainly evident. This is shown by the fact that

not a single member is on the "Varsity" polo team. And this will in all probability continue until class teams are formed for the development of 'Varsity material. Come, boys, brace up.

Ninety-five has formed a polo team, though the players have not yet been picked out. The candidates are MacKusick, Ellison, Leitch, Gurney, Sparrow and Sharkey. Walter G. Fuller has been elected Captain.

The members of the Class of '96 held an enjoyable sleigh party on Friday evening, January 4. The trip was to Waltham, where a stop was made at the Riverside House for refreshments. Miss Rogers and Miss McIntire were present as guests.

"Above the Clouds," a drama in two acts, will be presented in Odd Fellows Hall, North Cambridge, Wednesday evening, January 30, by the Class of '96. The cast of characters will be as follows: Philip Ringold, "Crazy Phil," a mountain hermit; Thomas Moynahan; Alfred Thorpe, H. A. Brigham; Amos Gaylord, E. P. White; Howard Gaylord, W. M. Beebe; Titus Turtle, Berwick Miller; Curtis Chipman, George M. Holbrook; Nat Naylor, J. F. D'Arcy; Grace Ingalls, Miss Carrie Thurber; Hester Thorne, Miss Edith Gordon; Susie Gaylord, Miss Alice Turner; Lucretia Gerrish, Miss Mattie Parker. The piece will be presented under the direction and stage management of William V. MacGill.

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## C. E. H. S. D. S.

THE Debating Society this year is having some very interesting debates. The Third and Second Classes should certainly show more interest in the Society and it would pay them to attend.

The third regular meeting was held on December 7th, and the subject was: "*Resolved*, That railroads should be government property." Affirmative, Mr. Richards, Miss Moore, and Miss Brigham; negative, Miss Bailey and Mr. Parker. Although there were only two on the negative side of the question, Mr. Parker handled the subject so well as to defeat the affirmative side on the merits of the debate.

The vote on the merits of the question resulted in 18 to 3 in favor of the affirmative, but on the merits of the debate it favored the negative 17 to 16.

The subject for the debate on December 2d was: "*Resolved*, That the Canadian banking system is superior in form and operation to ours." Affirmative, Mr. Kelso and Mr. Hyde; negative, Miss Flagg and Mr. Leitch. After the regular debate the judges declared 3 to 1 in favor of the negative. Mr. Huling made some remarks on the subject and pro-

posed that at one of the future meetings Professor Hart be invited to give a lecture on honest voting. A committee was appointed to see Professor Hart and report at the next meeting. The vote on the merits of the debate was 10 to 8 in favor of the negative.

On January 4, 1895, the subject for the debate was: "*Resolved*, That the Pullman Company was right in the recent strike." Affirmative, Mr. Sparrow, Mr. MacKusick and Miss Keith; negative, Miss McFall, Mr. Scotton and Mr. Downing. Mr. Sparrow and Mr. MacKusick delivered good debates and Mr. Richards kindly volunteered to help out the negative side. The judges decided the debate to be a draw, but a vote on the merits of the question resulted as follows: Negative, 21; affirmative, 3. Mr. Moynahan took up much valuable time in disputing over slight mistakes in the order of business. Mr. Sargent was present and made some remarks on the subject.

During the evening a large delegation from the C. L. S. D. S. came in, and ten minutes were devoted to listening to remarks from them.

## Alumni Notes

N. C. METCALF, '92 C. L. S., is a member of the Pi Eta.

Albert S. Apsey, '88, has been elected a member of the Common Council.

G. W. Creelman, Harvard '96, reports Old Cambridge news for the *Chronicle*.

J. L. Odiorne, a former Latin School boy, is also a member of the Common Council.

Miss Miriam Josephine Fitton, of the Class of 1893, who missed taking her History examination on account of illness, has

just taken a special examination and received her diploma from the Latin School.

G. N. Roberts, C. L. S. '93, Harvard '97, is correspondent of the *Record* and *Advertiser*.

F. Shirley Boyd, C. L. S. '92, is with the New England Piano Company on Tremont street, Boston.

F. P. Bonney, C. L. S. '93, Harvard '97, was recently elected to the Executive Committee of the Harvard Republican Club.

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# The Latin AND HIGH School

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Vol. IX.

No. 5.

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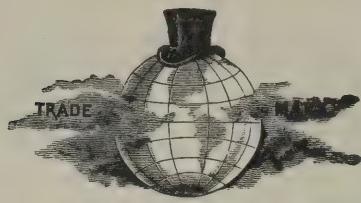
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## Editorials

A GREAT many preparatory schools suffer in their athletic contests, in their entertainments, and, in fact, in everything they undertake, from a lack of what is known as "college spirit," and which is simply a lack of interest in school affairs. Cambridge does not differ greatly from other cities in this respect. At the Latin School this "college spirit" is present to a considerable extent, and the result is very gratifying to all who are interested in the welfare of the school. But at the High School this spirit is almost entirely wanting, and the result is at once evident and deplorable. Although the High School contains more than twice as many scholars as the Latin, yet, as a rule, at least three-fourths of the members of each school team are from the Latin. There is plenty of good material at the High, but the fellows do not care enough about the success of their school to come out and try for the teams. At the Minstrel Show last year, more than two-thirds of the scholars present were from the Latin School, and yet the High School was fully as well represented in the cast. We trust that the High School will make a better record in that coming mystery, the "Comic Opera."

The Track Athletic games are not far off, but apparently there is less interest taken in them than ever. There seems to

be a prevailing impression that Cambridge cannot do anything in this line, anyway, and that there is no use in trying to. We entirely and emphatically disagree with this sentiment; this sport must be built up, since it is entirely undeveloped in our schools. There are plenty of men who could make a good showing if they would only try. What we need most is more candidates for the field events; nearly all the Cambridge men enter for the "sprints" and long runs. Let some come out and try their hand at the pole-vault, jumping, and putting the shot. A large Cambridge crowd generally goes in to the meet, for the sports are exciting and very pretty to watch.

The polo season is over, and yet at the present writing the championship is undecided. We lost the last and deciding game, but it has been protested, and on very good grounds. The Association which governs the Ice Polo League is very slow in taking action, otherwise we should have heard the result of the protest long before this.

The work of the team has been very satisfactory. The new men have shown up remarkably well, and the former players have shown a great improvement over their last year's work.

The class polo teams have not all completed their schedule, but the championship has been decided. The winning team are to be congratulated on their success, for they won all their games by clean, hard polo, and their record is not marred by any ungentlemanly conduct.

The Cambridge Latin and High School Orchestra is one of which we may well feel proud; but would it not be a good idea to give the scholars occasional opportunities to hear it and judge of its prowess? This plan was tried last year upon one or two occasions, and the reception which the orchestra was given showed that its efforts were fully appreciated. An hour could be taken from the regular music lesson once in every four or six weeks, and given up to this purpose, with great advantage and pleasure to all concerned.

## A Valentine

TO send a heart as others do,  
I know is fitting at this season;  
And I would gladly send one, too,  
Except for one important reason.

For even if I surely knew  
That, if I did, I would repent it,  
I would today send mine to you,  
If I had not — already sent it.



# The Mountain Lark

A CONTINUED STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—IV.

**I**N the piece of paper which Morton carried was the result of the idea which had struck Eunice so forcibly in the summer-house.

Even as Reginald received the folded leaf, he involuntarily associated the two, and not without reason. Dropping his mallet, he opened the sheet, while Morton stood silently looking on. Its contents proved to be a sketch, very cleverly drawn, representing the house they had seen that morning. Above the towers and chimneys were printed in large black letters the words, "The True Old Archer Towers."

Below this was another choice work of art. This pictured a large tree prostrate upon the ground, with Reginald and Morton, each with a huge bunch of roses, kneeling at one end. Upon a most elaborate head-stone were written these words:

"Here a dead old oak tree lies  
That spoiled a beautiful surprise,  
That might have made the wise more wise,  
That might have been of awful size."

"Well," said Morton at last, in a solemn tone. Whereupon Reginald burst into long peals of laughter, not so much at the absurd verse as at the expression upon his friend's face. The look of unhappiness and horror there displayed was very funny indeed.

"Well, we're in it this time, aren't we?" he gasped, leaning against a rustic garden seat for support.

"I don't see what you find so funny about it," retorted Morton, a trifle testily. "What are we going to do now?"

Reginald, thus brought face to face with the question in hand, became serious immediately.

"This is evidently the work of one of the

young ladies, probably Miss Ivers," said he, "and work not meant for our eyes."

"No, of course not," responded Morton, with an air of great penetration. "They lost it over by the fountain, where I found it."

"I've suspected for some time that they knew this, but I had no proof," continued Reginald thoughtfully. "Now I know that Miss Glenn, with all her magnificent contempt, and Miss Ivers, with her innocent questions, have been in this secret all the time. So we need not fear them now, although I cannot see why Miss Glenn in particular has not disclosed it. Evidently she has some good reason."

Morton listened in bewildered silence.

"Possibly," Reginald went on, "they intend to enjoy the situation and let us confess ourselves, as of course we shall when the time comes."

"Good heavens, Reg! I never could," cried Morton in alarm. "Why, Miss Archer would take our heads off."

"Oh, if it must be done, I guess I can manage to smooth it over," laughed Reginald carelessly, "and convince her we acted for the best. But, at any rate, we must have an understanding with the young ladies right off. There is one thing here I can't see through," referring again to the sketch, "it says:

"'Here a dead old oak tree lies  
That spoiled a beautiful surprise.'

"Now, what can that mean?"

But Morton only shook his head in hopeless confusion.

"There's no use dodging around any more," declared Reginald. "The first chance I get, I'll trouble them to tell me all about their discovery. Meanwhile," calmly pock-

eting the sketch, "it won't hurt them to feel a little wholesome suspense about this."

But there seemed to be very little suspense in store for either young lady. For the enterprising Miss Ivers had been watching this whole scene from her room. From this outlook she announced each important move to Sylvia, who reclined on a lounge at the other end of the room.

"Do come here quick and look at Mr. Macomber, Sylvia," laughed Eunice. "His face is a sight worth seeing."

But Sylvia made no movement.

"Now they're talking together," continued her companion, after a pause. "Now Mr. King is putting the sketch into his pocket, and now — they are going off."

She watched them until they disappeared in the shrubbery, then turned to Sylvia.

"I wonder what will happen now," said she, with a mischievous smile. "Something, I'll warrant."

"Eunice, you really ought to tell them everything," answered Sylvia, without any of her friend's amusement. "And you ought to do it right away. It's not right that they should be so deceived."

"It's exactly what they deserve," responded Eunice hotly, "if they have been trying to deceive us all the time, isn't it? But of course you don't approve of all these shocking things, you dear, good old thing."

"It isn't so much that," gravely returned Sylvia, struggling from her friend's embrace, "as your aunt. What will she say when she learns all this, as of course she will?"

"Poor, innocent, old Aunt Deborah," laughed Eunice, "I tremble when I think of her. But she doesn't know yet, and there's plenty of time to tell her."

"But you must tell the boys soon. We're going tomorrow, you know," urged Sylvia earnestly.

"O well! I guess I'll tell them tonight.

Come on down to dinner, and let's not worry any more about it. It's six already." And Eunice silenced her friend by hurrying her down the broad staircase to the dining-room.

What she intended to tell our heroes, no doubt my reader knows very well.

Dinner this evening proved to be a very silent meal, and all felt relieved when it was over, with the exception of Miss Archer, who thought nothing about it.

Eunice seemed strangely nervous, and hurried as soon as possible into the garden on the west side of the house. Sylvia was about to follow, when she was detained on the steps by Reginald and Morton.

The former without delay produced the sketch, thrust it towards her, and said, almost defiantly, "Do you recognize this, Miss Glenn?"

Sylvia silently bowed in assent.

"And may I inquire, Miss Glenn, how you learned all this?" he demanded, in the same tone.

For a moment she seemed confused. Then, raising her head erect, she answered in her dignified manner, "I must beg Mr. King to excuse me from answering." Then she turned abruptly and hurried down the garden path, leaving two decidedly non-plussed young gentlemen behind her.

Reginald gave a low whistle.

"That's all very grand," said he, "but someone must explain this."

"Do you suppose the other one would?" murmured Morton faintly.

"Come," commanded Reginald, after a moment's meditation, "we will go and find out."

He led the way down the path taken by Sylvia to the most remote corner of the garden. Here the white evening dresses which showed conspicuously through the dark green of the foliage, betrayed our

heroines. They were seated upon a rustic bench and engaged in earnest conversation. This, however, immediately ceased upon the arrival of the young gentlemen, who seated themselves upon a similar bench on the opposite side of the path.

Without more ado, Reginald presented the sketch to Eunice.

"I shall ask you the same question I asked Miss Glenn," he began, abruptly, "and that is, how did you learn all this?"

It seemed very strange to see Miss Ivers hesitate. But at last she spoke.

"You told me, yourself," said she in confusion.

"I told you!" exclaimed Reginald, bewildered beyond measure. "When?"

"Just now," was the almost inaudible answer.

"How did you know it before I spoke?" he demanded.

"I didn't know it."

A deep silence followed this answer. It was broken by Eunice, who now seemed in a great hurry to relieve her mind.

"I knew of you before I came here, Mr. King. I am quite intimate with your cousin, Miss King. One day we saw you on the street and she told me who you were. When I saw you here, I thought it very strange that you should be employed by Mr. Archer. But your friend, Mr. Macomber, accidentally told me something at breakfast the first morning, and I made him tell me a few more things afterwards, as perhaps he knows."

Morton looked appealingly at Reginald, who felt decidedly provoked.

"I began to have strong suspicions of what you were doing," continued Eunice, "and I tried to form a plan by which I could make you acknowledge them to be true.

Thus I made this sketch, and by assuming that what I suspected was passing in your minds was correct, by purposely leaving the sketch in Mr. Macomber's path, I found my suppositions true. I wish you to understand that Sylvia disapproved of it and tried to dissuade me from doing it, but I thought you deserved it, and I was willing to run the risk."

Another long silence. The boys could not seem to recover themselves. Reginald was about to speak but Eunice went on.

"There is something more," said she, nervously clutching Sylvia's hand, "which I must confess. I am afraid it will surprise you very much."

She hesitated a moment, then continued:

"When I wrote on that drawing, 'The True old Archer Towers,' I deceived you, for I knew it was not true. Before I came here, I saw a photograph of the Archer house and one of the Thorpe house. And the person who showed them to me said that the picture of this house was the picture of Mr. Archer's."

Morton felt absolutely faint as he looked around at the garden, the shadowed terraces, and the great house itself, feebly illuminated by the rising moon.

"Then I am to understand from what you have said that we have been in Mr. Archer's house all the time," said Reginald at length, breaking the unpleasant pause.

Eunice bowed in assent.

"And you knew this all the time?"

"Yes."

"And yet"—

"Girls, come into the house immediately," called Miss Archer's shrill voice from the piazza; "it is too chilly and damp out there without any wraps."

And they went.

(*To be Continued.*)

## A Young American

THE first of September came on Sunday. On Monday night following, "La Princesse Therèse," a comic opera in three acts, libretto by Remington Whiting and music by Meredith Parks, was heard for the first time at the Paris Opera House. Notwithstanding the insignificance of the composer and librettist, the opening night was a notable one. The entire house was sold, and the majority of the great and fashionably attired audience were Americans—visitors to Paris. It is safe to say that the happiest and at the same time most critical moment was when Meredith, seated in the conductor's chair, raised his baton and started the overture. Meredith was particularly fortunate in having a very competent company to interpret his music and do full justice to the various numbers. To make a long story short, the work was received with great favor, and both Mr. Parks and Mr. Whiting were obliged to respond to several curtain calls.

A prominent English manager, who happened to be in the audience, secured an interview with Meredith after the performance, and obtained the rights for an early production at his theatre in London.

The next morning the *New York Herald* had a short but vivid account of the production, which Mr. Whiting had cabled across. Meredith, at the same time, cabled his sister: "Great success. Tell Esther everything."

Meredith was at last happy, as he had good cause to be. The "catchy" songs from "La Princesse" were whistled everywhere, while the real gems of the score found favor in all the fashionable salons. He was besieged with invitations to luncheons and other social affairs; but most of these he modestly declined.

Meanwhile, affairs in America were pro-

gressing famously. Gertrude had told Esther Brownell who she was, and indeed had exposed the whole of her little plot, and the result had been all that she could have desired. Mrs. Brownell encouraged her daughter's love when she learned of Meredith's success, and together they had explained the matter to Mr. Brownell. He saw how much his wife and daughter liked Meredith, and therefore decided not to oppose them for the sake of his own family happiness.

Early in October the Brownells went abroad, accompanied by Gertrude Parks. Mr. Brownell's business forced him to remain in Boston.

The party had a short and pleasant voyage, and proceeded to Paris immediately after landing. Meredith was very anxious, and was at the station to greet them upon their arrival.

The meeting was an interesting one, and Meredith, standing in the center of the tired group of travellers, was trying to answer some of their multitudinous questions. He soon saw the Brownell family into one carriage, and with his sister took another.

On the way to the hotel where Meredith had been instructed to secure accommodations for them, his sister told him, as completely as the short time would permit, all that had happened at home. Excepting the first night of "La Princesse" at the Opera House, Meredith was probably happier than ever before.

The next evening Mr. Whiting and Meredith, Gertrude Parks and Esther, and Mrs. Brownell, occupied a box at the Opera House, and the visitors heard for the first time the effort that had raised Meredith from obscurity to prominence.

Affairs soon became settled with the Brownells, and hardly a day went by but

what Meredith called; in fact, he spent all of his spare time with them.

About ten days after they had arrived in Paris, Meredith was completely surprised one morning when Robert Paul Leland of Boston stepped into his office, and said, "Hello, old man! too busy to see a friend?"

Meredith shook hands with him and the two took seats beside each other and an hour was spent in interesting conversation. Meredith wondered what brought Paul over to Paris and doubted that "just for the fun of travelling," as Leland said, was the real cause of his presence. Meredith thought of Leland's old suit for Miss Brownell's hand but said nothing.

Meredith accepted Mr. Leland's invitation to dine with him that evening, and at dinner the latter exhibited great admiration for our hero.

The next morning Meredith told Miss Brownell about Mr. Leland being in Paris, and within a stone's throw of her apartments. She displayed signs of mysterious uneasiness but simply said, "I don't care to have him call on me." Meredith, assured that there was no understanding or bonds of friendship existing between his old rival and Miss Brownell, left very much at ease.

About a week after Mr. Leland called at Mr. Parks' office, there was a very fashionable affair at the University Athletic Club in the form of a Ladies' Night. Meredith escorted Mrs. and Miss Brownell and his sister, and after passing a very delightful evening, the party walked with some of the other guests down the main corridor of the club-house to the carriage entrance. As they stood awaiting the arrival of their carriage, a burly-looking fellow, who looked as if he had partaken too freely of the many punches served about the building, approached them. He began to address Miss

Brownell in a rather familiar manner and Meredith's anger began to rise at once. With a short but very pointed little speech he commanded the objectionable intruder to move on. The fellow sneered at the order, and continued his objectionable conduct to such an extent that many of the people standing near by began to become disgusted. One gentleman excused himself from the lady with whom he was waiting, and approaching Mr. Parks, asked him in a quiet way to "lend him a hand" in ejecting the ungentlemanly individual. Meredith readily accepted the proposition and in a very few moments the fellow was unceremoniously thrust out into the street. This action brought forth many exclamations of approval from the bystanders, and Mr. Parks and his assistants in the episode were congratulated on all sides.

Mr. Leland stood some distance away, but noticed the whole affair, and chuckling, said to himself, "He'll pay dearly for that."

A few days after this affair, Meredith received a letter from a Monsieur Touchet, demanding an immediate apology for assisting in ejecting him from the University Club House. Meredith tore up the letter, laughingly, and said, "I would be a fool to apologize to him."

Three or four days later, he received another letter from the same person. This letter contained a challenge to fight a duel, after the customary French style. The writer of the letter named his seconds and his surgeon, but gave Mr. Parks the choice of referee.

Now Meredith Parks, like every other man, had his faults, and one of these was his tendency to be a little too independent. Had he sent an apology, he now reflected, he would have avoided this most unpleasant affair.

He was no coward, however, and realized

at once that to refuse to meet the man meant that the club men and society men with whom he was just securing prestige, would certainly brand him as a coward. Accordingly, Meredith, thinking of the great odds against him, of his ignorance of duelling swords, of his liability to life-injury or death, sat down and with as firm a hand as possible wrote his acceptance, naming the next Saturday night at eleven o'clock for the time, and a desolate and seldom frequented roadside about five miles out in the country as the place.

He decided not to tell his sister but to quietly inform Miss Brownell. The latter was naturally very much excited when she was told, and hoped and prayed that he might not be killed. Meredith, with his customary pride, said, "I would rather be killed than marked for life."

Meredith at once set about to find a suitable referee and seconds. His best Parisian friend, Mr. Whiting, consented to act as one second, and after some difficulty he secured M. Beauclue, the instructor of fencing at the University Athletic Club, to act as referee. Mr. Parks and M. Beauclue were very good friends, and Meredith asked the latter to find him a second and also to give him a thorough drilling in the art of fencing. M. Beauclue, partially through his fondness for Meredith and particularly through the large financial recompense he would receive, began the work of drilling his pupil for his duel. The selection of a second was a very easy task.

Meredith was naturally quick, agile and clever, but not very strong. He laid aside his business for the next few days, and morning, noon and night he and the Professor practised in a secluded up-stairs room at the Club. Meredith's sister wondered why he did not visit her more, but Miss Brownell assured her that he was terribly busy. It

was a great exertion for Esther to conceal her increasing uneasiness.

Professor Beauclue knew M. Touchet to be a fellow supported by the generosity of his friends, but an experienced duellist, having figured in several battles to the Professor's knowledge, and never having met defeat. Professor Beauclue was a second at one of these duels and was of the opinion that any good man could defeat Touchet, if he would only "use his head" and keep cool. The Professor knew that Touchet's game was a rushing, furious start, which generally broke his opponent's defence, and resulted in an easy victory for Touchet. Touchet's weaknesses were his poor physical condition, and his tendency to neglect his defence in his endeavors to gain a speedy victory. In practising, Professor Beauclue copied Touchet's style of fighting, and at the same time instructed Meredith in the most effective ways of opposing it. Notwithstanding the short time, the Professor had turned out quite a proficient pupil in Mr. Parks and confidently expected him to win.

The party assembled Saturday evening at the Club, previous to taking carriages to the scene of battle. Soon all were ready, and Meredith and Professor Beauclue took a cab, while Mr. Whiting, the other second and the surgeon entered a carriage just behind.

The Touchet party had left five minutes before. It was a beautiful night, the clear, refreshing atmosphere and the full moon making the weather conditions most favorable. On the procession of vehicles rolled over the rough country road until a little by-path which led from the main road was reached. It was probably a roadway for the hay wagons of the neighboring farmers, who were then asleep and little dreaming what an exciting scene was being enacted half a mile away.

When the party alighted, Meredith was completely surprised to see Robert Leland as one of M. Touchet's seconds. In the challenge his name did not appear, and on this account he could have been protested, but Meredith refused to protest, and simply said, "I am all ready when they are."

Meredith made his choice of swords, and the silence was sepulchral when the combatants, stripped to the waist, advanced. Meredith was two inches the taller but looked at least forty pounds the lighter, and to a casual observer would have been picked out as a sure loser. M. Touchet's muscular arms and broad expanse of chest showed up in magnificent proportions in the bright moonlight. A moment more, and the glittering blades clashed. Away went Touchet at Parks' somewhat slender-looking form, and gracefully did the latter avoid the wicked thrust. Touchet was using his old tactics, and Meredith's defence was grand. Clash! clash! went the swords, without an advantage for either man. M. Beauclue in an undertone gave words of encouragement and congratulation to his pupil. This was not allowable but was so quietly done that no one save Meredith heard it. Touchet soon became convinced that he had no such easy task as he had expected, and Leland exhibited an excited countenance as he saw Touchet's vicious thrusts easily parried.

Suddenly, as if by inspiration, Touchet made a mad rush, and showered blow after blow on Parks, who, though on the lookout, was taken slightly by surprise. For a moment it looked as if Meredith was defeated, but only for a moment, as he recovered himself quickly.

It was almost time for a turning point, and the seconds on both sides were holding their breaths with excitement. Suddenly, Touchet, who was now breathing hard, and becoming exhausted, made a direct thrust at

Meredith's heart. It was a powerful and well-directed blow, and Mr. Whiting dropped the sponge he was holding, and almost turned his head, expecting to see his man terribly wounded. But not so. With a neat, back-hand stroke, Meredith parried the blow, which, coming with so much force and meeting no resistance, naturally threw Touchet somewhat forward and off his feet. This was just such an opportunity as Meredith had been told to wait for. With remarkable quickness he recovered from the parry, and straight as an arrow sent his sword-point into the fleshy part of Touchet's right arm, inflicting an exceedingly painful, but by no means dangerous, wound. All was then confusion. Touchet's seconds and surgeons rushed to his assistance. The supply of cotton that the surgeons had brought soon became exhausted, and Meredith, who had come over to inquire the condition of his vanquished foe, noticed this and immediately placed the entire outfit that his surgeons had brought, at the disposal of the opposing party. This little act of courtesy on Meredith's part drew forth much favorable comment. Touchet then, as he shook hands feebly with his victor, said, "You are young and clever, and your condition is good. I expected a farce, but it came near being a tragedy." The Parks party soon left the scene of action, and drove rapidly to the Athletic Club, where a light lunch was quickly prepared for them, after which they separated.

Despite their efforts to prevent the affair becoming public, the reporters, in their mysterious manner, secured news of the duel, and the morning dailies all had glowing accounts of the Young American's success. Meredith's theatrical prominence brought him into close connection with the newspapers, and being popular with them they unanimously congratulated him, not-

withstanding the fact that his victim was a native of Paris.

It was the custom at the Brownell apartments to read the morning papers directly after breakfast, and when Gertrude Parks saw on the front page of the first paper she picked up, a glowing account of a duel won by her own brother, she was greatly surprised. Esther's joy knew no bounds. She had been waiting with almost breathless anxiety for news of the battle, and when she saw of her lover's victory, she exclaimed, "I knew he would win." Miss Parks answered quickly, "How did you know that my brother was going to fight?"

Esther explained how she, in order to prevent worry and anxiety, had refrained from telling her. Mrs. Brownell was naturally much disturbed over the affair, and at first thought it somewhat degrading to Meredith, but when she learned the circumstances she was satisfied that he was in no way responsible.

Between the operatic success and the duel, Meredith Parks' name was very conspicuously mentioned, and he achieved more notoriety than he cared for.

A week later found Meredith at work on a new score, almost too busy to receive a caller. Plans were completed, by which he was to take a vacation of two months directly after his new work was completed.

The vacation was to be his wedding trip. He had received Mr. Brownell's consent by cable, and Mrs. Brownell was delighted, seeing for herself the happy conditions that surrounded the young couple's life in Paris.

In the early part of November, Parks'

and Whiting's second opera received a hearing. While not as tuneful as the first, it was an entire success. "La Princesse Thérèse" was being played in both London and New York with marked success, and the royalties, which the composer and librettist divided, were very large.

A week later, the entire party sailed from Liverpool for New York, arriving seven days later. After a short stop in New York they took the train for Boston.

Meredith received a very flattering reception in his native city. All of his old friends came to congratulate him and wish him success. But his time was limited, and in consequence many social festivities were dispensed with, in order not to interfere with his wedding arrangements.

At last the evening came, and it is safe to say that the old Newbury-street church never saw a prettier wedding than that of Esther Brownell and Meredith Parks.

Robert Paul Leland had been forgiven by Meredith for his dastardly conduct and acted as one of the ushers.

The bridal party also contained Professor and Mrs. F. P. Bartlett, *née* Gertrude Parks, who were quietly married out in Cambridge the evening before.

The latter couple saw Mr. and Mrs. Parks safely on the steamer for Liverpool and then the two couples separated, the one *en route* for their Parisian home, the other for their cosy little house in Cambridge, while both embarked on the sea of matrimony which, like all seas, has its gales and its calms, but in this case the couples experienced no storms so far as I know.

"Will Burr."

(*The End.*)



## Jerry

THE ninth day of December in the year 1879 was a very cold one, and the river which flowed through the small town of A——, in the northern part of Maine, was frozen hard and looked as smooth as glass.

A group of boys, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, stood on the bank, and seemed to be very much excited over a certain subject upon which they were talking.

Some distance from this group, leaning against a tree, with his hands in his pockets and a pair of old-fashioned skates slung over his shoulder, stood another boy, who gazed wistfully at the merry group before him.

They were talking about the skating-race which was to come off on the day before Christmas, and which would, in all probability, be the event of the season.

The other boy, Jerry Manning, turned his head and looked at a little cottage which stood not far away, at the bottom of a long, steep hill. A faint curl of smoke arose from the only chimney, and the strong wind blew the blinds to and fro, giving the whole a very dreary appearance.

In that cottage lived Jerry and his widowed mother. Jerry earned all the money that he could to help support his mother; but now, as he turned his face again toward the happy boys, he sighed to himself to think that in a few days more their little hoard of vegetables would be gone, and they would not have money enough to pay the rent, and so would be turned out of the house by Mr. Loring, their cruel landlord.

"Just think, boys," Will Parker was saying as Jerry turned around, "the prize is going to be twenty-five dollars and a pair of skates. What a misfortune Hal Lord is sick, and Dr. Vance says that he won't be

well for a month or more, so he has missed the prize. He was our best skater, too."

"Can't we get some other boy to take his place?" asked Tom Green, thoughtfully.

At this, Jerry, who had been a keen listener to the conversation, sprang forward and said, eagerly, "Please may I try for the prize?"

A shout of boyish laughter greeted him, accompanied by, "O yes, you may try for it if you wish, but you can never get it," in a scornful voice from Will Parker.

"To try is all I want," said Jerry, "and I'll be on time surely."

Another shout of laughter from the boys arose, and then after a score or so of hasty good-bys, they all dispersed and went to their respective homes.

Every day after this, Jerry spent all his spare time in practising on the ice, and finally could skate quite fast without losing his breath. The night before the race, as he was going home from his skating, he was feeling so very happy that he did not notice a tall, dark figure just ahead of him. When he did look up he beheld in the moonlight Mr. Loring, who held out his hand and said in a cold, harsh tone, "You have not paid your rent for two months, and if it is not paid by Christmas Day, you must leave the house. I can find other tenants for it."

Jerry, struck dumb with amazement, could not speak, but when his speech did return to him, Mr. Loring was gone.

Jerry's mother wondered that evening what made her boy silent and why he started at every sound. "He is thinking of tomorrow's race," she thought, "and he is anxious and worried."

When Jerry awoke the next morning, his first thought was of the race, and if he should win; but soon he thought that by

the next day he would be homeless, with neither the roof over his head nor even the scanty fire by which he had warmed his hands when he came in from skating.

The morning passed by, and noon came, bringing with it scores of people from different towns to watch the race. At two o'clock in the afternoon both banks of the river were crowded with people, and the boys, including Jerry, had gathered at the starting place.

The race was to be a mile up the river and a mile back, and about half a mile up was a large hole in the ice; but between this hole and the bank was room enough for the skaters to pass.

At last it was time for the racers to start. There were six of them, and each one a strong, stalwart boy. They formed in line, the signal was given, and away they went. Away, away, up the river, followed by the cheers of the crowd. Jerry fell behind a little to save his strength for the last. When he was about half way, and near the hole, he saw Mr. Loring's daughter playing with her sled upon the ice.

"Don't go too near that hole," he shouted, and then, bending his body forward, he skated with all his might, and reached the upper line first. He slipped when he turned to come back, and that left him a few feet behind, but, encouraged by the loud cheers of the crowd, thinking of his mother at the little cottage, and of the rent which must be paid by the morrow, he felt more strength, and, darting forward, came up with Will, and in a few minutes, dashed ahead of him.

How that crowd did cheer, and how Jerry put all his might into that race!

He had now again reached the large hole, and was dashing by it, when a loud scream reached his ears, and wheeling around he saw, to his unspeakable horror, little May Loring disappear into the cold water. The

vision of the harsh Mr. Loring, and again the mother at the little cottage, arose before his eyes, but only for an instant. He gave up all hope of securing the prize, gave up all hope of paying the rent, and dashing off the quaint old skates, he plunged into the water, and grasped the unconscious May by her dress, as she came up the second time, and held her head above water until some men came to the rescue with ropes.

Poor Jerry, half frozen as he was, only waited long enough to see Mr. Loring take away his daughter, and then, escaping through the crowd of excited people, ran home with all his might, nor stopped until safe in the house.

When he saw his mother he told her what Mr. Loring had said to him the night before, but he did not tell her that he had just saved May Loring's life, but in answer to his mother's question as to how he got so wet, he merely said, "Got a little ducking in the river just now. Rather cold water."

His mother knew from the silence he kept in regard to the race, that he had not won, and, mother-like, she felt almost as badly as he did. However, she did not mention the subject when talking to him, but kept thinking, "Where will we go when our cottage is taken from us?"

At last she said to Jerry, "Never mind, my boy, you can find work somewhere, and then we can live happily by ourselves again."

"Yes, mother," replied Jerry, "but I fear ours will be a sad Christmas."

Here they were interrupted by a knock at the door, and when Mrs. Manning opened it, Mr. Loring stepped in.

"I have come here tonight," he said, "to thank your son for the noble deed which he did this afternoon."

At this, Jerry grew very red in the face, and his mother said, "Sir, I think you are

mistaken. Jerry has not told me of any brave deed performed this afternoon."

"The boy's deed was such that he must be rewarded; for he saved my daughter from drowning in yonder river. I am not surprised that he did not tell you, because when one does a brave deed, one does not like to tell of it," said Mr. Loring.

Mrs. Manning looked at Jerry, who was now blushing furiously.

"I wish to reward him," Mr. Loring con-

tinued, "by giving you this house, and by giving Jerry a suitable place at my office."

The rest is soon told.

Jerry and his mother live in the little cottage, which is somewhat improved now, and Jerry says to his mother, sometimes, "We did spend a happy Christmas in the year '79, didn't we, mother?" And his mother says in a low, sweet voice:

"Yes, my son, we certainly did, and it was all through your act of bravery."

## The Battle of Culloden

DOWN the glen the army came,  
The pride of every Scottish dame;  
The leaders, riding on before,  
Soon reached the place called Laurick Moor;  
And here they stopped for little rest,  
To get the soldiers at their best.  
Soon rouses up the martial band  
'Mid glimmering of axe and brand,  
And hastens toward the place of strife  
Which soon can count large loss of life.  
The pibroch sounded loud and clear,  
The steeds began to plunge and rear;  
Now they hear the word to charge,  
And hold aloft their leathern targe.  
As come the tides upon the beach,  
The foremost foemen came in reach;  
They raise their polished brands on high,  
And, shouting loud their battle cry,  
"Forward! Forward! Grenadiers!"  
Put to flight both foes and fears.  
The clang, resounding through the dell,  
Instilled in each breast Incarnate Hell.  
Alas! Alas! What can men do,  
When Ares would that war ensue.  
House of Stuart, proud in Kings,  
Wouldst thou had sought more earthly things.  
What the Fates have sealed  
By time's not repealed,  
Doomed to an end as the day.

## Sketches

IT was raining, and the long stretch of country road looked more dark and muddy than usual. But Martha Sabin didn't care for mud. She had been reared in the neighborhood, and just now her mind was too much engrossed with Sally Jackson's funeral to notice the weather. She hurried on, holding up her black alpaca dress, and stopping occasionally to pull her mits further up her wrists. She wondered whether Mis' Colby, Sally's aunt, would wear the same crape she had worn at Parson Williams' funeral some ten years before, and later at Mis' Sharp's.

The door was open, and as Martha passed down the hall, she saw the mottoes which Sally had worked in red worsted the year before. She paused at the sitting-room door to adjust her handkerchief ready for use. When she passed in to place some stock gillyflower with the wreaths, sickles and anchors of everlasting, she stopped short, the flowers and handkerchief dropping from her hands. The coffin was empty, and in the room beyond she saw a small black box, and in a chair—the chair she always sat in—Sally, dressed in her brown silk, her brow encircled with damp water-waves, and at her throat a pin made of her mother's hair. Martha was still standing near the coffin, her thin arms hanging limp with terror by her side, when Mis' Colby came to her. "Why, Martha Sabin," she exclaimed in a voice carefully adjusted to the lugubrious demands of the occasion, "I am real glad to see you. Aunt Almira's folks aint come yet, though Ezra sent them a telegraph the minute it happened, but Ruben he's out in the setting-room talking with Amande about the last will and testimony. Sally aint left much," she added, as she gloomily adjusted Martha's addition to the coffin decorations.

"For massy sake, Mis' Colby, what air that corpse a-doin'?" Mis' Colby's eyes followed the direction of Martha's horrified glances as she answered composedly, "Mr. Smith came all the way from Sherbrooke this morning to take a picture of the corpse."

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One morning about two months ago, as I was passing Brewer's Market, I paused to look at a deer stretched across two barrels before the door. The soft coat, still glossy and marked here and there with rough licks from the little tongue, the pointed black nose which had so often sniffed for danger from some rugged point of rock, the mouth made only for cropping tender grasses and soft leaves in its native heather, the large, dark eyes, which had turned anxiously at the least crackling in the brush-wood, now glazed and lifeless, but from which still shone the terror that that last gun-shot, that last baying of the hounds, had caused,—all these things I noticed.

Each day since then I have looked to see if the deer were still there, but I do not pause now, only hurry to get past; for the poor little head can no longer hold its own and has to be fastened by a cord to the roof above. The eyes, once so wild, first grew contented, then died, leaving two deep, dark holes to mourn their absence.

A few days ago, as I passed, a small boy was peering into the hollow cavities and I heard him call to his companion, "Say, Tim, wouldn't them make good opery glasses?" I hurried faster, wondering if I should ever be able to eat venison after that.

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It was twelve o'clock, and in his silent office the editor of a great paper was bending over his desk, finishing the copy for tomorrow. He was a hard-working, pains-

taking man, seldom indulging in dreams, but tonight he could not work as well as usual and it troubled him. Dim faces appeared and disappeared on the fool's-cap paper that he used,—faces long forgotten or treasured up in some obscure corner of his heart.

One was that of a once beautiful lady, with grey locks and with deep lines of sorrow and care traced in her soft, wrinkled skin, who looked out of the paper at her boy as tenderly as she used to in the sweet old days when, a barefooted lad, knowing nothing of the cares of life, he roamed hither and thither at will. Next there came a face, young and full of genius, but bearing the marks of vice and dissipation, a face recalling his long-dead brother, a generous, kind-hearted boy, but one who, in manhood, had caused many of those lines of sorrow in his mother's face. The editor knew, after so many years, that he was her favorite, and it pained him a little even now, but almost

before he was aware of it, the picture faded and there came a rather harsh countenance which he had often seen in anger and whose favorite maxim, he remembered, was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." His father's face vanished and many others came and went, each one recalling some sweet or bitter memory. Lastly, there came a beautiful face, full of love and confidence, which appeared to beckon to him. The editor carefully placed his pen in its holder and smoothed back the thin grey hair which had begun to float over his eyes, then he kissed the shadow on the white paper, and, leaning back, he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning the office-boy found him sitting there, a calm, joyful look on his face, and a piece of white paper pressed close to his heart. Even this very irreverent young man was hushed.

"He looks," said he, "as if he'd struck a run of luck before he died." And he had.

## Book Reviews

"FROM BLOMIDON TO SMOKY, AND OTHER PAPERS." By Frank Bolles. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This book comprises a series of very interesting papers on bird-life, largely in Nova Scotia and the surrounding country. The work shows Mr. Bolles' great genius for observation and his excellent literary skill. No lover of birds should fail to read the book.

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"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES YEAR BOOK." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A collection of passages from Dr. Holmes' writings, arranged under every day of the year. The present selection follows to some

extent that adopted in the Holmes Birthday Book, published several years ago. The book shows very clearly the wide range which Dr. Holmes' genius covered, and cannot fail to be a source of delight to all lovers of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

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"A STRANGE CAREER; or, LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN GLADWYN JEBB." By his Widow. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Surely "A Strange Career," or the life and adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb, as told in a volume just written by his widow, is well named, if ever a book was. Rider Haggard says in the introduction to it: "I believe I am right in saying that he never

got the best of a bargain, or had to do with an enterprise that proved successful—at any rate, so far as his own interests were concerned." He was born rich and died poor. He delighted in playing in the woods all day as a "Red Indian." He went to sea, and eventually to Mexico. The widow, in her story, narrates numberless instances of his boyish guile and humor. Jebb tried almost every part of the world, even to Colorado and New York, but loved Mexico the best. A recklessness of consequences, an imperturbable spirit of easy-going, was

perhaps his greatest fault—according to his biographer. His story thus told at least is bright, interesting, full of adventures and most exciting anecdotes, piquant with originality, and yet there are sad notes in it.

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ERRATUM. Through an oversight, we omitted in our last issue the names of the publishers of two books: "Jean Belin, the French Robinson Crusoe," and "In Wild Rose Time." Both are from the well-known house of Lee & Shepard, Boston.

## Drama and Dance by Class of '96, E. H. S.

The drama and dance given by the Class of '96 in Odd Fellows Hall, North Cambridge, Wednesday evening, January 30, was in every way a success. Although the play, "Above the Clouds," was without doubt the most difficult piece ever presented by a class in the High School, it stands second to none of them in the manner in which it was performed, and '96 may well be proud of the success of their drama and dance, both financially and dramatically. The work of Miss Edith Gordon as Hester Thorne is especially worthy of mention, while every member of the cast did full justice to their parts. Several members of the cast received bouquets from their admirers, and after the performance dancing was enjoyed to the strains of Wiggin's Or-

chestra until twelve o'clock, when a special car left the hall for Central Square.

The cast of characters was made up as follows :

Philip Ringold.....	Thomas Moynahan
Alfred Thorpe.....	H. A. Brigham
Amos Gaylord.....	E. P. White
Titus Turtle.....	Berwick Miller
Curtis Chipman.....	G. M. Holbrook
Howard Gaylord.....	W. Gregory Beebe
Nat Naylor.....	J. F. D'Arcy
Hester Thorne.....	Edith Gordon
Grace Ingalls.....	Carrie Thurber
Susie Gaylord.....	Alice Turner
Lucretia Gerrish.....	Mattie Parker

Much credit is due to Miss Carrie Guyette, who, in spite of the fact that she had but three days' preparation, made such a success of the part of Grace Ingalls, when the Class of '96 repeated their drama in Brattle Hall.

## He'll Need Them Both

"TIS club night, dearest, don't sit up,  
    'Twill be too late for you ;  
I have my key." She smiled on me,  
    Her words are always few.  
"If I were you," she murmured,  
    "I'd take the keyhole, too."



**S**IBERIA is the coldest, and India the wettest country in the world.

Fifty-one metals are known to exist ; 400 years ago only seven were known.

The great aqueduct which supplied Carthage with water was seventy miles long.

If one could sell the sea at one cent per 10,000 gallons, it would bring twenty-five billion dollars.

The University of Michigan has a Japanese students' association, consisting of thirteen members.

An international telephone system, to cover all Europe with its network, is one of the latest movements.

A porpoise has been killed in the Harlem River, near Third Avenue. It measures six feet five inches, and weighs 290 pounds.

A perfect house has been unearthed near Pompeii. It is said to be in a more perfect condition than any building yet discovered.

The British, French and Russian governments informed the Porte that they will send delegates to represent them on the commission appointed to investigate the Armenian troubles. The commission will probably sit

in Mosh. It is also reported that 19,000 Russian troops have been ordered to the Armenian frontier.

The new Czar of Russia has restored to the convicts of the Polish rebellion of 1863 the right to reside anywhere in the Empire.

A Chinese encyclopedia, which in the Chinese comprises 5,020 volumes, is about to be added to the Library of the British Museum.

Aubrym, an island of the Hebrides, was destroyed by a volcanic eruption. The inhabitants of one village were all swept into the sea.

Nicholas II, who became Czar at the age of twenty-six, is the youngest sovereign in Europe with the exception of Alexander of Servia, who is only eighteen years old.

As a result of the severe earthquake shocks in Greece last spring, the Strait of Euboea has widened. Investigation shows that it is gradually widening, and it is feared that some time the historic plain of Marathon will disappear.

South American ants, according to the *Scientific American*, have been known to construct a tunnel three miles long, which represents for them as great a labor as would

be required for men to construct a tunnel under the ocean from New York to London.

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An improvement in locomotive construction that will be generally welcomed, if it proves to be all that is claimed for it, is an engine built to use crude petroleum as a fuel.

---

The first known European library originated in the presentation to the family of Regulus by the Roman senate of all the books seized at the capture of Carthage.

---

Every part of postage-stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel—200 stamps on a plate. If a single stamp is injured, the whole sheet is burned.

---

Queen Victoria has seen four Czars of Russia, three Emperors of Germany, two Kings of Italy, and a number of minor kings in Italy, several sovereigns in Spain, a King, an Emperor, and several republics in France.

---

The news of the resignation of the French ministry was quickly followed by the much more startling announcement that President Casimir-Perier had also unexpectedly resigned his office. He said that in taking the presidency last summer he wished to remain outside the lines of parties and to serve the whole country, but he found himself subjected to personal attacks from every side

without having the opportunity to defend himself. A vote lately taken in the Chamber of Deputies concerning action taken by the cabinet of 1883, was regarded as a reflection upon himself, since he was a member of the cabinet, although at the time when the action was taken he had no vote on the question. The hopes that were entertained for a successful administration of seven years when the president began his term of office, are thus suddenly overthrown. The leading candidate for the vacant place was Henri Brisson, who was recently elected to the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, but M. Felix Faure has been elected to the position.

---

The British government has requested the United States to agree to the construction of a cable from Vancouver to Neckar Island, one of the Hawaiian group. It is stated that this cable is desired for commercial uses, but the scheme is meeting with opposition in this country from some quarters, because it is feared that such a line under control of Great Britain is chiefly desired by her for military purposes, and that in time of war she would have exclusive use of it, thus gaining a command of the Pacific, and an important advantage in regard to the Nicaragua Canal, if that should be completed. The project has therefore aroused to greater activity those who have been urging the construction of a cable between Hawaii and the United States.

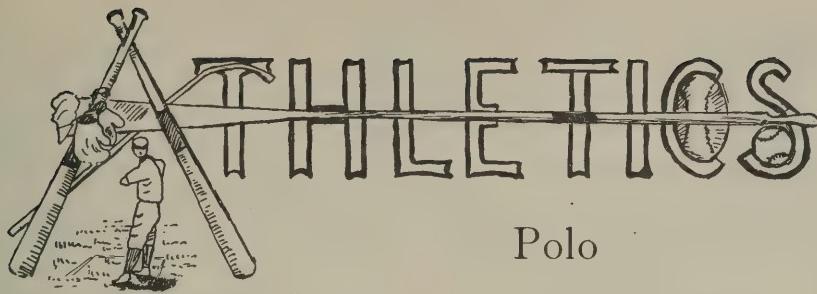
## A Woman's Reason

"WHY do you love me, Love, so much?"

I passionately cried.

She pouted, mused, then said "Because!"

And I was satisfied.



## Polo

THE regular championship polo season is past. The "Varsity" has done work of which it may well feel proud. Of the championship games, we have won two and lost one; although concerning the lost one there is still much doubt. A protest has been sent to the Board of Appeals of the N. E. S. A., and although protests in general are not of much weight, yet it is the opinion of many that this one stands a good chance of being granted. The team started with four vacant places, which were filled early in the season from the members of last year's class teams, and the men were kept at work every day that was possible. To this may be ascribed the success of the team play, in which we easily outclassed any team in the League.

When the team was decided upon, it was found out that everyone was new to his position except Clarkson. The team is as strong as any that has ever represented the school, especially in the rushing department. Clarkson and Stevens make a pair which cannot be excelled in the League, and probably not outside of it, so far do they outshine all others.

Beardsell, at centre, has proved what was thought of him at the beginning, a strong man for the place. In the Melrose game he played the game for all there was in it, and time and time again stopped Cushman's attempts to get a shot at the goal. Baldwin and Stearns at half-back and goal have held their end up, and have shown that they are not behind the Melrose men in their depart-

ment. The loss of the last game, in the way in which it happened, reflects no discredit on the team; in fact, it shows what can be brought out of chaos and developed into as good a team as could be asked for. The team has practised faithfully and deserves as much praise as though it had won every game.

The Interscholastic Leagues, except the Foot-ball, in which our teams are entered, seem to be on the down grade. The baseball season closed with little or no excitement, and to cap the climax, the Polo League has just ended the season unsatisfactorily, due in great part to the inactivity of the officials. Each game which is played should be refereed by an officer sent by the Association for this purpose; then perhaps no such cases of robbery as have lately been chronicled would happen. It is a drawback to true sport, and a stain to the leagues under which such acts are allowed to exist.

Ninety-seven has won the class polo championship, and has earned the right to have its picture taken. The competition for this privilege has been very animated, and has abounded in much good for next year's polo work. Although no great amount of team work has been manifest, yet this can be left to the "Varsity" to promote among its candidates. All the teams entered into the League as if they meant to do something, and the games did not end until the whistle blew "time up."

Ninety-five's polo team of last year, which came off so grandly victorious, was sacrificed for the good of the school; Stevens, Baldwin and Bacon making the first team.

Saturday, January 19, the team played its first championship game, and defeated C. M. T. S., two to one. The game was not very fast, and Cambridge played only to win.

The team played as follows:

C. H. AND L.	C. M. T. S.
Stevens } .....	rushers .....
Parker }	Lochman
Beardsell .....	Sherman
Baldwin .....	Sawin
Stearns .....	Learned
	Grant

#### THE MELROSE GAME.

January 30, the polo team played Melrose High at Melrose. The game was decided in favor of Melrose—9 to 6—though in the opinion of most of the Cambridge supporters, the decision in regard to the goal which gave Melrose the game was an unfair one. Though the game was very close, as was expected, still Cambridge played a better game than the most sanguine had hoped,—in fact, outplayed Melrose at nearly every

point. For the individual work of Clarkson and Beardsell too much cannot be said. Clarkson, as usual, was everywhere at the same time; while Beardsell, at centre, played a phenomenal game, only missing two or three drives. At the end of the first half, Cambridge had scored the only goal. In the second half, Melrose scored two goals, which were followed by another goal for Cambridge. Score at the end of time was 6 to 6. During the ten minutes' play at the end, Melrose made the goal in question, thus giving them the game.

MELROSE.	CAMBRIDGE.
Cushman }	rushers .....
Leach }	Clarkson
Owen .....	Stevens
Dearborn .....	Beardsell
Carr .....	Baldwin
Score — Melrose, 3;	Stearns
Cambridge, 2.	Melrose, 1.

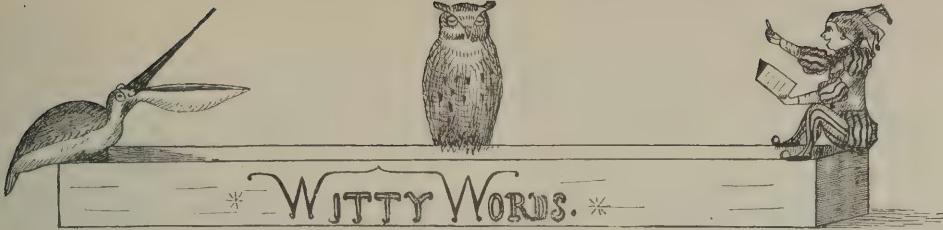
Friday, February 1, the last game of the season was played with Somerville, and C. H. and L. won easily—2 to 0—although no score was made in the first half. Stevens and Parker played well together. The line-up was the same as with C. M. T. S., except Bacon played the first half in place of Parker.

## The Game of Chess

BY far the greater part of the games now played are founded upon chance, the principal exceptions being chess and the game called checkers. In the majority of games, if a player has good luck, he wins, and if he has bad luck, he loses; and his only opportunity of using skill is in making the most that he can of his good luck and reducing, to the best of his ability, the effects of his bad luck.

The ideal game is one in which chance does not exist, in which the result depends

upon skill alone, and one which it is a pleasure to play. But when the element of chance is eliminated, the opportunities for exercising skill must be increased in order to make up for the loss, or else the game lacks variety. To a certain extent is this loss counteracted in checkers; but if the game of checkers is the acorn, chess is the full-grown oak, comprising, as it does, great variety and brilliancy, and the greatest opportunities for the employment of skill and strategy.



**S**HIP-MATES — Twin screws.

Grounds for action — The foot-ball field.

Appointed to fill a vacancy — Your dining-table.

Food for reflection — The good dinner that you missed.

"You are sweet enough to eat," said he.

"I do regularly," was her quick reply.

A hard case for an oculist — A young lady who has a college student in her eye instead of a common pupil.

**I**NSTRUCTOR IN ASTRONOMY — Name a wonderful shooting star.

**J**ONES (*just returned from the West*) — Buffalo Bill.

**C**ONDUCTOR ON TREMONT HOUSE CAR — Move up.

**P**ASSENGER (*in a suffocated voice*) — Where, on the roof?

**H**ISTORY TEACHER — X, do you know how it was that Icarina fell from the heavens?

**X** (*absent minded*) — He must have slipped on a thunder peal.



VIRGINIA CREEPER.

**M**R. SNIFFWELL — Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions!

**B**RIDGET — Shure, mum, you're a moind reader.

**S**HE — And would you still wish to marry me if I had an artificial optic?

**H**E — Yes, darling; with all thy false eye'd love thee still.

**W**ILLIE — I am ambitious to go before the foot-lights.

**S**HE — Then you had better run along before papa comes down-stairs.

**G**UEST — Well, waiter, you have a curious life here. What do you find the pleasantest hour of the day?

**W**AITER — A half passed one, sir.

**D**R. PARKER — Yes, sir; I have literally snatched men from the grave.

**S**TOKES — Is that so,—when?

**D**R. PARKER — When I was a medical student, sir.

Why doesn't someone hurry up  
And get a name to call  
The Class of Nineteen Hundred  
That enters school next fall?

Now whether names be forthcoming  
By scores or by the lots,  
I'm sure there is not one to beat  
The name of Naughty-naughts.

**S**TANGE.

"No, ma'am," sighed Mrs. McGinnis, to the church visitor, "I can't seem to keep Johnny from swearing, nohow. He's only three, and you wouldn't believe what things he'll say. Here, Johnny, swear for the lady."



I.



II.

"Say! Mother, will you speak to that Sammy!"

"What's he doin' now?"

"Well, every time I hit him on de he'd wid dis hammer, he hollers!"

MR. STAYLATE — Yes, Miss Genevieve, I have been hunting for lodgings all the week.

MISS GENEVIEVE — You seem to have found them at last, Mr. Staylate.

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb."

"Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Howells so much."

FATHER (*impressively*) — Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?

IRREVERENT SON — I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?

BOARDER — Do you know if this chicken was accustomed to roost on the curb-stones before it was killed?

LANDLADY — I cannot say, Mr. Starr. Why do you ask?

BOARDER — I thought it tasted like a gutta-percha, Mrs. Brown.

THE NEW YORK GIRL — Lord Dumley, did you ever hear the joke about the museum keeper who had two skulls of St. Paul; one

when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?

LORD DUMLEY — No; what is it?

SCENE: An Irish cabin. Pat is ill. Doctor has just called.

DOCTOR — Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?

PAT — Yes, sir; be jabers, I have. But I don't feel any better. Maybe the lid hasn't come off yet.

GROCER — Well, little boy, what will you have?

LITTLE BOY — Fifteen cents' worth of molasses.

GROCER (*as he hands the pitcher over the counter, full*) — Where is your money?

LITTLE BOY — In the pitcher. I put it there so as to be sure not to lose it.



III.

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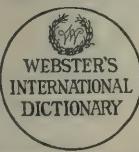
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## Latin School



## Notes

### WHO wrote it?

Sawyer, '98, has left for the High School.

Our fellows had hard luck in the Melrose game.

The Athletic Association is pushing the opera with vigor.

The polo team would like to get another show at Melrose.

The Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club is making rapid progress.

Cupid is now a girl,— so says one of the bright Third Class scholars.

Person, '96, has left school and will be missed very much by the class.

Melrose was greatly surprised, as she had expected to win the game with ease.

Hook, formerly of the Latin School, has been seen in town lately. He now lives in Bangor, Maine.

The first prize of the Chess Club can be seen in the bookcase on the second floor. The prize is a set of chess-men and board.

The following officers have been chosen by the First Class: President, H. N. Stearns; Vice-President, Miss M. W. Dorchester; Secretary, Miss L. C. Reynolds; Treasurer, C. P. Adams.

It has been decided by the Athletic Association to present each member of the '97

polo team, the winner of the class polo championship, with a group picture of the team. A banner, with suitable inscriptions, is also to be given.

There is a good deal of talk about the comic opera which is being projected. Nobody seems to know much about it outside of those who are "in it," although various rumors are current.

The Fifth Class scholars this year call themselves '99. What will next year's entering class style itself,—double oo, 100, or nothing? This is a problem for our promising young mathematicians.

The Webster Debating Society elected the following officers at its business meeting, February 8th: President, W. R. Estabrook; Vice-President, Miss H. M. Simpson; Treasurer, G. Bell; Recording Secretary, Miss M. D. Watson; Corresponding Secretary, F. E. Thayer; Rhetorical Committee, Miss Simmons, A. Drew and W. R. Estabrook.

A simultaneous match has been arranged between the C. L. S. C. C. and the Harvard Chess Club, which will be played at the next meeting of the Latin School Club. Harvard will probably be represented by Mr. Ballou, who made such an enviable record for himself in the intercollegiate tournament, while the school club will be represented by Richards, Willard, Emerson and Thayer. The leaders of the club tournament, with

the averages, are: Thayer, .894; Richards, .809; Emerson, .611; and Willard, .550, in the first grade; and Smith, .750; Blackburn, .600, and Dewing, .600, in the second grade.

Ninety-five held a very enjoyable social January 25th at Miss Cook's house, 20 Martin Street, North Cambridge. The attendance was the largest in the history of the class. The entertainment for the evening consisted of a "Photograph Party," and Miss Atwood and Mr. Baldwin carried off the honors by being the best guessers. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Leighton were the guests of the evening.

The Class of '96 held its last social at Miss E. B. Winslow's, 152 Magazine Street, January 8. A business meeting was first held and the following officers were elected: Mr. Hawes, President; Miss A. Chamberlain, Vice-President; Mr. Dogherty, Treasurer; and Miss D. Simmons, Secretary. The entertainment consisted of a Library Party.

The first lady's prize was won by Miss M. V. Arnold. After refreshments were served, dancing and singing were enjoyed. Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Chase, Miss Leighton, and Miss Sawyer were the welcome guests of the evening.

March 1st has been selected as the date for the '95 class play. The piece is filled with funny situations, and the characters are marked and interesting. The title of the play is "That Box of Cigarettes." Following is the cast:

Americus Vespuccius Oldboy, a representative American Citizen, by "George Washington,".... W. L. Raymond Christopher Columbus Oldboy, his son, and a backslider,

H. N. Stearns

Tom Darling, a nineteenth-century hero,.... C. P. Adams

Freddy Blake, one of "the fellows,"..... C. E. Baldwin

Miss Anastasia Bluebloodchester, a woman of mind and principle,..... Miss A. N. Bowles

Mrs. Christopher Columbus Oldboy, her niece, and a "foreign importation,"..... Miss M. H. Winslow

Molly Blake, another niece not to be trampled on,.....

Miss A. M. Soule

Phyllis Darling, not yet "out," and bound to be "in it,"

Miss M. L. Russell

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English

High



School

Notes

ARE you going to sing in the opera?

Ninety-five's dance will not occur until April.

Miss McIntire was confined to her home last week with an attack of the grip.

It is rumoured that work has begun in earnest on the proposed comic opera.

The High and Latin Schools have again joined forces to give Cambridge a first-class entertainment.

After the examinations in Astronomy, which occur on two days, the 18th and 20th, the Senior Class will take up Civics.

The Tech division was discussing classics the other day, when one of the fellows asked if Mark Twain's works were considered under that list.

The officers of the Class of '97 are: President, Miss Alice Close; Vice-President, Fred R. Willard; Secretary, Miss Elsie Davy; and Treasurer, Miss Florence Hilton.

The first "ladies' night" of the Bachelors' Club, held Wednesday evening, January 16, proved to be a very enjoyable occasion. Music and playing whist were in order until ten o'clock, when refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The second social of the Class of '97 was held on January 18 at the house of Miss Duer. There were about forty-five present, including five teachers and Mr. Huling.

The evening was spent in playing games and listening to piano solos. In the prize game of the evening Miss McLeod got the girls' prize and Master Kelsen the boys'. There was dancing and a repast was served at about 9.30.

Friday, February 8, a very pleasing and instructive lecture on "Saturn and Its Rings" was tendered the Senior Class by Mr. Clifton Howes of the Class of '90. The talk was illustrated by drawings of the planet as seen at its different phases. Mr. Howes, ever since his connection with the High School, has taken great interest in this kind of work, a great deal of which is original. He is a graduate of the Institute of Technology.

The first social of the Class of '95 was held Wednesday evening, January 23, at the home of Miss Bernice E. Mayhew, 98 Raymond Street, North Cambridge. Besides the members of the class there were present Mr. Huling, Miss Bird, Miss Deering, Miss Kate Martin, and Miss Forbes. The evening was passed in a most delightful manner. Among those who contributed to the enjoyment were Samuel W. Ball, Miss Florence A. Woods, Charles W. Crocker, and Albert R. Ellison. In the "Harlequin" party which was held, Miss Edith Barrett won the first prize, which was a silver thermometer; and Miss Ethel Murch captured the "booby." Refreshments were served.

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## C. E. H. S. D. S.

THE sixth regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on January 18. Although the subject was one of interest to every scholar in the school, there were less than the usual number present. The subject was: "*Resolved*, That the courses of study in the High Schools should be elective." Affirmative, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Moynahan; negative, Mr. Patterson and Mr. Barnes. The result of the vote on the merits of the question was affirmative 9, and negative 8. The vote on the merits of the debate resulted in negative, 17; affirmative, 0. Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Wolff, graduates of the school, both made speeches on the subject. The

meeting adjourned early, in order that the members might attend the Harvard-Yale debate.

The Science lecture room was crowded, Friday, February 1, the occasion being a mock trial. Mr. Charles W. Crocker was accused of stealing a pie from MacLaughlin's bakery on Broadway. The lawyers were: for the defence, Mr. William Parker; for the prosecution, Messrs. Burt R. Richards and D. J. Moynahan. The judge was J. E. Sharkey. H. A. MacKusick was the sheriff. Mr. Crocker was finally convicted of stealing the pie, and was sentenced to eat the remains of it, which were on exhibition.

## C. L. S. D. S.

FRIDAY evening, January 18, the subject was: "*Resolved*, That skating should be prohibited on Fresh Pond." The vote on the merits of the question resulted in favor of the negative. M. Blackburn, '97, was the first speaker and made the best speech of the evening. G. Dow, '98, then spoke for the negative. Emerson, '97, was the last speaker for the affirmative, and Clarke, '98, for the negative. Then the debate was opened to the house and nearly everyone spoke. Among these was Mr. Jacobs, a former president, who told about the Society during his sojourn at the Latin School, and also about some of the former presidents. The debate then returned to the principals, and M. Blackburn made a very witty speech for the affirmative, and G. Dow for the negative. The affirmative won on the merits of the debate.

Friday evening, February 1, there was a large attendance, owing to the fact that it was the semi-annual business meeting. The first business of the meeting was the reading of the reports of the Treasurer, the Secretary, and the Chairman of the Rhetorical Committee.

Then came the principal business of the evening,—the election of officers. M. Blackburn nominated W. R. Estabrook, '97, for president, in a neat speech; G. Goodridge, in nominating F. E. Thayer, '95, said that as long as it was Thayer's last term in school he ought to have the office. Thayer was elected. Other officers elected were: H. H. Murdock, '97, Vice-President; G. Goodridge, '95, Secretary; G. Dow, '98, Treasurer; M. Blackburn, '97, C. Locke, '98, W. Dyer, '98, and Graupner, '99, Rhetorical Committee.

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## REVIEW.

CAMBRIDGE  
MASSACHUSETTS.

OL. IX.

No. 6.

Price  
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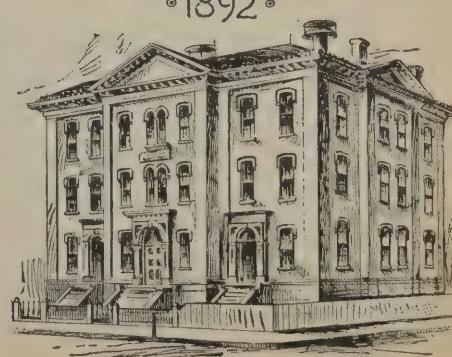


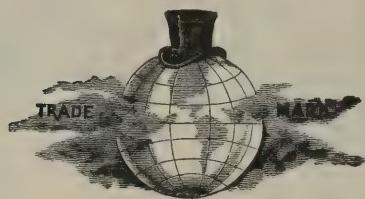
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MARCH

1895.



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# THE Latin and High School Review.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1895.

No. 6

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## Editorials

THE spring vacation begins with the close of school on Friday, March 29, and lasts until Monday, April 8. We are glad to announce that on the last day of school the scholars of the Latin School will have the pleasure of listening to the Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin Club, and very probably to the Orchestra as well. This will be the first appearance before the school of the former organization, and doubtless they will receive a warm greeting from all present.

In a week or two the warm weather will have come, and the base-ball team can then begin out-door work. For a month the men have been practising in the Cary Cage, and already many of them show marked improvement. There is a long list of candidates, and an unusual number are from the High School. We understand that a new system of practice is to be adopted. The system differs considerably from that in vogue among the college teams of the country, but may be better adapted to the different conditions which surround a school team.

The track athletic meeting, which takes place in Mechanics Hall this week, ought to prove a very interesting affair. Cambridge has entered a good team, and will fight hard to obtain a creditable rank among the contestants. The team race in which we are

entered is a new event for Cambridge, and will be the more interesting for that reason. In former years, we have made a very poor record on the track, although there has been a gradual improvement. Of course, handicapped by the lack of a gymnasium, we cannot hope to compete very successfully with schools which are well equipped in this respect.

The play which the Senior Class of the Latin School gave recently was such a success that ensuing classes will doubtless follow their example. The actors covered themselves and their school with glory, and proved conclusively that talent and good acting are not confined to the High School.

The comic opera which is to be presented next month, promises to be a great success. Until within a few weeks the whole thing has been kept a profound secret, and no one except those in the cast knew

anything further than that there was to be an opera. Recently, however, the name has been published, and this month we are able to give a few of the principal characters. The play will be given on two nights, and everyone in school should attend one or both performances. The proceeds will go to the Athletic Association, which at present stands badly in need of funds.

We learn from a reliable source that the principal reason for the non-appearance of the orchestra is the lack of new music, and not the lack of a desire to give pleasure to the scholars. Heretofore each member has purchased his own music, but this method did not meet with general approval, and the city authorities were petitioned for a small annual appropriation for the purpose. They did not see fit to grant the money, and as a result we have had no music. Such a worthy organization ought surely to receive the necessary financial support.

## That Breakfast Bell

EVERY morning while I'm sleeping,  
Dreaming of my charming — well,  
It doesn't matter what I'm dreaming —  
Fiercely rings that breakfast bell.

Oh, how I long to tumble over  
Just once more, and sleep a — well,  
What's the use of trying? Thunder!  
Hear that cussèd breakfast bell!

All in vain I pull the clothing  
O'er my head and swear like — well,  
Only fiercer, louder jingles  
That infernal breakfast bell!

Thus am I tormented daily,  
Driven crazy with its — well,  
There's the Gov'nor's voice. Great Cæsar!  
Can it be the dinner bell?

# The Mountain Lark

A CONTINUED STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—V.

“Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!”

—Hogg.

THE last day dawned. After all, Reginald felt very sorry, for, aside from a few unpleasant situations, he had passed the time most agreeably in the company of the young ladies.

Morton felt far from sorry to see the end of his troubles approaching, yet this morning he felt depressed. Something was going to happen, he gloomily prophesied. He was pessimistic in a modest fashion.

“You’re always thinking things will happen,” said Reginald irritably. “There’s no use in thinking of them till they come.”

Morton maintained an humble silence, but an unshaken opinion.

They soon descended to breakfast, where they found the young ladies and Miss Archer, who censured them for tardiness. She might have reserved her reproofs for a hastening opportunity.

They had finished breakfast and had gathered in the music-room. Eunice was playing a last waltz upon the piano, at the close of which was to come a series of confessions.

Suddenly came that same alarming noise of carriage wheels upon the drive; hurried footsteps, the opening and shutting of the front door, hasty steps across the hall. Then in the doorway, regarding them aghast, stood Mr. Thorpe. The boys were petrified with all sorts of emotions; Miss Archer uttered a tiny shriek; the waltz ended with a resounding discord. Then a pause.

At length Mr. Thorpe’s voice broke rudely in: “Who can explain the presence of this gathering in my house?”

But no one could.

“Your house!” cried Miss Archer, “your house! I in Theodore Thorpe’s house!” Then, turning to the young people, “Who is responsible for this?”

It can be easily imagined that they had no voice for answering this stern demand, so completely were they nonplussed. And yet someone must speak. There stood Mr. Thorpe and Miss Archer awaiting a reply. It reminded Morton of his first and last novel.

Finally Reginald stepped forward and told the story in a frank, open manner, which in any other case would have won half the pardon. But not so now. Then Eunice, who felt bound to acknowledge her part in the matter, continued in the same manner.

Anger gleamed from every frozen feature of Mr. Thorpe’s hardened face, but it was anger well controlled. In a voice which will never be forgotten by those present, he said to his nephew:

“The house with whose name you have deliberately trifled can hold you no longer. Both you and your friend may collect your belongings and go without delay.”

“And you,” said Miss Archer frigidly, addressing her niece, “have done a thing I shall find it hard to forgive. Later we will talk of that privately. Now go immediately with Sylvia where we are expected, and where we should already be. I shall come later with all our things.”

Slowly and silently the young people descended the stone steps, and walked down the long drive to the gateway, where they parted. Two went to the left, two went to the right, and two remained behind.

While awaiting further developments, we will now learn the causes which led to a result so astonishing to all.

In the first place, the unreadiness to receive the arrivals at the Archer house was owing to a misinterpretation of a letter. Mr. Archer sent word that his sister would arrive on the fifteenth. The figure five, being somewhat blotted, was understood to be an eight, and thus preparations for her reception were made for the eighteenth.

Next comes the mistake in regard to the photographs. For, of course, it was nothing but a mistake, although Miss Ivers stoutly declares it was not she who made it. Be that as it may, one was made, whether by the person exhibiting the pictures or no.

And now we come to the unexpected appearance of Mr. Thorpe. Why was that gentleman not safely cut off the way in Florida? Simply because he had been taken seriously ill while stopping on his way down, and was glad to return directly home, as soon as his health permitted.

Let us now go to the quaint old village inn where Reginald and Morton had spent the following night. Notwithstanding the preceding day's events they slept soundly, and Morton even grumbled upon being energetically aided to rise at the early hour of nine. One more surprise awaited them, one far greater than all the others. It came in the form of a letter smilingly presented to Reginald by the landlord. Completely mystified, the former broke the seal and, read as follows:

THORPE MANOR, June, 189—.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:

You will be surprised upon receiving this letter, and still more so upon reading it. For it contains an account of a part of my life about which you should now know—which bears directly upon what you have just done.

You have most emphatically shown me you were aware of the fact that a certain trouble existed between Miss Archer and myself. Of its nature and cause you are ignorant, but I shall now describe them briefly.

Miss Archer and myself were once in love. She was wealthy and handsome, I in good circumstances and of high rank. It promised to be a brilliant match, but it proved to be nothing of the kind.

Shortly before the marriage, I was suddenly called West,—so suddenly, in fact, that I had time only to write a short note explaining my absence. That night, without my knowledge, my fiancée became a pauper, destitute of the last cent. Immediately malicious tongues put two and two together, and soon after a package from Miss Archer was forwarded to me. It contained everything I had ever given her, but nothing else,—not even one word of explanation or farewell. My pride and anger were so great I never sought a reconciliation, but believed a rumor which reached me, saying she was engaged to another.

Not until this day have I learned that my letter of explanation never reached its destination.

Thus you see, by means of your thoughtless deception, you have cleared me from false appearances of dishonor. Therefore, this deception I forgive, according to its result, and welcome you and your friend, who I have reason to think was very little to blame in this matter, back to Thorpe Manor.

I know you will come where you are awaited.

Your Affectionate Uncle,

THEODORE I. THORPE.

It was some time before Reginald could recover from the surprise caused by this abrupt and unexpected note. He could hardly realize the sudden change of his uncle's feelings towards him. But his speculation upon the subject was momentary only.

"Who is it from?" inquired Morton, as patiently as if it had been but for the tenth time.

"Three cheers for uncle," shouted Reginald. "He's done the thing up brown this time, and we're forgiven all round. All aboard for Thorpe Manor."

"Are we going back then?" asked Morton with serious apprehension. The prospect of more narrow escapes and cross-examinations was truly alarming.

"Of course we're going back," responded Reginald gaily, in conclusion to a full explanation of their sudden turn of fortune. "Of course those charming young ladies have been received with outstretched arms by this time; of course uncle and Miss Archer are good-natured, and beaming like all possessed, and of course we'll have no end of fun. How's that for a lark?"

And Morton could only resign himself to fate.

That same afternoon our heroes retraced their steps to the great stone gateway. Here they beheld our heroines slowly toiling up the opposite side of the hill, and thereupon waited for them to arrive, when a general reunion took place. Eunice addressed Reginald as a prodigal nephew, and seemed even more animated than usual, while Sylvia's reserve and constraint had entirely disappeared. Together they approached the house, Eunice and Reginald joking, laughing, and otherwise behaving as usual, Sylvia and Morton conscientiously discussing the weather.

Mr. Thorpe and Miss Archer were standing on the steps to meet them. So great a change seemed to have come over them that the young people scarcely recognized them as the cold, severe old gentleman and the stern old lady of the day before.

"Welcome to Thorpe Manor, every one," cried Mr. Thorpe, with a cordial ring quite foreign to his voice; "and," leading forth Miss Archer, "behold its future mistress!"

Then followed congratulations and handshakings.

"How glad I am I never told you all the things I thought I knew so well!" said Eunice, impulsively embracing her aunt. "For then this might never have happened."

"If all jolly larks turn out like this, I shall be tempted to try another immediately," laughed Reginald.

They paused to watch the glorious sunset. Opposite them the mountains stood silently aglow in the golden light of departing day. A cloud drifted slowly through the valley below them. Suddenly it ceased its flight, glowed with gilded tints of rose, and caressed the feet of "Thorpe Manor."

(*The End.*)

## Lines Drawn Parallel

MISS Appleton was pouring tea for herself and her visitor that February afternoon, preparatory to a social chat, when Mrs. Hanston called for the family washing. After the linen had been properly disposed of, Miss Appleton returned to her visitor in the parlor.

"How are the Hanstons now?" asked Miss Simpson.

"Just about as usual."

But such a nonchalant reply hardly satisfied Miss Simpson, who went on to say that she thought it was just too awful for anything that the poor Hanstons should be starving right in this very town, as though the case might be entirely different had the

Hanstons been starving in Boston instead of in Chester. Of course she knew it was a very hard year for all the people,—papa had told her so a good many times when he explained how Mr. Hanston was willing to work but could not get anything to do, and was far too proud to accept assistance. Miss Appleton let her visitor rattle on, knowing that she would do no harm. In fact, she rather enjoyed this type of girl, who really knew little except what papa told her was going on, and what mamma told her about her own conduct. She never knew why things were so, yet she did know that they were so. Miss Appleton wondered if this were not best after all; all human

beings must trust something, somewhere, why not—

"I suppose you find such cases very interesting, don't you?" asked Miss Simpson.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Appleton, recalled from her reverie.

"Mamma belongs to your Charity Club and she thinks you know an awful lot; you've been to college, you know. Mamma told us an awful funny thing the other day, do you know? She said that there was a poor woman whom you found out about. Then you went and investigated the case—is that what you call it?—and gave the poor woman fifteen dollars to buy things to eat. And she went and got her pictures taken and those of all her children, too, and she had only three dollars for food."

"Yes, everything has its funny side," laughed Miss Appleton, looking at her visitor to catch the expression on her face.

"Oh, I say," cried her visitor, "there's Mr. Goodby and Miss Ashton out driving right after the snow-storm. Awful hurry, I must say. Here comes little Tommy Hanston with a big snow shovel. O my, what a chance! let's hire him and give him a whole stack of money. Why, I've got two or three dollars with me and I'll give it every bit to him."

"It wouldn't do any good," said Miss Appleton, quietly. "I'll attend to him." Quickly she ran to the door and called Tommy up onto the porch. Tommy came readily enough, a sturdy, red-cheeked boy of fourteen—a regular second edition of his father.

"Now, Tommy, you had better go and do all the other walks you can before you touch mine. Mine will keep, you know, and you can do it later."

"Yes'm," and Tommy went off, Miss Appleton again returning to the parlor.

"Why didn't you keep him?" asked Miss Simpson.

"He's coming back."

"Say, can't you give him this money for me? I know you could if you tried; you're awful bright, mamma says."

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that. Mr. Hanston is very suspicious of charity."

"Well, I guess he'd take it from me. Nobody ever— Why, I'll go right down and give it to him myself."

"I'm very positive you could do no good and might do some harm."

"Well, I can try, at any rate."

"Your mother wouldn't like it, I'm sure."

"Why? Oh, well, if there's something I can't understand, it's all right. Come, walk home with me. It will do you good."

Together they put on their things and walked over to Mr. Simpson's in the twilight, arm in arm. At Mr. Simpson's gate they met Walter Simpson, who had just returned from the clearing house.

"Why, Walter," said his sister, "you are just in time to walk home with Marion; you"—

"There's no need, really."

"That's all right; I can go just as well as not—in fact, I think I'll go over for the mail while I'm about it."

"Good-night, Marion," called out Miss Simpson, as her brother offered his arm to Miss Appleton, declaring that it was somewhat slippery. As a matter of fact the snow was soft and hardly at all slippery.

"Good-night," returned Miss Appleton, accepting Walter's arm with a simple "Thank you."

"What do you think?" said Walter. "We are going to have a change in the Bank; we are going to adopt the Swiss system. You know you always said that system was far the best ever since you studied it in college."

"Didn't you study it in college yourself?" she asked.

"Studied? Yes; I took the course but learned hardly a single thing. You see, as I've often told you before, girls are better fitted to understand just where they are 'at' in college. But here we are at your gate. I'll see you at the Daltons' tomorrow night, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; good-night," and Miss Appleton went into her house. She at once began to plan for Tommy's return. She had the cook fry sausages and warm some potatoes. Thick slices of bread were spread with butter, and preparations were made to serve hot chocolate as soon as Master Tommy appeared. They waited a long while but they heard him at last beginning to scrape the sidewalk with his shovel. Miss Appleton gave the signal for chocolate and started for Tommy.

"Tommy, come here. Why, my dear child, you're cold. Come in and get some hot chocolate before you begin."

Tommy tried to say something, but Miss Appleton kept on talking to him as she helped him into the hall and off with his coat. It was a force Tommy couldn't resist. The chocolate was given him first, then the cook brought a slice of bread. It was some time before he touched it, but, poor child, he was too hungry to resist long. The sausages completed the poor boy's temptation and his fall was complete—he fell in with a square meal. Just as Tommy was about through, Miss Appleton came into the kitchen and began to get some chocolate for herself. Tommy was urged to have another cup "just for company," and of course he couldn't refuse. Tommy kept looking at her all the time and wondering why she wasn't married. She was certainly old enough, and pretty enough, and good enough, too,—perhaps too good. After all,

she had everything she wanted without—His thoughts ran on in this strain until he began to feel ashamed and blushed. Miss Appleton laughed and asked him how much he made shovelling snow.

"Well, m'am, you know I always shovel the Widow Smith's and Mr. Somerby's for thirty cents. Then I got another job for twelve cents down by the station. Then I tramped around awhile and came down here."

Tommy kept rattling on now that he was once started. Miss Appleton wondered if he wasn't big enough to cut her wood. Her own wood-pile was low and her father always used to get it replenished every winter. Since his death, she tried to carry on everything just as he had done. A modern girl, yet she liked the old ways. At last she said:

"Tommy, don't you suppose you could cut my wood for me this year? I haven't been able to get anyone else and the time is almost here. Do you think that you are strong enough to do it?"

"Yes'm; I think so."

"Very well, you may begin as soon as you like."

Tommy went out, much pleased at the prospect of earning more money. Quickly he shovelled the paths, and the cook stuffed his pockets with doughnuts before he left for home. Tommy began to eat one immediately, and the cook returned to the house muttering, "Bless me! that boy, how he do eat."

Tommy went home, and his arrival brightened things up considerably. He spread his money on the table, and every member of the family crowded around to see it. Susie and little Johnny didn't exactly know what it meant, but they had a vague idea that it was something good.

"Now, Tommy, you must tell us how you got it."

Tommy was only too glad to go over the story again. Boys like to feel that they amount to something, as well as older people, and this was Tommy's chance. Then at the end of the story, he told of the work he was going to do in Miss Appleton's wood yard.

"Why couldn't you do that, pa?" asked Mrs. Hanston.

"No; I couldn't. Don't you see it's nothing but charity, anyway. Mother, you know as how my father and grandfather never received charity. I'm more and more troubled about Miss Appleton. I'm about sure she's trying to help us."

"Why, pa, suppose she is! You know you have not had a real meal for three months and you are looking just as poor and thin as can be. Come now, do eat something!"

Her husband smiled at her as he said, "The food of those people chokes me, and you and the children must eat. It's an awful pass I've brought you to. You know as how my father and grandfather never let their wives go out wash—"

"There, there, pa, don't you care. You've earned bread for us all this many a year. It's our turn now. Come, eat just a little."

Poor man, tortured in body and mind, he tried to eat to please his wife; but somehow he had no appetite, the food clung to the roof of his mouth and he could only swallow it by a gulp of water. He smiled and ate a few crumbs, then asked for some tea, which he drank. No one spoke during the meal; the children were too busy and Mrs. Hanston too tired. Tommy, tired out and happy, had gone to bed.

After supper Mr. Hanston put on his coat and went out. His wife watched him, glad, on the whole, that he cared to go out for a little air. He went straight to Miss Appleton's and rang the bell. The young lady

came to the door herself and asked him in.

"No, thank ye, ma'am," he said, when he was asked to take off his coat. "I just come up to see ye on a little matter that's been a-worritin' of me. You know as how—"

"Come in and sit down in the music-room, that's where I always talk over serious things," laughed the young lady.

He followed her out of the hall into the music-room and seated himself a moment for politeness sake and then stood up again, fumbling with his hat. He felt ill at ease in these surroundings and forgot what he was saying a moment before. It occurred to him that the correct thing would be to bow very low—like people in pictures—an idea which he carried out at once. Then, abstractedly, he put his hat again on his head.

This performance rather bewildered Miss Appleton, who thought he was going away.

"You were saying?" she suggested.

"Oh, yes, I know," said he, bringing his hat down to "the carry" again. "I was a-sayin' as how we're much obliged to ye, Miss Appleton, fer yer kindness, but you know as how my father and grandfather never got help from anybody. And I don't—"

"Now, Mr. Hanston, I've never given your family a thing but what they've earned twice over."

"Yes; but ye do it because you know as how we're poor. My father and—"

"Why shouldn't the poor have a chance to work as well as the rich? Didn't your father and grandfather work?"

"Yes, God bless 'em, they worked; they never—needed—charity. Oh, Miss Appleton, ye can't understand. Now about Tommy and the wood-cutting—d'y'e mean ter say it ain't charity?"

"Certainly, it's no charity. I hired him

and he accepted the proposition. He's old enough to know what he's about. Did your father and grandfather ever go back on their word?"

"Miss Appleton, ye can't understand me."

"Oh, perhaps not, but I think I do. Now sit down and I'll play you something."

She turned around to the piano and played an old, old melody which he had heard ever since he was a child. When she had finished, he asked her to play it again, and then a third time. Then he rose to go in a dumb sort of way, feeling deep in his heart that his father and grandfather must also have heard that music. He hoped they did.

After wandering up and down the street a few times, he called on Mr. Simpson to get him to go and convince Miss Appleton of the error of her ways. Mr. Simpson informed him that women are women and you can't change them or their minds. The only way to do is to give in and get along as best you can. Mr. Hanston went home more troubled than ever.

After school next day, Tommy appeared, and Miss Appleton set him to work on the wood-pile. After awhile she sent him out a lunch, and at six o'clock told him that it was time for him to go home. She paid him as much as she dared for the day's work and sent him home happier than a prince of the mythical *dolce far niente* land where people live a joyless life, for being without care it must be without joy. Day after day Tommy worked steadfastly at the wood-pile, and things at home remained much as they had been. His mother did what she could to help, and they had enough to eat to keep soul and body together. Tommy was the only one who got a good "square" meal a day. They were not troubled about rent; in fact, for about six months Mr. Simpson's

agent had not called at all. Mr. Simpson had told him that the Hanstons were to stay for the present, and that was all there was about it. Day by day Mr. Hanston himself grew more and more pale and thin, and more than ever suspicious of charity. He never reasoned about the matter now, he merely remembered "as how it was with his father and grandfather." Mrs. Hanston, poor woman, was becoming alarmed, and finally spoke to Miss Appleton about her husband and his troubles. Miss Appleton had already known what the matter was, but had seen no means of remedying it. He was so much run down in body and mind that he was no longer governed by reason. Sentiment, which forever stands behind reason, now ruled him. Besides, he was suspicious to the last degree. Everything that came into the house worried him. He moaned and writhed in his sleep. At last he rested neither night nor day.

At this crisis the doctor was consulted. He said the only thing that could save him was a change of scene and plenty of healthful food. Then Miss Appleton and Mr. Simpson had a long consultation. Several things were suggested, but at last Miss Appleton hit upon a plan which seemed to meet the exigencies of the case exactly. She proposed that Mr. Simpson hire Mr. Hanston to go to England on a very important errand—to carry over a bag of gold coin and deposit it in the Bank of England. A bag filled with stones could be given him, and the officials at the bank in England could be informed of the enterprise beforehand and compliment him for his faithfulness on his arrival. The plan promised well, and Mr. Simpson sent for Mr. Hanston to come to his office the next day. Mr. Simpson was shocked to see him; he had no idea that the poor man had grown so pale. Gladly would he have taken his visitor down-

stairs to the restaurant in the next street, yet he had to receive him as coldly as the open grave receives the remains of mortal men. That was the way rich men had always treated Hanson, and Mr. Simpson knew that cold treatment would seem like business and all idea of charity would go out of Mr. Hanston's head at once.

"Sit down, Hanston, I'll attend to you directly," said Mr. Simpson curtly, hardly glancing up from his ledger. As a matter of fact he was scrawling on a bit of waste paper, making up his mind as to how he could best go about the affair in hand. At length he turned to his visitor and said:

"You know, Hanston, you've had my house for some time, and — of course, man, it's all right. But you know I thought you might like — no, — well, I mean that you would feel much easier if it were paid up. Is that not so?"

"Yes, yes; God knows I never wanted to be in debt. You know as how my father and grandfather never —"

"Yes, I understand. Now what I want is to get some good, trustworthy man to take a valuable package for me to the Bank of England. Of course I can't pay big wages for that, but it's better than nothing for you, and you will be paying your debts and not be a burden on your family. I have seen Mr. Short, and he says the iron works will start up soon after you get back, and you can go to work again on the old terms. Now what do you say, — will you go?"

"Yes, and be glad to go."

"Very well; that relieves my mind. Come over to my house tonight and we'll talk it all over. Good day. Ah! you'd better prepare to go as soon as possible, that's all."

Miss Appleton was overjoyed at the success of her idea, and thought it would be nice to have Tommy get something so that the family might have a little celebration

before their father went away. She went to the market and had the butcher pull the leg off a big turkey, and otherwise mutilate it. Then she paid for it, and told him to sell it cheap to little Tommy Hanston, who would come for it about six o'clock. "Do you understand?"

"Yes'm." He understood perfectly, and resolved to send something with it of his own free will.

After Tommy had finished his work for the evening, Miss Appleton gave him two days' pay and told him to go to the market to buy something for a dinner for his father before he went away. In about fifteen minutes Tommy came back loaded down.

"Oh, Miss Appleton," he cried; "see here,— I've got the beautifullest turkey you ever saw. I got him awful cheap, too; one of his legs got pulled off by mistake and — ain't he a dandy?"

"Why, Tommy, he's a regular beauty. Well, that is fine. Now you'll save me the wish-bone, won't you?"

"Yes'm; now I must hurry home to show it to mother. Won't she be glad, though, when —" and in a twinkling he was charging up the street, leaving Miss Appleton to realize that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Dinner the next day at the Hanstons' was celebrated in due form. Mr. Hanston hardly spoke all the morning, and once, when his wife opened the oven door, he muttered something about a "Merry Christmas," although Christmas had passed months before. Yet it was a merry forenoon for his wife just the same. She bustled about and her heart was full of joy, and the harder she worked the happier she was. Just before dinner Tommy came home from school and was rather surprised to hear his father call out, "Merry Christmas to you, Master Thomas."

Tommy looked at him rather puzzled; then, thinking it all a joke, he called out, "A Happy Fourth of July, papa."

"How did you like your presents, Tommy?" asked his father.

Tommy, bent on keeping up the joke, said, "Very well, papa."

"And the valuable box from the Bank of England, did you like that?"

"Why, yes, indeed."

"I knew you would. You know as how your father and grandfather —"

"Come to dinner, pa. You must carve the turkey."

Mr. Hanston stood up and took his place at the head of the table opposite his wife, and began operations on the turkey. But he seemed to make no progress at all, and stopped frequently to ask about the Christmas presents of one or other of the children.

Mrs. Hanston was beginning to get very much alarmed, when he half sat and half

fell into his chair, and then tumbled onto the floor.

"Oh, papa, you fell just like me did other day. Did you hurt you'self, papa?" laughed little Johnny in high glee.

That question of little Johnny's was never answered. The neighbors came in and did what they could, but all they could do was to be kind to the children. On the third day Mr. Hanston was laid at rest with his father and grandfather.

On the day after the funeral, little Tommy came to Miss Appleton's as usual. Before going to work he called to see her. She brought him into the music-room and played him the same old hymn which she had played for his father before. After she had finished he said :

"Miss Appleton, I must work real hard to earn all you pay me. For you know as how my father and grandfather —"

Yes; Miss Appleton knew, and she cared for him.

## The Lark and the Owl

THE blithesome lark, on morning wing,  
Rises to greet the light;  
The owl, though, does the proper thing  
In sitting up at night.

Wearied with early-rising cares,  
The lark rests with the sun;  
The owl, the joys of darkness shares —  
His lark has just begun.

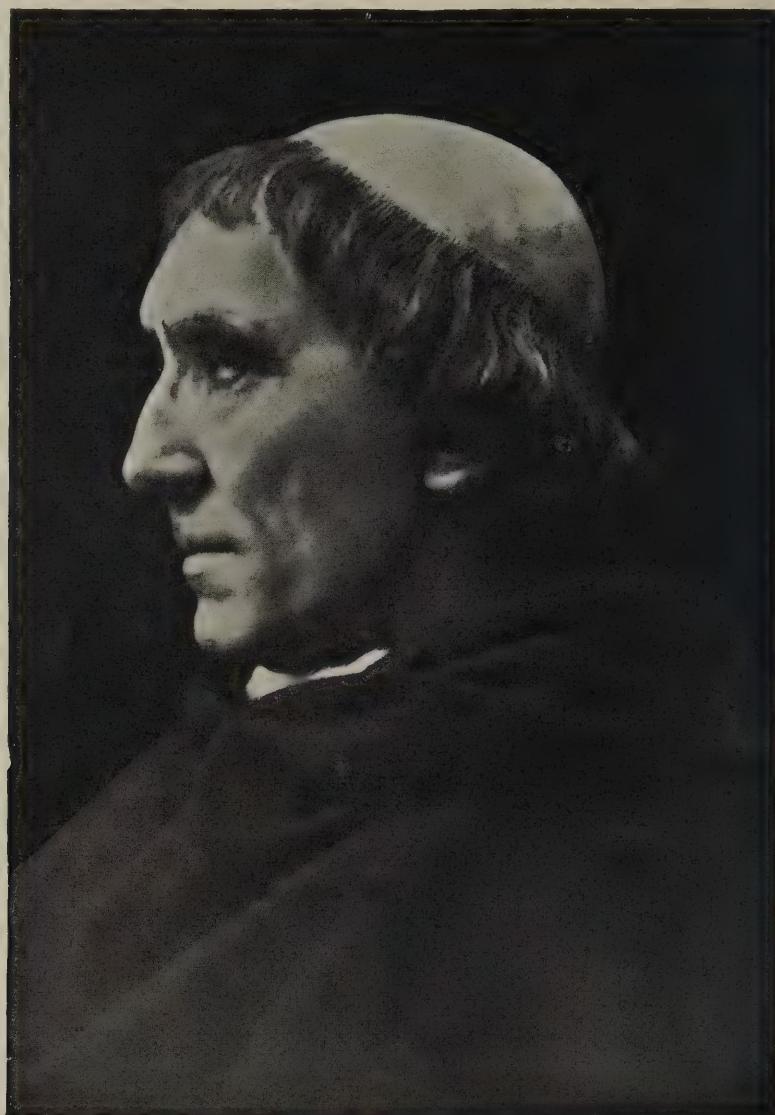
Let bird that's up at daybreak kite  
And carol as it may;  
The bird that's bumming round at night  
Is *wisest*, all men say.



## Henry Irving

TO one who had always heard of Henry Irving as a name to conjure with, what a joy it was to see him last winter and his

supervision. This shows itself first in the scenery, so perfect and satisfying a setting for the acting. A large part of the effect in



graphic portrayal of the characters and times of centuries past!

The chief point that strikes one in each of his plays is that the magnificent effect is the immediate result of his direct and personal

the scenery is due to the use of gauze curtains, one behind the other. For instance, in the first scene of "Charles I," one seemed to be looking far down the peaceful river to Hampton Court; or later, where the camp at

Newark is portrayed, one involuntarily leaned forward to pierce the mists of morning and see the encampment of the army. The second point where the personal supervision of Mr. Irving shows itself is in the perfection of acting of the minor characters. We are told that Mr. Irving is present at every rehearsal, and we can readily believe it; as when in "Henry VIII" the populace awaits the coming of Anne Boleyn on her way to her coronation. How different is it from the listless and perfunctory way that "supes" and members of ordinary theatre companies in general play their parts! In this presentation not one forgot the part he was playing, but appeared as curious and interested in the coming event as if he were indeed one of the London mob who witnessed the fair young queen's short triumph.

Coming now to the acting itself of this great man, we can say nothing except in superlatives. Everyone knows Mr. Irving's personality, but how that personality can suddenly change and allow itself for the time being to be merged in that of the man Irving is portraying! Who that saw him as

the ill-starred, the martyred king, Charles I, can fancy him transformed into the repulsive, crafty, superstitious Louis XI, frantically fearing death and bestowing his craven caresses on the brass images with which he had fairly bordered his velvet cap, praying to the "sweet images" to let him live until he had killed just one more enemy? Who that has seen him as the stately and cunning cardinal can fancy him transformed into the grovelling Jew, bewailing with equal fervor, "My ducats and my daughter"?

No account of this great master is complete without a word of enthusiastic praise for Ellen Terry, that gracious woman with the sweet voice, who so ably carries out the womanly side of these great plays.

To one who has seen Henry Irving so many times, and each time with renewed pleasure and appreciation, it is difficult to bring to a close so brief an account of this great master of the stage. I will simply say in conclusion that the illustration with this article represents him in perhaps his best known character, that of Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

## Notice

THE performances of the High and Latin School comic opera, "The Prince of Cairo," are to be given in Brattle Hall on Friday evening, the 19th of April, and on Wednesday evening, the 24th. The price of tickets will be 75 cents.

In order to give the scholars and graduates the first chance for the best seats, applications will be received on or before Tuesday, March 26, by the following persons:

E. W. Stevens, C. L. S. '95.

H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95.

W. L. Raymond, C. L. S. '95.

Conrad Bell, C. L. S. '96.

L. D. Humphrey, C. L. S. '97.

H. A. MacKusick, E. H. S. '95.

J. F. D'Arcy, E. H. S. '96.

The best section of the house will be reserved for those who make application. Equal lots will then be drawn for the particular positions in this section. The remaining seats will then be disposed of in open sale.



**A**MERICANS in Germany are obliged to show their passports in order to remain.

The fields of Waterloo and Linder are covered with a crop of crimson poppies every year.

The entire civilized world, Russia alone excepted, began the New Year on January 1. In Russia the year will not be ushered in till March 25.

It is said that at this time there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries where they ruled.

Mexico's great drainage canal, which is thirty miles long, will be opened in about sixteen months. Its construction will cost something like \$20,000,000.

The Legislature has passed a bill forbidding the display of any save the American flag upon the City Hall or other public buildings, except as a courtesy to a distinguished foreign guest.

There is on foot a scheme for the purchase of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. It now stands in a shabby condition, marked by a tablet, and is frequently visited by Americans. It is also proposed

to collect in the house various objects connected with Carlyle's memory.

A bill to establish a national park on the battle-ground at Gettysburg, Pa., has passed both branches of Congress.

Probably the largest price ever asked for a new book is the six hundred dollars demanded for a vellum copy of the Chaucer folio, now being printed. The copies printed on paper have already been bought.

An offer has been received from Cape Colony to establish free trade with Canada, which would give the latter an advantage in the markets of the Cape equal to 20 per cent over the United States, and even Great Britain.

Reports of a revolution in Colombia have been received; there has been severe fighting and loss of life. General Acosta is urged to declare himself President of the republic. The Panama Canal and railway property are in danger of being destroyed.

The financial crisis in Newfoundland has everywhere awakened the sympathies of the people, and relief steamers with food and clothing have been sent there. The inhabitants are engaged in the fisheries prin-

cipally, and their savings were placed in two banks which, on the same day, suspended payment. As the government permitted the banks to issue a great number of notes, which had come to be regarded as legal tender, when the crash came the people found themselves in possession of worthless paper and scarcely any specie; as a result, the suffering has been extreme.

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Quite a stir has been created in social circles by the marriage of Miss Anna Gould and Count Boniface de Castellane. The

marriage took place at the home of the bride's brother, and the next day the Count and Countess sailed for Europe, whence they will make a tour round the world.

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On March 2 the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, died. He had not held the power for several years, as he had abdicated in favor of his son at the command of the Sultan, owing to financial difficulties. While he was in power he ruled with a firm hand; during his reign the Suez Canal was completed.

## Book Reviews

"BACK COUNTRY POEMS." By Sam Walter Foss. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A book full of short poems, written in the "back country" dialect, and full of humor and philosophy. Almost every verse has a comical turn, and the wit is of the kind that is truly amusing. There is, besides, in these poems a naturalness, a love of humanity, and an insight into human nature that is exceedingly rare in modern writers.

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"WEE LUCY." By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, illustrated, 75 cents.

To say that the author of the Prudy books has written a new story for the little folks is sufficient to cause a sensation in any family where there are children, and to say that the story relates to Little Prudy's children will give additional interest to the announcement. It is some time since Prudy came onto the stage, and in the meantime the heroine of long ago has been growing older, and now has a family of her own with whom the reader makes acquaintances in the new volume. Wee Lucy and Jimmie

Boy figure in as many laughable adventures, and have all the quaint and lovable ways of Little Prudy and Dotty Dimple of worldwide fame. The funny sayings and doings of Wee Lucy will strike a kindred chord in all wide-awake children, especially those with a vein of humor in their make-up, while the moral truths therein are unconsciously absorbed. The secret of this author's popularity seems to be that the experiences of her characters are those of a great many "flesh and blood" children.

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"DANVIS FOLKS." By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

As a specimen of the New England dialect of the past, this story is admirable, and moreover, furnishes very pleasant and entertaining reading. The scene is laid in the little hamlet of Danvis, under the shadow of Vermont mountains. The characters are all good, but the most delightfully drawn is that of the old man who has his military doings forever on his tongue, "Gran'ther Hill." Danvis folks are very real people,

of flesh and blood, and Mr. Robinson understands and portrays them as no one without experience among them could.

**"SWEET CLOVER: A ROMANCE OF THE WHITE CITY."** By Clara Louise Burnham. Cloth, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A charming love story, whose scenes are laid among the glories of the World's Fair — itself a romance to many who beheld it. It is delightful to have the sounds and sights of the great "White City" brought so vividly before the mind. It requires no stretch of the imagination for readers of this book to see again all the wonderful things that they saw there, but this time through other eyes. The story itself is remarkable for its interest and its pure tone.

#### NEW MUSIC.

From the White-Smith Publishing Co.: Vocal—"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," sacred song by W. O. Wilkinson; "Jus' a-Listen," plantation song by B. M. Davison; "The Gates of Silence"; "Good Night, Papa"; "A Soldier's Love Song"; "The Old Cathedral." Instrumental—"The Jolly Drummers"; "The Duchesse Waltz"; "Satin Slippers"; march, "Ferdinand and Isabella"; waltz, "Where the Lilies Bloom"; galop, "The Home Stretch." Of the vocal music, "The Gates of Silence," "A Soldier's Love Song," and "Good-Night, Papa," are especially worthy of mention. "Jus' a-Listen" is a very catchy descriptive minstrel song. The "Satin Slippers" polka and "The Duchesse" waltz are among the best of the instrumental selections.

"Sweetest Story Ever Told," by R. M. Stults, which comes to us from the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, is one of the most

charming love-songs that have appeared in recent years. There is a gracefulness and melody in every line of it, a delightful flavor of youth and sentiment in every word and note, that is entirely irresistible. Over a dozen different arrangements of the song have been made, including: song for soprano or tenor in G, and mezzo-soprano or baritone in F, Easy Transcription, guitar solo, two guitars, mandolin solo, two mandolins, mandolin and guitar, two mandolins and guitar, guitar and piano, mandolin and piano, two mandolins and piano, cornet and piano. The transcriptions for guitar and mandolin have proved especially effective, and altogether "Sweetest Story" promises to be more sung and played and listened to in 1895 than any other song before the public.

It is difficult to find, in any "Collection of Waltzes," more than half a dozen compositions which have attained an uncommon degree of popularity. By far the greater number, although excellent, perhaps, from a technical point of view, do not reach the popular taste, and add little to the value of the book which contains them. The distinctive feature of the "Favorite Collection of Waltzes" is that, from the very nature of its compilation, it entirely escapes this fault. There is no "dead-wood" in the book. Every one of the forty-eight pieces which it contains has been a "favorite" in the best sense of the word. It is impossible to look its contents through without finding many waltzes which one has, at some time, played, or danced to, or been fond of. The low price of the collection can in no sense of the word be taken as a measure of its merit and desirability. The music throughout is easy, but from the best sources, and the book will make a valuable addition to any piano player's repertory. Oliver Ditson Company, Boston; 50 cents.

# The Soliloquy of an Old Lady

BY HARRIETT F. JONES, '96.

I AM old and weak and weary,  
And my life is sad and dreary,  
And I often pray that I may be taken home ;  
But I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,  
Always wondering and debating,  
For I must be spared for something,—spared for something more.

In the cold nights of the winter  
Often go I without supper,  
And I draw up in the corner, cold and all alone ;  
And the wind is sighing, sighing,  
And my poor heart's ever crying,  
But I'm sure I'm left for something,—left for something more.

All the good luck born here with me  
Long ago took wings and left me,  
And I am doomed without it evermore to roam ;  
But I'm trusting, simply trusting,  
That ere long I shall be resting,  
That I'll do that little something,—do that something more.

Yonder lie my father, mother,  
And beyond them husband, brother,  
And I always go to see them every day at dawn ;  
Yet I'm left here, poor and lonely,  
Without friends and without money,  
But 't must be I'm left for something,—left for something more.

Why did God take yonder baby,  
Full of love and full of beauty,  
And leave me, a poor old beggar, scorned and all alone ?  
Surely I can do but little,  
I'm so poor and weak and feeble,  
Is it, that I can do something,—can do something more ?

I'll not ponder o'er it longer,  
I will cease to murmur further,  
For I know it can't be long ere I am taken home ;  
So I'll do whate'er's before me,  
Hoping then, my Lord, to see thee,  
When I have done that something,—done that something more.

## C. L. S. '95 Comedy and Dance

MANY classes of the Latin School have distinguished themselves by their innovations and interest in school affairs, and among these the Class of '95 must now be granted a prominent place. For the first time in the history of the school a class has undertaken to present a dramatic entertainment. The play was given in Brattle Hall, March 1, 1895, and proved a great success financially, under the able management of Mr. R. E. Andrews. Thanks are due to Mr. MacGill for his efficient aid in coaching the cast. The plot of the play is as follows: Anastasia Bluebloodchester, "a woman of mind and principle," is visiting her niece, Mrs. Christopher Oldboy, who has married an American, Christopher Oldboy, much against the wishes of his father, Americus. Molly Blake, another niece of Anastasia's, is engaged to Tom Darling. Phyllis Darling, a sister of Tom's, is in love with Molly's brother Fred. Some thirty years ago, Anastasia had refused Americus Oldboy because he was addicted to the use of tobacco. Anastasia finds a box of cigarettes in Fred Blake's coat pocket. To get him out of this dilemma, Tom claims the cigarettes as his own. At this, Anastasia breaks his engagement with Molly. At last, after many humorous situations and laughable scenes, the play ends with engagements all round.

Mr. Raymond, as Americus, carried off the honors of the evening. His make-up was excellent, and his spirited acting carried away the audience. We particularly wish to remark upon his able personification, under the mistletoe, of a disappointed lover.

Miss Adah N. Bowles, as Miss Anastasia, clearly proved that good acting is not confined to professionals, and that "a woman of mind and principle" is not such a bad article after all.

It is needless to say that the acting of Mr. Stearns as Christopher Oldboy took the house by storm and convulsed the audience. His ability is too well known to need comment.

Mrs. Christopher Oldboy was represented by Miss Winslow, who ably seconded the acting of her husband, Christopher, and ought to be ranked far above par (not Americus Oldboy).

Mr. Charles Adams, in his character of Tom Darling, a nineteenth-century hero, was excellently adapted to his part, and proved himself an equal of Mr. Raymond under the mistletoe.

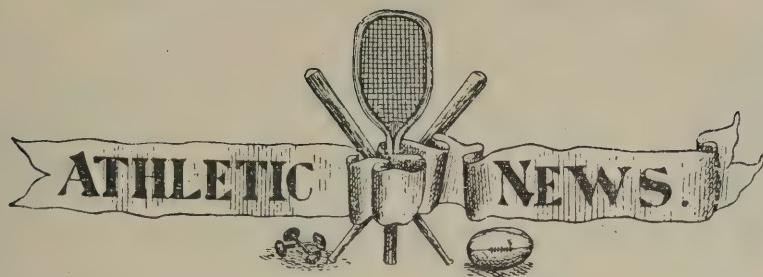
Miss Maude Soule did full justice to the part of Miss Molly Blake, and her stepladder act was especially commendable. She looked at her best in this part and was greatly admired.

Mr. Baldwin, as Freddy Blake, showed by his able rendering of the part that foot-ball does not ruin a good actor.

Miss Russell's impersonation of Phyllis Darling was extremely pleasing, and she "put her foot in it" in the most amusing way imaginable.

After the play, dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Music was furnished by Wiggin's orchestra. The ushers were Messrs. Brown, Osborn and Stevens. Mr. Bacon was floor director.

THE man who fears to go his way alone,  
But follows where the greater number tread,  
Should hasten to his rest beneath a stone;  
The great majority of men are dead.



# ATHLETIC NEWS.

## BASE-BALL.

THE base-ball season in our school has opened earlier this year than for many years before. Permission has been granted to use the Cary Cage on Jarvis Street, and on Saturdays from 9 to 11.30 A. M. the team can be found practising. The first call for candidates was issued the beginning of March, and about twenty-five responded. The outlook is excellent for a champion team, and everything will be done to develop material for next year as well as this.

Of last year's team, all but three are left,—Lochman, Clarkson, Stearns, Beardsell, Bacon, Campbell, and Henry. The list of men who are looking for vacant positions is quite extensive,—Dyer, Lucas, Leitch, MacKusick, W. Clarkson, Baldwin, Columbus, McCarthy, E. Stevens, Moynahan, Campbell, Pickett, Seaver and Brown.

It will be noticed that many of the candidates are from the High School. This is encouraging, and it is to be hoped a healthy revival. More attention is to be paid this year to the condition of the men; the practice is to be made shorter but sharper, and that inclination to get tired of the sport before the championship season arrives, is to be met with, and some remedy found. As many games as possible will be arranged, both away and at home, and team work will be developed to a great extent.

Clarkson will probably do most of the twirling, and without doubt his back-stop will be Lochman. Stearns will again cover the initial bag, while Bacon and Beardsell

will endeavor to the best of their ability to retain the positions which they covered last year so well. Campbell and Henry will try for second, together with many others who are also desirous of that position. The places in the outfield are the ones that will cause contention. There are three or four men for each honor, but the best men will come out ahead.

A great attempt will be made to get Holmes Field for our championship games, and all but two are scheduled for Cambridge with that intention.

This year a young pitcher will be developed, so that he may step in next year and fill the gap. The two most promising candidates are W. Clarkson and Pickett, both of the High School. W. Clarkson is a brother of Henry's and even now has very good curves. In time he will become more steady.

Pickett has played on Somerville as substitute, and is a "lefty." He no doubt will work up and make good material.

E. Stevens is also a candidate for twirler and will make a good try. He has good curves and lacks only speed.

The schedule of championship games is as follows :

- May 7. Somerville, at Cambridge.
  - 11. Roxbury (place undecided).
  - 17. Hoppy, at Cambridge.
  - 25. B. L. S., at Cambridge.
- June 7. B. E. H. S.: (place undecided).

## BASE BALL MANAGER.

By virtue of the power invested in me, I appoint Joseph E. Sharkey, E. H. S. '95,

manager of the C. H. and L. B. B. Club for the ensuing year.

HARRY N. STEARNS, *Captain.*

TRACK ATHLETICS.

This year, as in previous years, the school as a whole fails to back up the Track Athletic Team, and the only reason given for this failing is that the school has never won more than one or two points and that they never will, until we are given a gymnasium. To be sure, we are greatly handicapped by the lack of a gymnasium, and for this reason the members of the schools should feel some anxiety about our success in this branch of athletics, and respond to the call for candidates in larger numbers. But this is not the spirit shown. Most of those who have been asked to come out and try for the team, have replied that you wouldn't catch them dressing out in the cold.

Those who witness the races in Mechanics Hall next Saturday, must not blame those who represent our school if they do not win many points, but they must remember that the men whom we entered have been dressing and running out-of-doors every day for over a month, with the mercury below freezing much of the time, and that they have done their best.

Fuller, Campbell and Seaver have been entered in the 40-yards dash. They are all first-class men, and between them certainly ought to score something in this event. Fuller is predicted to be the winner of the 45-yards low hurdle race. Seaver and Fuller will also run 300 yards. They are both excellent at this distance.

Campbell and Applegate are the men we have entered in the 600-yards run. They are both good, Campbell being particularly strong.

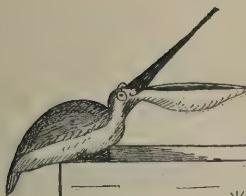
Garrett is running the thousand in great shape. Locke and Jaquith will also run in this event.

Stearns is the only man we have entered to put the shot. He is strong and tall, and is putting the shot farther and farther each day.

With the hope of creating more interest in track athletics, a team race has been arranged with Hopkinson. Hoppy has quite a reputation on the track, and without doubt will put a strong team against us. It remains to be seen whether or not they can enter four men who will be a match for Fuller, Seaver, Campbell and Garrett, the men who will run for us. Each man will run 390 yards, or three laps, and there is no doubt but that the race will be highly exciting.

### In a Volume of Aldrich

A MURMUR as of brooks among the trees ;  
 A The sound of waves along the pebbly shore ;  
 A music like the birds' on summer days ;  
 A mourning for a chief that is no more.  
 O King of poets ! who but thee would know  
 How well to stir and to enchant us so ?



## WITTY WORDS.

BOUND to be read — A book.

Sweetness long drawn out — Tutti-Frutti.

A parting glance — The cross-eyed man's.

A strange case of mistaken identity —

She took him for a walk.

"Can you tell me the signs of the zodiac?"

"By Gemini, I Cancer."

### AS TO THE WEATHER.

Whenever they say, "It rains cats and dogs,"

I always have wondered whether

It wouldn't be quite correct to say,

"We're having some beastly weather."

It is all right to dot your i's, but the wise man will go a long distance out of his way to escape crossing a pink tea.

PROF. S.— Young ladies, 'tis English —  
GIRLS (*in chorus*) — You know.

PROF. S.— No; 'tis English you don't know.



A PAIR OF TIGHTS.

Some people are so inquisitive that they would stand on their heads rather than miss this paragraph.

"O return my deep devotion,"  
Cried the man on bended knee.  
And she answered, "With great pleasure,  
It is of no use to me."

KIND LADY — How came you to lose your eye?

TRAMP — Lookin' for work.

"I lost my head completely and then I kissed her."

"I don't quite see how you managed it."

"That's too bad! My wife has gone and put my handkerchief in the wash, and I am positive that I had tied a knot in it to remind me of something."

"Lend me ten dollars."

"I told you yesterday that I was broke."

"Yes, I know; but I'd just as soon borrow from a liar as anybody else."

The teacher asked: "And what is space?"

The trembling student said,  
"I cannot tell at present,  
But I have it in my head."

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back."

"Yes; I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

"The other day I was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one

of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'That is the first robin,' said he, 'that I have heard this spring.'

He asked a miss what was a kiss  
Grammatically defined;  
"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,  
"And hence can't be declined."

**H**E—Here comes that couple again.  
It's sure to be a match.

**S**HE—He's nothing but a stick.

**H**E—Yes; but she is all the rest of it.

#### NEEDED LEISURE.

**T**YRE DOUTE—Kin ye tell me w're  
dey's givin' away free bread for nuttin'?

**B**EN EVOLENT—Why do you ask?

**T**YRE DOUTE—I wanter loaf.

**T**EACHER—Are *pro* and *con* synonymous or opposite terms?

**P**UPIL—Opposite.

**T**EACHER—Give an example?

**P**UPIL—Progress and Congress will do, judging from what the papers say.

At the opposite ends of the sofa  
They sat with vain regrets;  
She had been eating onions,  
He—smoking cigarettes.

#### EXERCISE AND CHANGE.

"Have you seen the doctor?"

"I have."

"And he has recommended exercise, as I said he would?"

"Yes; he has ordered me to go up and down the front stairs two hours in the forenoon and up and down the back stairs two hours in the afternoon."

"Why the back stairs?"

"Oh, that's for a change of climb it."

The lover and the gas are foes,  
Without an earthly doubt;  
For every time that one comes in,  
The other one goes out.

We give below a few "gems" culled from the works of Ponson du Terrail:

"Her hand was cold like that of a serpent."

"At this sight the negro's face grew dreadfully pale."

"The colonel paced backwards and forwards, with his hands behind his back, reading the newspaper."

"The man was dressed in a velvet jacket and in pants of the same color."

Oh, would I were a bird, she sang,  
And each disgusted one  
Thought to himself the wicked thought,  
Oh, would I were a gun.

#### NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT.

"The sun never sets on England's dominions," remarked the boasting Britisher.

"England reminds me of an old hen," responded the Yankee.

"Why?" demanded the Britisher, angrily.

"A hen's son never sets, either."

#### THE MUSICIAN'S WOOING.

It was a music teacher bold  
Who loved a fair young maid,  
And when to her his love he told  
Something like this he said:

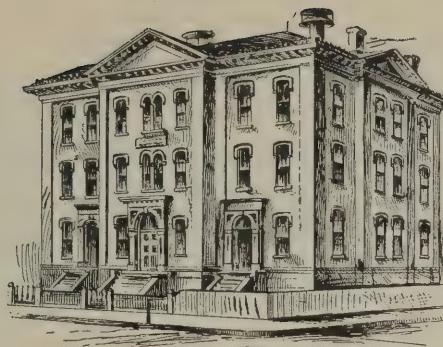
"Light of my sol! My life's bright re,  
I love you near or fa!"  
The maiden turned her head away,  
And gently murmured, "La!"

"Such flighty nonsense doesn't go,  
You're not the man for me;  
I want a man who has the do,  
So you're not in it, si?"



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# Latin School



# Notes

NOW for base-ball!

Get your tickets for "The Prince of Cairo."

The First Class seems to enjoy base singing very much.

The prospects of our winning the baseball championship are very bright.

The Class of '96 is to have a group picture taken on March 23d at Hearn's in Boston.

Mr. Chapman has written some very catchy music for R. P. Utter's libretto of "The Prince of Cairo."

Ninety-six finds the Physics lectures very interesting, but it makes it very hard for them to recite every day.

Everyone should come out and try for the ball team. If you don't make it this year, it is good practice for next.

At a meeting of last year's foot-ball team, held March 15, Ethelbert Parker, '97, was elected captain for the season of 1895.

Putting the shot has been the latest amusement at recess. Gentlemen in the upper windows are requested not to throw bouquets at the competitors.

Since the base-ball news went to press, we learn that Clarkson, '95, has been compelled to leave school, and will probably not return. This will leave the team very weak

in the box, as entirely new material will have to be developed.

The Second Class is going to give a dance the last of April, in Brattle Hall. It is hoped that it may be very successful.

Ninety-five's class play, March 1st, in Brattle Hall, was a great success. The play went very smoothly, and all the actors covered themselves with glory.

Blackman, '97, was third in Congressman McCall's examination for West Point. He was appointed alternate, as E. M. Sand, the fellow who secured second rank, is under age.

The opening chorus, "From Beyroot to Trebizond," and the song of the Prince of Cairo, "I am a scion royal," are two of the gems of the school comic opera, "The Prince of Cairo."

Ernest Adams, formerly C. L. S. '95, as the Prince of Cairo, and H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95, as the King of Ethiopia, will be rival lovers in the comic opera. They form a good contrast.

The full title of the new comic opera is "The Prince of Cairo; or, the Barber, the Bride and the Boodle," and the scene is laid in Bagdad. The libretto is written by Robert P. Utter, C. L. S. '94, and the music by Mr. Frederick E. Chapman. The title role will be taken by Ernest Adams, formerly C. L. S. '95. H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95, will

appear as Yuba Yam, the King of Ethiopia. The part of Mahbub Ali, a barber of Bagdad, will be taken by George E. Close, E. H. S. '93. C. K. Moore, C. L. S. '94, will also be in the cast. The chorus has been chosen from the best voices in the High and Latin Schools.

The members of the Athletic Association fully appreciated Miss Charlotte C. Barrell's kind gift. This was a section of a Rugby foot-ball, showing the texture and construction, and was presented to Miss Barrell by the maker of the Rugby foot-balls in England. Messrs. Baldwin, Saul, Dennison, Bell and Campbell were chosen as a committee to thank Miss Barrell for her appropriate gift.

At the last meeting of the Chess Club, Mr. Hewins, representing the Harvard Chess Club, played a simultaneous match against Richards, Emerson and Thayer, and Dow and Blackburn in consultation. Thayer won the first game in 23 moves, and at the request of Mr. Hewins, began another, which he also had well in hand, but an un-

fortunate error on his thirtieth move soon caused his resignation. Richards played a good game but was defeated in the longest game of the evening. Emerson also did well, but was clearly outclassed by his opponent. Dow and Blackburn, though defeated, made a creditable showing. Although winning only one game, the school club has every reason to be encouraged, as all the games were lost by a small margin. Arrangements are being made for another match with the Harvard Club.

February 15th, the Senior Class had a very enjoyable sleigh-ride. The party started from W. J. Osborn's, and then proceeded to Medford, where a delightful time was passed at E. B. Brown's. Refreshments and songs were indulged in by all, and the company departed for home through Belmont. Harvard Square was reached about midnight, and as the sleigh passed down Harvard Street, the party gradually thinned out. A number rode to Brookline Street. Mr. Bradbury and Mrs. Soule were the guests of the class.

## Questions

WHAT made James Riley?  
And why was Lawrence Sterne  
And why did Richard Lovelace so?  
We all Wood like to learn.

Jonathan Swift, and Bishop Still?  
Why Mrs. Barbauld so?  
What sorrow caused all Fanny Steers?  
Does anybody know?

Why didn't Robert Ascham?  
And when was Dyers birth?  
Did Richard Steele a Buckle?  
How much are these Wordsworth?

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English

High

School

Notes



**G**RADUATION is coming slowly but surely.

The English division of the First Class is reading Shakespeare entirely now.

The "Prince of Cairo," the school comic opera, will be given April 19 and 24.

The Senior Class is thinking over what it is going to give the school for a present.

Get in your application for tickets to "The Prince of Cairo," the comic opera.

Base-ball candidates may, by applying to the manager of the team, obtain special rates on base-ball goods.

George Close, E. H. S. '93, as Mahbub Ali, the Bagdad barber, will take a leading part in "The Prince of Cairo."

The double quartette recently rendered several selections at a Cantabrigia Club meeting at the Epworth M. E. Church.

The first lessons in Civil Government are opening auspiciously. Everyone, even to the girls, seems to enjoy themselves. But the position as Secretary of the day's proceedings is not craved after, judging by the anxious and woe-begone expression which arises when that person's name is called.

If the Latin School leads in athletics, the High School certainly is away ahead of the Latin School in dramatics. And in speaking about athletics, by the way, one should remember that the percentage of boys in the Latin School far exceeds that in the

High School. Again, the girls are not expected to take such an interest in athletics as the boys do.

There is not the least doubt but that Captain Stearns' appointment of Joseph E. Sharkey, E. H. S. '95, as manager of the base-ball team, was an exceedingly good one. If we can obtain as great a success on the diamond as we are sure to in the management, we will have no cause to complain.

The Senior Class intends to hold its annual dance some time in April, the date as yet not having been decided upon. That it will be as brilliant an affair as last year's there is not the least doubt. The committee in charge consists of Messrs. Sharkey, Ellison, MacKusick and Ball.

What an enjoyable thing it would be if the different classes, or at least the two upper classes, of the two schools would run a series of assemblies during the winter. It is a suggestion for next year's scholars to act upon. Then success is assured, for there are a great many who would eagerly avail themselves of so much pleasure.

The protested Melrose game was given to our opponents. This decision, while not entirely unexpected, was nevertheless very disappointing to Cambridge supporters. The grounds upon which the game was protested were excellent ones. Cushman, captain of Melrose, was away from school a large part of the polo season, and immediately at its

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close, he left school and went into business. The laws of the Association are supposed to provide for just such cases as this. Another strong point for Cambridge was that the Melrose umpire changed a decision, first declaring a drive "no goal," and afterwards revers-

ing his decision at the shouts of the crowd. Since the hearing, one of the Committee of Appeals has made a statement that Melrose's protest last year was not granted, and therefore ours could not consistently be. All three of the Committee are C. L. S. graduates.

### C. L. S. D. S.

THE meeting of February 15 took the form of a Mock Trial, Marcus Marcellus (Graupener) being accused of stealing a bicycle bell.

H. H. Murdock was the judge, G. Goodridge the clerk of court, and Kehew the sheriff. W. R. Estabrook and J. Regan were the lawyers for the plaintiff, G. Dow and D. Dorchester for the defendant. The witnesses were W. Dyer, who took the part of a Frenchman; A. Flanagan, who was dressed as a hayseed, with Hood's Sarsaparilla on his back; C. Locke, who appeared with a large nose, glasses and a shoemaker's apron, for the plaintiff; and A. Dewing, a tramp, with long, white hair; Clarke, a smart young man; and Bancroft, a doctor. The jury decided the defendant was guilty of drunkenness, but not guilty of stealing the bicycle bell. A dinner bell and a No. 24 shoe figured in the case. Altogether it was

a very successful affair, and everyone present enjoyed themselves very much.

Friday evening, March 1, the subject for discussion was: "*Resolved*, That the clay pits of Cambridge are detrimental to public health and should be filled in." On merits of question the affirmative won. The affirmative was upheld by Flanagan, '98, and Wyman, '98, and the negative end was held up by Graupener, '98, and Dorchester, '97. After a very able debate by the principals the debate was thrown open to the floor, and several spoke. Representative Dallinger, an ex-president of the Society, gave some good advice to the debaters. The debate was won by the affirmative. There were not as many at this meeting as usual, owing to the fact that many had gone to the drama given by the First Class. The Society needs some more active members. Come!

### C. E. H. S. D. S.

THE Debating Society is progressing favorably in its new quarters on Massachusetts Avenue. On Friday evening, March 8, an interesting meeting was held. The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That the Norwegian Bill should be adopted by the Massachusetts Legislature." Eric N. Bailey and Burt R. Richards spoke upon the affirmative side of the question, and Miss Ethel Murch and William A. Parker

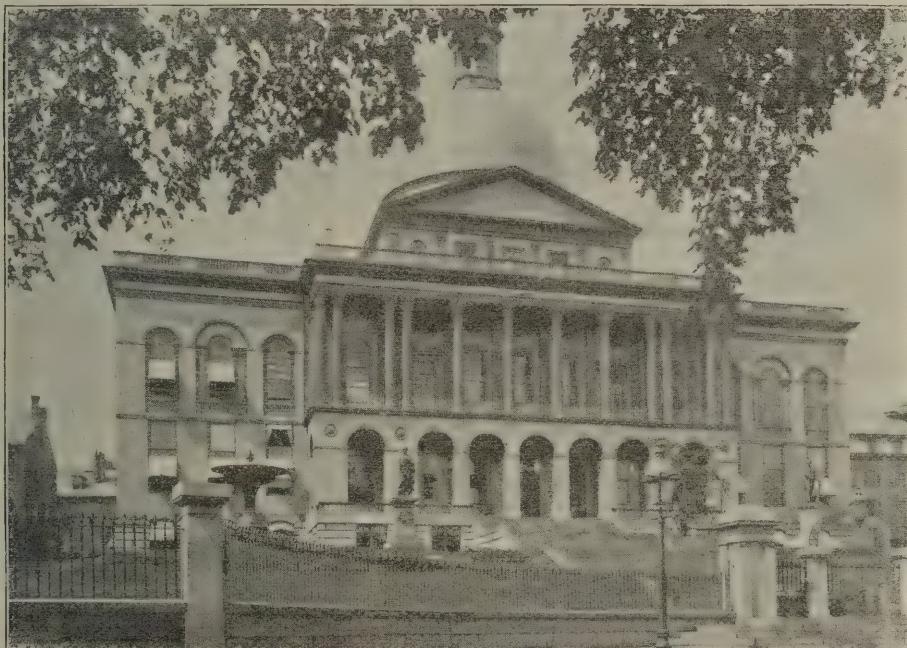
upon the negative side. The feature of the evening was the address upon the Norwegian System by Rev. D. N. Beach. A committee was appointed to make arrangements with the Latin School society for a joint debate, which is to be held soon. The Society will probably meet regularly in G. A. R. Hall, Massachusetts Avenue. The quarters are much to be preferred to the Science Lecture room of the High School.

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VOL. IX.

No. 7.

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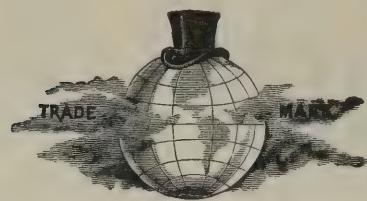
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# THE Latin and High School Review.

VOL. IX.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL, 1895.

No. 7

THE REVIEW is published monthly during the school year by the undergraduates of the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge English High School.

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## Editorials

THE base-ball season is well advanced, and the prospects for another championship nine grow brighter day by day. The team has proved to be quite strong in the position that threatened to be weakest; the new men are doing well, and the "vets" are all improving over their work of last season. It is a source of deep regret that the management cannot secure Holmes Field for the championship games. To go to the South End grounds means, as a rule, a financial loss, and Soldiers Field, the only other enclosed diamond conveniently situated in this city, is really too small for a ball game.

The REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations to all connected with the Comic Opera. It proved a grand success, and should reap a golden harvest for the Athletic Association.

But little interest has been taken in tennis so far this year. This is probably due partly to the backward season and partly to the fact that nearly all the prominent tennis players have been rehearsing for the Opera, and have had no time for their favorite sport. At the time of this writing, the Association has elected no captain for the tennis team; but this will probably have been done before we go to press. Cambridge won second place in the inter-

scholastic tournament last year, and there is every reason to believe that we can make a better showing this season.

---

The fellows who took part in the Opera had to give a great deal of time to rehearsing, and, as a result, several of them fell off slightly in their school work. The School Committee have been investigating the matter, probably with a view to preventing the recurrence of any such difficulty in future years. Possibly they may request that no

one take part in such entertainments unless his standing is perfectly satisfactory. It is difficult to see how they could take any action if the affair were not run under the direction of the school Athletic Association.

---

All the Editors and Directors of the REVIEW are requested to be present at a meeting to be held in the reception room of the Latin School, at recess on Thursday, May 16th. The President for the ensuing year will then be elected.

## Harry Ellis

EARLY on the morning of April first, Mr. Harry Ellis, the well-known Superintendent of the Training School, was taken from our midst, while yet in the

our public schools. He always took a great deal of interest in boys, and possessed the rare faculty of inspiring confidence and love in all of them.

About 1882 Mr. Ellis taught several classes in the Boys' Aid Club. This was entirely philanthropic work on his part; he received no remuneration for his labor, and contributed largely to the Club from his own purse.

In 1888 he was offered and accepted the position of Superintendent of the Training School, and has raised that school to the high rank it now holds. Mr. Ellis had many unique ideas which he developed to the benefit of his pupils. His fire-drill has attracted the attention of fire chiefs from all over the country, and has received praise from all who have witnessed it.

Mr. Ellis was extremely popular with the boys of his school. Many of them had felt his personal interest in their affairs greatly to their advantage. It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to find another to fill his place in the boys' hearts.

---



prime of life. His death brought sorrow to the whole city, alike to young and old.

Mr. Ellis was born in this city, and received the greater part of his education in

## April Fool

"**Y**EES, we really must do something!"

The speaker was a youth of seventeen, who was discussing a serious question with two of his friends. At least the question was serious to them, for it was the thirty-first of March, and they were very anxious to play a good joke on someone the next day. The boys were lost in deep thought for a few moments.

"How about old Sam Woodbury?" said the first speaker, suddenly, whose name, by the way, was William King.

"The very thing!" exclaimed one of his friends. "He deserves to be fooled; I always did want to play some joke on that old miser!"

"Oh, not on him," said the third boy. "Can't we think up someone else? Mr. Woodbury is so old and poor, and besides"—John Reynolds hesitated. The other two laughed.

"Oh, yes," said Harry Edwards, winking at Will; "we all know—besides, he has a pretty daughter, whom we wouldn't displease for the world."

"I don't know why you always make fun of me," John retorted, coloring. "I only meant I thought it would be a mean thing to do."

"Now, Jack," said Will, "don't be foolish. I know you enjoy a good joke as much as anyone. We won't hurt the old gent, but I want to show him that his pride must have a fall. I have an idea," and then he disclosed to them his plan.

When he had finished, John Reynolds said, "Indeed I do enjoy a good joke, but I never will do such a mean thing as that, Will King. I should think you were old enough to know better," and with this he walked off, and left the other two laughing at him.

"How very conscientious he is getting to be," said Will.

"Yes," answered Harry; "but we can do it just the same, without him. I am awfully glad you thought of it."

Samuel Woodbury lived a very retired life in a small cottage with his daughter. There was a difference of opinion in the village as to his being rich or poor, but the majority of the people thought him a miser. His daughter was a very sweet girl of sixteen who went to the High School. The villagers attributed their appearance of poverty to the old man's avarice. However, there were a few people who had found out the real facts of the case,—how the girl worked late in the evening, bending over her needlework, which she took to the next village to sell, being too proud to let her friends help her; how old and feeble the old man was, and how hard he toiled in his little garden behind the house, to get a few vegetables for their daily food.

The first of April dawned, as bright and cheery a day as one could wish. It passed with all the fun and merriment which usually comes on April Fool's Day. The air was filled with the merry shouts of the children, joyful and happy over their simple little jokes.

It was getting dusk, and Eleanor Woodbury was setting the tea-table for herself and her father.

"Eleanor," said the old man, "I'm going out to get a drink at the pump. I'll be right in."

"All right, father; don't be long, because it is cold out-doors."

Her father went out the door and down the path to the pump. While he was getting his water, two figures stole out from the bushes, laid something in the path and

hurried back again to their hiding-place. The old man got his water, and as he turned, he fancied he heard a scuffling. "But then," he thought, "it might be the wind"; so he started back along the path.

Suddenly, he struck something hard with his foot, and over he went, sprawling on the ground.

"April Fool!" he heard shouted from the bushes, and then the two figures rushed off down the street.

Mr. Woodbury lay there gasping for a few minutes, and then tried to get up, but as he raised himself, a sharp pain shot through him. He groaned and then fainted away. A few minutes later, a young man strode up the path, uttered an exclamation when he saw the prostrate figure, and stood looking at him for a minute.

Eleanor, having finished setting the table, sat down to wait for her father. Finding that he did not come, she went to the door, looked out, and saw a sight which made her heart beat fast. She saw her father lying in the path and a figure bending over him.

"What have you done to my father?" she cried, rushing out.

"I found him here," said John Reynolds. "Come quickly and help me take him in." Together they lifted him up and carried him into the house.

"Is he dead?" Eleanor whispered, lifting her white face as they laid him on the bed.

"Oh, no," said John softly; "he probably had a fall and fainted."

They made him comfortable on his bed, and in a few minutes he opened his eyes and muttered something. They bent nearer and caught the words, "April Fool."

John frowned and, turning away, went out into the yard. Eleanor smiled slightly as she heard the ridiculous words; then the truth dawned upon her, and she sobered at once. Someone must have tried to play a

joke upon him, and gone a little too far. But who could do such a mean thing?

John returned immediately, and held in his hand a package, neatly tied up and evidently quite heavy. He tore it open and disclosed a brick.

"The brutes!" he muttered. Then turning to Eleanor: "I am going for the doctor, and will be back with him directly," and he went out.

Presently he returned with the good doctor, who examined his patient with some uneasiness. The old man seemed to be possessed with one idea. "April Fool," was all he said in answer to anything the doctor said or did. The doctor touched his foot, and he groaned with pain and then said, "April Fool."

"I think he has sprained his ankle, but not badly. Still, a fall like that for an old man is pretty serious."

John remained a little longer there, and then took his leave, and went home to see if his mother would help the poor girl. Mrs. Reynolds was only too glad to go right over to the Woodbury's. She found Eleanor in a state of sad dejection, and tried to comfort her.

All night long, Mr. Woodbury was delirious, and suffered somewhat from his ankle.

In the morning, John Reynolds stopped on his way to the High School to see how Mr. Woodbury was, and if he could be of any assistance. The patient's ankle was getting on very well, but he was still out of his head.

When John reached school he saw the two boys talking together. He hastened towards them, but before he could say a word, Will King said quickly, "Hullo, Reynolds. I suppose you have come to blow us up about our little trick,—eh? And I suppose you have told everybody that we did it?"

"Not I, indeed," answered John. "I haven't told a soul, I wouldn't be so mean; but I did come to have a word with you about it,—you who proposed it, Will King. I never thought you would carry out your plan, or I should have stopped it."

"Indeed, and how, I should like to know? But come, we haven't heard the results of our game. How is the old miser feeling today?"

"Call him a miser again, and I'll knock you down," said John hotly. "Mr. Woodbury sprained his ankle, last evening, and has had fever and delirium all night. I am glad to be able to inform you this morning that his fever has gone down and his ankle is doing well, but he is still a little out of his head."

Will grew a little pale.

"Oh, come now; you're only stuffing us," said Harry Edwards. "You're only trying to frighten us."

"Go and find out for yourself then, if you don't believe me."

"How does the miser's daughter take it?"

"See here, King," said John, taking his jacket off, "if you are so anxious to fight, come here and try me."

"Oh, not now," said Will hastily, looking a little frightened, "wait until after school."

"The coward!" muttered John, as he walked into the school-house.

Will King was nowhere to be found when John looked around for him after school, to pay him back for his insolence. He concluded he had taken to his heels, the very minute he was dismissed, in order to avoid getting beaten.

So John went to the Woodbury's and found Mr. Woodbury feeling much better, and his delirium gone.

"You don't know how much I thank you for all your kindness, John," said Eleanor as he left her at the door.

"Oh, that's nothing. Don't speak of it. If you only knew the truth about it, you wouldn't thank me. I might have prevented it, if I hadn't been fool enough to think they wouldn't do it."

"But, John, I wonder who ever could have done such a thing?"

"I hope you may never find out," answered John; and she never did, and I hope never will.

Mr. Woodbury never entirely got over the effects of his fall. The boys who were the cause of it never again indulged in such youthful pranks, but I regret to say that they never had the courage to own up.

The only thing left to say is that some day in the near future, Eleanor Woodbury is to become Mrs. John Reynolds, and let us hope they will live long and happily together.

## The Postscript

H E asked fair Maud to marry;  
By letter she replied.  
He read it — she refused him;  
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now,  
And she his happy bride  
If he had read the postscript  
Upon the other side.

## Magic as an Aid to Civilization

PROBABLY the only instance in modern times in which a conjuror has been called upon to exercise his profession in the employment of government, was that of Robert Houdin. He was sent to Algeria by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to exercise the black art in that benighted country, hoping thus to destroy the influence exercised among the Arabs by the Marabouts—an influence which was often mischievously applied. By a few cunning yet clumsy tricks, these Marabouts passed themselves off as sorcerers, and were held in fear and veneration by the ignorant tribes. The French government desired to show the Arabs that these would-be leaders among them were mere impostors, and that their pretended supernatural powers were without the least foundation in truth. The best way to do this, it was thought, would be to send one among them who should eclipse their skill, and thus discredit their science and pretended powers. It was resolved to send Robert Houdin, and the wizard was ordered to appear at the Government office in Paris forthwith.

Houdin was a little puzzled to know what the minister could want with him. The plan and purpose of the government were made known to him, and he entered with spirit into the idea and its successful application. With every facility and all needed protection, Houdin sailed for Algeria to astonish the natives. This he succeeded in doing by means of a few striking tricks, of which we shall mention only one or two.

Arriving under favorable auspices, he went at once to work upon the object of his mission, and gaping crowds followed him everywhere, thinking him inspired. He succeeded in showing the people that he could vanquish the famous prophets, who

had obtained such control over the ignorant masses of the population, and thus threw them into such discredit that he succeeded in disarming them almost entirely of their influence.

Still, there was one of the Marabouts whom he had not yet met, and who scoffed at the reported powers of this French wizard. A day was therefore appointed when the two should appear before the people, and each give evidence of his own peculiar powers.

One of the great pretensions of the Marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket was pointed at him and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words and the weapon would not go off. Houdin instantly detected the trick, and showed that the touch-hole of the musket was carefully plugged. This rendered the Arab conjuror furious, and he, of course, abused his French rival without mercy. Houdin was perfectly cool, and, turning to him, said: "You are angry with me."

"I am," said the Marabout.

"And would be avenged?"

"Yes," he replied, regarding Houdin with eyes gleaming with ferocity.

"It is very easy."

"Show me the way."

"I will show you," said Houdin, quietly, while the Arab was all attention.

"Take a pistol; load it yourself. Here are bullets. Put one in the barrel. But stop—"

"For what?" said the Arab.

"Mark the bullet with your knife, that you may know it." The Arab did as he was told.

"You are quite certain now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is properly loaded."

"Yes."

"Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, even though I consent?"

"No!" and the eyes of the savage grew darker with an expression of cruelty.

"It is strange," said Houdin, almost sadly.

"You are my enemy, and I will kill you," he replied.

"Wait but a moment."

Houdin then stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word, as he held the fruit raised in one hand, "Fire!"

The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet which the Marabout had marked. The spectators, though aroused to intense excitement of feeling, remained mute with stupefaction, while the Marabout bowed before his superior, saying :

"God is great! I am vanquished."

Great was the triumph of the French wizard.

Houdin then called for an empty bowl, which he kept constantly full of boiling coffee, though but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they were sure that it was the evil one's coffee-pot from whence it came. He told them that it was within his power to deprive them of all strength and to restore it to them at will, and he produced, in illustration, a small box, so light that a child could lift it with the fingers.

And now came their astonishment.

This box suddenly became so heavy that

the strongest man could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror upon the magician, who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will.

The people expressed this belief, in which the wizard, of course, confirmed them, and promised that, at a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came and the throng was prodigious. A fanatical Marabout had agreed to give himself up to the French sorcerer for the experiment.

The preparations were on a grand scale. The Marabout was made to stand upon a table, and was covered with transparent gauze. Then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the ends, when the Arab disappeared in a profuse cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable. They rushed out of the place and ran a long distance before the boldest could make up their minds to return and look for the Marabout. They found him near the spot where he had so mysteriously disappeared, but he could not answer their questions; he could tell them nothing at all and only gazed wildly at them like one bereft of his senses. He was entirely ignorant of what had happened to him.

This was Houdin's closing exhibition in Arabia. The minds of the people had been filled with wonder, and he was venerated by all, while the pretentious Marabouts were in utter disgrace.

I N base-ball it's true  
That we make much ado  
Concerning each man on the team;  
Yet, though each knows the game,  
'Tis ever the same,—  
In the *pitcher* we look for the *cream*.

## The Boston Public Library

I RECENTLY had the pleasure of visiting the new Boston Public Library, built by the people of Boston for the advancement of learning. The first thing that strikes the observer, as he approaches from Copley Square, is the severe but majestic style of the building. The steps in front of the library extend its whole length and are very broad. As I entered the building through the beautiful wrought-iron doors, the most beautiful sight in the whole structure burst upon my view. This is the flight of marble steps leading to Bates Hall. These steps are built of the most beautifully colored granite it has ever been the fortune of the writer to see. On each side of the staircase at the first landing is a lion *couchant*, given by two Massachusetts regiments in honor of the heroes who died in the Civil War.

On the front of each statue is the name of the regiment who presented it, and on one side are the names of the battles in which they fought. Crossing the hall at the head of these stairs, I entered Bates Hall. This is the main hall of the library. It stretches the whole length of the building and is about eighty feet wide. Throughout the length of this room, with the exception of a small space at each end, there are two rows of dark colored tables. All around the room are book shelves filled with reference books. The ceiling is very beautiful.

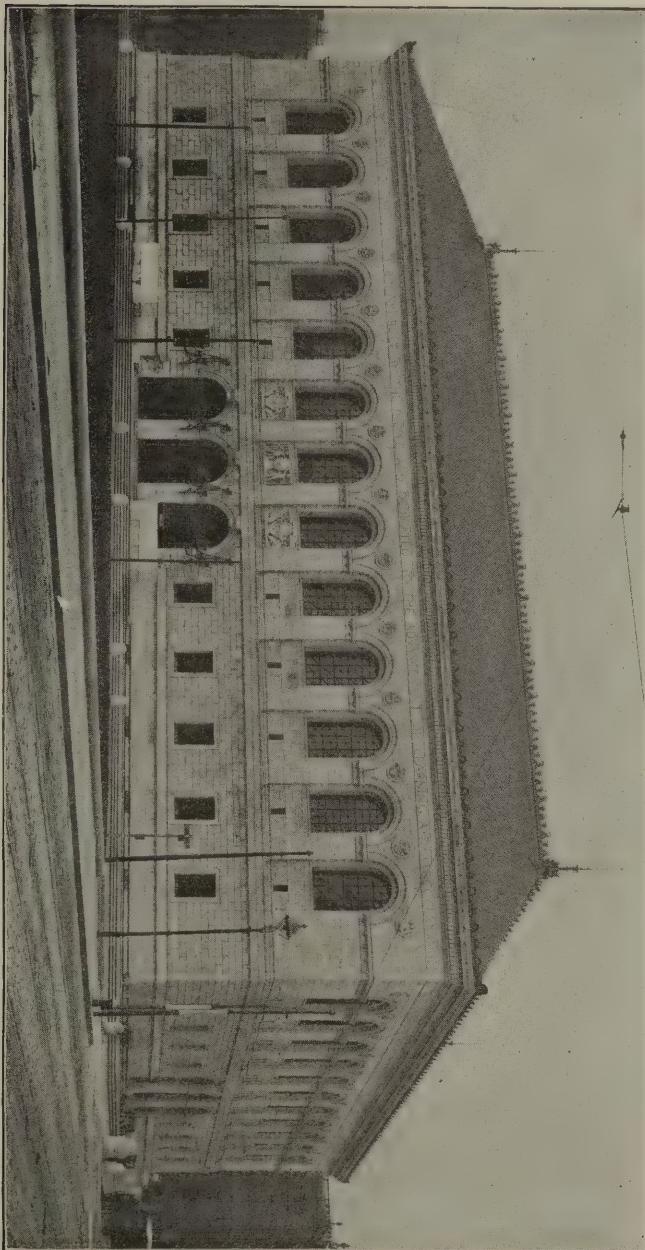
The method of sending slips containing the numbers of the books wanted is unique and very interesting. The slip is put in a small leather case about two inches and a half long by one and a half in diameter. This case is placed in a brass tube and the cover of the tube is shut down. As this is done, a very strong current of air is forced up through the tube by an engine in the cellar. When the air pressure has become

sufficient, the cover of the tube flies back and the leather case is sent by the pressure of the air behind it into a metal hood immediately above the end of the tube. Through a tube leading from this hood, the case is sent into a room, whence the slips are sent to the stack rooms.

The most interesting thing in the library, to me at least, was the railway on which cars are run to carry the books to and from the stack rooms. The machinery attached to this is very ingenious. The cars are moved by a cable running underneath. There are six stack rooms. These hold a great part of the five hundred thousand books of the library. On the third floor are many collections of very valuable books given by private individuals. These books are not allowed to be taken from the building. In one of the rooms on this floor is a large statue of Sir Henry Vane.

On the first floor to the right of the entrance is a large room in which periodicals are kept. This room is full of tables for readers. After I left this room I turned down a passage leading from the left of the main entrance. I found myself stopped by a massive door. On opening this, the courtyard with its fountain in the center came to view. This courtyard is already beautiful with green grass and is very imposing, surrounded as it is by the four high walls of the library. A covered walk runs around this.

One hardly appreciates the immensity of the building until the cellar has been examined. It is divided into numerous compartments. A great many of these are filled with machinery. In one room are some cotton bags, looking like very much elongated pillow-cases, through which hot air is sent to heat the building. While the heat is going through these, all the dirt in



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

the air is taken out, and pure air is sent all over the building. I was also shown the machinery by which the fountain is made to play. It is so arranged that the same water is used over and over again. The machinery by which the arc lights in the library may be lighted is not yet in running order. There are thousands of lights in the build-

ing, especially in the stack rooms. By the time that I had gone through the cellar I was thoroughly exhausted, as I had been walking about and inspecting, though only with a hasty glance, for a full hour and a half. One could spend a whole afternoon there and then go away without having seen everything.

## Sketches

**W**HILE spending a winter hunting in the mountains with a companion, I arose one morning very early, intending to take a long tramp through the woods. As I glanced toward the eastern sky, I saw a sight which surpassed anything I had ever seen before. Along the horizon stretched a low cloud, just turning purple as the rays of the sun shot along its upper edge. At the lower edge was a large ball of fire, so it seemed. As I glanced up the mountain, far out on a rocky crag, a wolf stood out in bold outline against the morning sky. As the cloud rolled away, the sun shone out bright and clear, tinting the tree-tops with gold, while far above me the snow flashed and sparkled in the bright sunlight.

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"It is eleven o'clock and I promised to have those inscriptions done by night," said Jonathan James Jones as he hurried up Brattle Street in the direction of Mt. Auburn. Under his arm was a heavy, bulky portfolio in which he meant to deposit some inscriptions, the copying of which was the object of his journey. When he reached the gate of the cemetery, he noticed that the door of the tomb he sought was open, and quickening his pace, he was soon at the entrance. He had brought with him three candles to aid him in his researches, and he now sat

down to see that the wicks were in good condition. Then he rose, and lighting one of the candles, groped his way within the tomb, shuddering a little at the dampness, and still more when he hit his foot against a silver coffin-plate and the noise resounded far within. But Jonathan Jones was not a man to be frightened at such trifles; so he adjusted his spectacles, and with his candle held aloft, he commenced his work. He found it very interesting, so much so that he had to pucker his nose into wrinkles in order to keep his spectacles on.

At last it was finished, but as he turned towards the entrance his jaw fell, for the door was closed. But as I said before, he was not a man given to terror, so he only rushed forward, tumbling over one or two ominous looking boxes in his haste. He seized the handle of the door and tried to open it, but in vain. Then he shook it, he banged it, he went at it with both fists, going back a few steps and coming at it with all speed, like the goat and the swing in the fable, and with like results. Overcome with fatigue, and with large drops of perspiration on his noble brow, he sat down panting; but only for an instant. Suddenly his hand rested on the coffin-plate and he jumped up again and renewed his efforts. Then he called,—called and screamed till the

walls resounded. Wild-eyed and hopeless, he sank down again and waited. It seemed to him that he had been there hours, and feeling the pangs of hunger, he ate half a candle; then, "like a giant refreshed with wine," he went at the door again, shaking it and screaming for help at the same time. Again he fell down exhausted. He wondered how long he had been there. It seemed to him that it must have been days. And he was so hungry. But he used self-control, and put the other half of the candle back into his pocket, but in a few minutes he drew it out again and ate it.

He went over in his mind all the rules that people use to put themselves to sleep,—not that he wanted to go to sleep, but only to occupy his time. Then, like a drowning man, he thought over the sins of his past life. He felt his legs growing stiff, and with a new terror at his heart, he jumped up and called until he sank down again half unconscious.

Thus it went on, how long he did not know; he only remembered that once he had gone into a tomb to copy inscriptions and had been locked in.

All but half a candle had gone, and with one last despairing effort, he seized his portfolio and rushed at the door. It yielded and the warm beams of the sun shown down on Jonathan James Jones. With trembling fingers he drew out his watch. He looked and looked again,—he had been there exactly an hour and a half!

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It was on Decoration Day last year, and Brattle Street was thronged with vehicles of every description, from the shining victorias, coupés and landaus in which one saw the richly dressed Mont-Gomerys and Sears-Cushingses, to the rickety top-buggy with some Reuben and Almira from the country,—both on their way to Mt. Auburn;

the first to place beautiful flowers on the grave of some dear departed rich relative, and the second to watch them do it.

At the corner of Craigie and Brattle Streets was a man, old and shabbily dressed. He stood and watched the carriages pass for a few minutes, then hobbled across the street and sat down on the bench at the corner of Sparks Street. After he had been sitting there a little while, there came a lull in the passing by. He waited his opportunity, and after looking warily around to see that no one was watching him, he drew from under his coat a much soiled placard with the words, "Please help an old soldier who has been blind since the battle of Gettysburg." When he had put the string around his neck, keeping the touching appeal well in view, he put his cap on his knees, shut his eyes and waited for contributions.

The Sears-Cushingses came first, and telling their coachman to stop, asked a little boy on the sidewalk to "Please give this money to that poor blind man." Then came Almira, and drawing some pennies from her pocket, she backed out of the top-buggy and dropped them into his cap, asking him a few questions, as "Which eye was put out first?" then climbed in beside Reuben again and jogged on to Mt. Auburn, feeling that she had done "one good deed in this naughty world," leaving the "poor blind man" grinning to himself while he counted his money.

Other carriages and foot-passengers came and also stopped to give money to the "poor old soldier who had fought so nobly for his country."

At last the day began to close and the long line of carriages came back again. When they had all passed, the old man opened his eyes, muttering something about "no more carriages in sight," and smiling to himself, hailed a passing car and disappeared down the street.



THE magnificent frescoes of Westminster are falling into decay.

A statue to Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, is being erected at Rome.

A treaty of peace has at last been signed between Japan and China.

Many people are rendered homeless in Hungary by the flooding of the Danube.

There is a project on foot to build an elevated electric railway from Chicago to New York, and finally to the Pacific.

The largest bronze statue in existence is that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. It weighs eleven hundred tons.

The revolt in Cuba continues, and there are numerous reports of the gathering of soldiers in this country, and also in Mexico, for reënforcing the rebels.

Brazil has lately signed a treaty with the Argentine Government by which she agrees to remain neutral in the event of the Argentine Republic becoming involved in war.

Recently a list of widely known people who have passed eighty years of age has been compiled. Of the forty-five men and women who are thought worthy of a place upon it, twenty are Americans.

The latest curiosity in literature is a Chinese dictionary, just issued in New York. It is printed in red and green ink, and in-

cludes 500 names of the more important Chinese families in New York and San Francisco.

Music Hall was filled both afternoon and evening, April 3, to honor Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America." The exercises in the afternoon were devoted more especially to children, great numbers of whom were present from the various schools. The evening exercises consisted of music and addresses by well-known men and by Dr. Smith himself, who is eighty-six years old, but still vigorous. The testimonial ended with the singing of "America" by all present. The celebration was not confined to Boston but was general throughout the country.

The celebration of Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday, which occurred on Monday, April 1, was essentially a national fête, the German people uniting as one man to do honor to the venerable statesman whose genius fashioned the present empire. He was the recipient of many flowers and gifts, and congratulations poured in from all sides. In many of the cities his statues were decorated, and at Leipsic one was unveiled. Additional importance attached to the demonstration, in view of the fact that the Reichstag, in direct violation of the Emperor's will, defeated a motion to congratulate the ex-Chancellor on the occasion of his birthday. The Emperor hastened to inform the Prince that he distinctly disavowed any connection with the Reichstag action. Therefore the fêtes of Monday and the week preceding partook of the nature of a patriotic demonstration.

## Julia Marlowe Taber

ONE of the most charming actresses of the present time is Julia Marlowe Taber. Perhaps one secret of her success is that she makes a careful study of each character she is to impersonate, and interprets as nearly as possible the author's idea;

Viola, she is good, but not seen to as great advantage as in some others. In "Romeo and Juliet" her impersonation of Juliet — now the happy and care-free young girl, now the maiden mourning the loss of her lover, and finally her tragic death — is ad-



MISS MARLOWE AS JULIET.

she is also very particular about minor details, endeavoring to have costumes and stage settings in every way appropriate to the time in which the scene is laid.

Her *répertoire* includes many of Shakespeare's plays. In "Twelfth Night," as

mirable and shows her talent to good advantage. In the balcony scene, and the death scene in the last act, she is particularly good. She is ably supported by her husband, Mr. Robert Taber, and her charming personality makes her a favorite.

## Book Reviews

"*LISBETH WILSON.*" By Eliza Nelson Blair. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

This story deals of the home-like scenes of New Hampshire life a generation ago. 'Lisbeth Wilson is the heroine, and her father causes her separation from her lover because of differences in religious belief. Their troubled courtship forms the foundation of a very interesting story. It is Mrs. Blair's first production, but is in no way crude or unfinished.

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"*TRILBY, THE FAIRY OF ARGYLE.*" By Charles Nodier. Translated from the French by Nathan Haskell Dole. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

About 1820 Nodier took a journey to Scotland, and under the influence of the fascination which that romantic country exercised over him, he wrote "*Trilby; or, the Fairy of Argyle.*" This is the earliest known mention of the word, and it is probable that from this Du Maurier got the name for his famous novel. Nodier's sketch treats of the Scotch superstition that a spirit, mischievous but not evil, inhabits the home of every peasant. It is charmingly written, and is in its way a masterpiece. Like Du Maurier's work, it is a tragedy.

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"*GLADSTONE.*" By Henry W. Lucy. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The thousands of admirers of Mr. Gladstone on this side of the Atlantic will welcome such an excellent and comprehensive book as is now presented to the public. Mr. Lucy, the author, has sketched in chronological order the main events of his subject's life, and has added much to the interest of the narrative by autobiographical notes taken from Mr. Gladstone's public

speeches. The author writes from a personal acquaintance of over twenty years. A splendid engraving of Gladstone is a feature of the work.

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"*IN THE SADDLE.*" By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

In this book, which is the second of the "*Blue and the Gray on Land,*" the reader continues the acquaintance of characters prominent in "*Brother against Brother,*" and meets many new ones as well. At the time of this story the real military operations of the War have just begun and the scenes are laid in their midst. The main incidents are historically correct, and Mr. Adams takes advantage of his opportunity to impress on the minds of his readers the great lessons of honor and patriotism.

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"*THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.*" By Charles Carleton Coffin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. Coffin is famous as a writer of histories in a style peculiarly his own, and especially interesting to young people. In this new work he has turned more into story than is his wont, and gives us a delightful romance combined with an excellent description of the causes which led up to the great war of the Revolution. The book is profusely illustrated with pictures of people and places made famous at the time of the story.

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"*THE STORY OF CHRISTINE ROCHEFORT.*" By Mrs. Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

This novel, by a granddaughter of Rufus Choate, is likely to attract much attention, both for the author's sake and the great

interest of the subject. Anarchism is a leading motive in it, hardly less than the love tale which runs through it. The scene is Blois, a provincial town of France. It is an interesting story, and a good deal more; for in view of the restlessness pervading the industrial world, it is a very timely story, which may be commended to a wide reading.

"JIM OF HELLAS." By Laura E. Richards. Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Fifty cents.

This latest volume of Mrs. Richards' contains two stories, "Jim of Hellas" and "The Troubling of Bethesda Pool." The author's style is a peculiarly attractive one, and is displayed to great advantage in this new work. The scene is laid among the "Down Easters," and the book will be especially interesting to readers who are familiar with the characteristics of these quaint people. The book is bound very neatly in paper and cloth, and presents an unusually attractive cover.

"How WE ROSE." By David Nelson Beach. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

A somewhat remarkable work, presumably giving the author's idea of the great hereafter. A sick woman falls asleep, and is awakened by an angel. She does not realize that she is dead until the angel tells her. Her experiences,—or rather, the author's ideas,—are of interest to every thinking Christian.

#### NEW MUSIC.

From the White-Smith Publishing Co., Boston:

Vocal—"Two Dainty Slumber Songs,"—  
(a) "This Little Story, Always New," (b)  
"Lullaby"; "Sweet Sixteen"; "Blue-  
Eyed Bonny Bell"; "O Jesus, Thou Art  
Standing," sacred song, to the melody of

"The Old Cathedral"; "Rippling Rill";  
"The Daisy Girl" (tough character song);  
"Jus'-a-Listen," arranged for male quartet.  
Sacred music for mixed voices—"Let God  
Arise"; "Angelic Songs"; "Christ the  
Lord is Risen Today." Instrumental—  
"Curtis's March"; "When the Heart is  
Young," waltzes; "To the Rivulet," romance.

The two lullabies, by Miss Alma Crowley, are indeed dainty, and stand in the first rank of this class of song. "The Rippling Rill" is a very delicate composition, suitable for soprano or tenor. "The Daisy Girl" is very catchy, and is sure to become popular. All the instrumental music is good; probably "To the Rivulet" is the best.

From Bates & Bendix, Boston:

Vocal—"The Old Melodeon"; "Only a Flower"; "The Convivial Man," from Hoyt's "Black Sheep"; "What would you do if I were you," from "Westward Ho"; "Whistles in Your Hat" and "The Stars Alone Can Tell," from the comic opera, "Aladdin, Jr.;" "Sweet Daisy Stokes; and "Vocal Gems from 'Excelsior, Jr.'" Instrumental—"Trilby Polka"; "Little Kinkies" (Dance à la Pigeon Wing); "Loie Skirt Dance"; "Gavotte," from "Excelsior, Jr.;" "Paul Jones March."

"Only a Flower" is a fine sentimental song. "The Convivial Man," and "The Stars Alone Can Tell" are two splendid comic songs. The latter has a fine swing and the words are humorous in the extreme. "Sweet Daisy Stokes," a take-off on "Daisy Bell," is also good. The "Trilby Polka" and "Paul Jones March" are the best of the instrumental compositions.

From the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston:

"The Monk," by Eugene Cowles, is a splendid song for bass voice, and one of

Mr. Cowles' best compositions. The words are rollicking and humorous, and the musical setting is especially happy. "Le Ruisseau" (The Brook), Valse Brillante, by John Wiegand, is a piano piece that will be welcomed by all who desire something showy, yet of only medium difficulty. The melody, given to the right hand, affords the player opportunity to display technic and velocity, especially in the "runs" and octaves. It is a delightful piece, and is "fingered" for teachers' use. "Stories," by A. H. Behrend. A new song in Behrend's well-known style. Very dainty and graceful, and full of expression. For alto or baritone in F. "Seven Miles from Athlone," by Gertrude and Belle Menard. A tripping Irish ballad that will please all mezzo-soprano or tenor singers who desire something bright and sprightly. Excellent for an encore.

"College Songs for Girls."—It would be difficult to define exactly wherein the songs of the college girl differ from those of the

college man. Both possess characteristics which distinguish them from the songs sung by the rest of the world; both appeal to the hearer in an equally irresistible degree. But that a difference between the two does exist, an examination of "College Songs for Girls" will plainly show. Perhaps the humor of the girl's college song is never so broad, the hilarity so unrestrained; the joys of the wine cup and the attractions of the tender passion are not so vehemently celebrated. The sentiment, in a word, of the girl's college song is several degrees finer, and the music itself of a more artistic character. "College Songs for Girls" is the only volume of its kind published, and it contains all of the best songs sung in American women's colleges. The compiler, herself a college graduate, has done her work well, and the book cannot be too highly recommended for girls' voices on any occasion where clever and pretty songs are in demand.

## The In-Door Meeting

THE Interscholastic Athletic Meeting, held in Mechanics Hall on the 23d of March, was in every way a success. Cambridge certainly ought to feel encouraged by the showing our team made. With thirty-four schools entered, we managed to pull out fifth.

Fuller carried off the honors of the day by winning two firsts, something done by no other one man. In his trial heat in the 300 he stuck to second place from start to finish. This was the fastest trial heat, and was won by Roche of Worcester, in time equalling Bigelow's record of last year. Fuller could have passed Roche at any time in the race. At the start of the finals Fuller got the lead

and had everything his own way throughout the race, breaking the record also.

The very next event was the 45-yards hurdle race, but Fuller was in perfect condition and had no trouble in winning, first, his trial heat; next, his heat in the semi-finals, and then the finals. His time of six seconds was not equalled in any of the other heats.

Although we were defeated in our team race against Hopkinson, it was not a race to be ashamed of, as it was the fastest team race of the day. Cambridge won the toss and Campbell and Nourse toed the mark. Campbell got the lead and then lost it, but only for a few seconds, for he finished

several yards ahead of Nourse. It was now Seaver's turn to try conclusions with Endicott, but Seaver was not to be found. He had been taken suddenly sick the day before, and was unable to be present; consequently, Applegate, who had shown up well in practice, took his place. The first lap, he lost the lead Campbell had given him, and in the last two laps he lost steadily. The next two men were Garrett and Holden. In spite of the fact that Holden had almost reached his second corner when Garrett left the mark, the latter ran like a veteran and was gaining steadily when Holden touched Brooks. Fuller in his turn, tired as he was from the previous events, started off like a flash, and for a moment it looked as if even now the race might be ours. The gap left in the second relay was growing smaller and smaller, but it was still too wide to be covered, and the Hoppy man reached the tape with Fuller a number of yards behind him. It had been just 3 minutes 24 4-5 seconds since Campbell and Nourse had left the line.

Below is the standing of the schools entered:

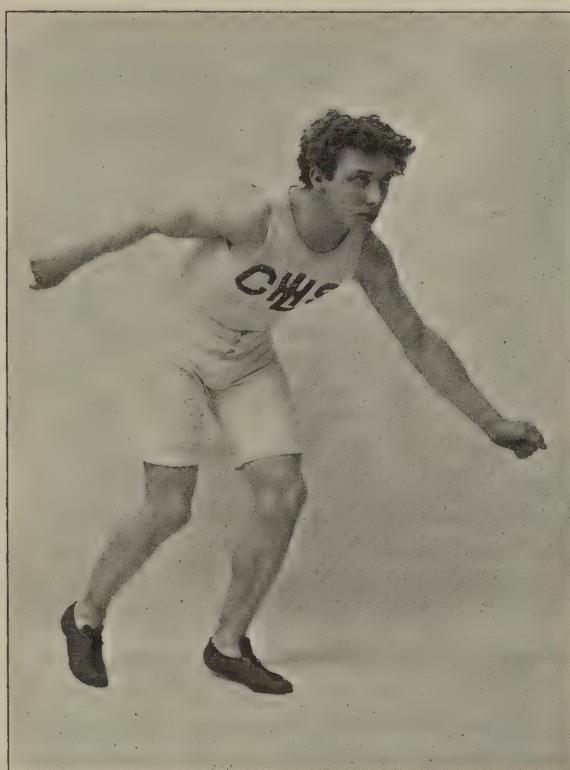
EVENTS.	W. H. S.	W. A.	R. L. S.	E. H. S.	C. H. &	N. H. S.	HOP.	L. H. S.	P. E. A.	P. A. A.	C. H. S.	
40-yards run.....	5	3		1								
1000-yards run.....	5		3				1					
880-yards walk....	3	1				5						
300-yards run.....	1				5	3						
600-yards run.....	5	1		3								
45-yards hurdle....	3			1	5							
Running high jump		½	8	½								
Shot.....	1			5		3						
Pole vault.....	5					2	2	1				
Total.....	19	14½	11	10½	10	5	3	3	2	2		

#### ECHOES FROM THE MEET.

Two firsts for Fuller and both of them records,—16 seconds in the hurdles, and 36 3-5 in the 300. What next?

In the evening, after the races, the annual business meeting of the Interscholastic

A. A. was held at the B. A. A. Worcester Academy tried to have the Worcester High Schools separated and there was a hot discussion. If our representatives had voted differently, the vote of 8 to 5 in favor of the high schools would have been changed. Baldwin, C. L. S. '95, was elected a member of the Executive Committee. It was voted to have this committee look up the case of



W. D. FULLER.

the Cambridge schools, and if they saw fit, to allow them to enter the outdoor meeting as one school.

The judges were the only persons to be found who thought Dunbar beat Fuller in the finals of the 40-yards dash. Had not third place in this event been given to Boston English High School, instead of to Cambridge, we would have been tied with Roxbury. Too bad!



# ATHLETICS

## Base-Ball

THE base-ball season is now opened, and the team is showing up fairly well. The number of candidates has dwindled somewhat, but still there are enough left to call upon in an emergency. Practice has been in progress on the grounds back of the High School for the past two or three weeks. However, by the time we go to press, it is hoped that the common will be ready for the use of the team, as Superintendent of Parks Cook has promised to start upon the grading as soon as possible.

---

The first regular game was on Saturday, April 13, at Franklin, Mass., with Dean Academy. The latter was badly defeated, the score being 23 to 9. The weather was certainly not propitious for brilliant plays, but the boys made the best of it, and succeeded in playing all around their opponents. The outfield had an especially hard time of it, because the wind was strong, and carried the ball from its course, so that it was impossible to judge the sphere accurately. For Cambridge, Captain Stearns and Lochman did some good batting. Lochman caught well, and Pickard did good work on the third bag. "Jimmy" Bacon pitched the first five innings, when Stearns stepped into the box, and tossed for the remainder of the game. Hazeltine and Sherman pitched for the Academy nine.

The make-up of the teams was :

C. H. and L.—Lochman, c.; Stearns, 1b., p.; McCarthy, 2b.; Bacon, p.; Saul, s.s.;

Pickard, 3b.; Crowley, r. f.; Columbus, l. f.; Parker, c. f., 1b.; Henry, c. f.

Dean Academy.—Stolworthy, 2b.; Hancock, c.; Morrill, l. f.; Sherman, s.s., p.; Blount, c.; Whittle, r. f.; Bowers, 3b.; Hazeltine, 1b., s.s.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. H. and L.....	11	2	0	4	1	2	2	1	0—23
Dean Academy.....	2	0	3	0	1	0	1	0	2—9

The eleven men, which number included the manager, who went on the trip, enjoyed themselves immensely, especially on the trains. They were met at the depot in Franklin by Manager Morrill, and conducted to the Academy. After appeasing their appetites by means of an excellent lunch, the boys went on the field. Probably two hundred of the villagers viewed the game, and their cheering was all for Cambridge. The Dean Academy, by the way, is a coeducational institution.

---

Monday, April 15, the team was to play the Brookline High School nine, but rain prevented. Another game will probably be arranged.

---

April 16th, the team played the Harvard Freshmen on Soldiers Field. Stearns occupied the box for us, and although a trifle wild, did good work at critical times, striking out three men in succession with the bases full in the fifth inning. Lochman, Stearns and Leitch did the best for our team at the

bat, while Walker and Haskell excelled for Harvard. The score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard '98.....	.....	2	1	3	0	1	0	2	0	—9
C. H. and L. S. ..	.....	0	0	0	1	5	0	0	0	—6

Captain Stearns' purpose is, by means of continued hard practice, to have perfect

harmony in the playing of his men. The batting will be worked up, and the fielding will be brought to a nearer state of perfection. We see no reason why the team should not win the championship this year. Stearns is pitching in excellent form, and will undoubtedly occupy the box in all important games.

## “The Prince of Cairo”

“THE Prince of Cairo” was presented for the first time last Friday evening, in Brattle Hall, and was a most decided success. The music was catchy, the libretto witty, and the audience large and enthusiastic. The opera was well staged, and the costumes were unusually fine for an amateur performance. Mr. Utter displayed a truly remarkable genius in writing the libretto. The plot was good, and the conversations were interesting and never dragged. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Chapman for the excellent music which he composed for the occasion, and which was ably presented by the school orchestra. The cast was a good one, but without Mr. MacGill's management it would have been impossible to prepare the play in so short a time.

Mr. Ernest Adams, as the Prince, carried off the honors of the evening. He has a fine tenor voice, and sang his rôle with splendid effect.

“Bug” Stearns brought down the house by his impersonation of Yuba Yam. His solos and his duet with the Prince were splendid. As an actor he excelled anyone on the stage. No mention of Mr. Stearns would be complete without praise for Mr. Denison, who took the part of Hannibal Ham, Yuba Yam's attendant. His work was

excellent, and he added much to the play by his funny antics.

Mr. Moore made a charming princess, and sang very effectively, although his part in the love scenes must have been quite the opposite to that which he is accustomed to take. Mr. Carney, as Tyranna, made an ideal “new woman,” and received nothing but praise from the audience. Mr. Close made an admirable villain, and sang his difficult solo in the first act with great skill. Mr. Carl Adams, as John O. Callahan, acted his part very satisfactorily.

Mr. Baldwin, as the Sultan, was all that could be desired. His quotations from the Koran were a very clever bit of fun.

A decided feature was the skirt dance introduced by Messrs. Osborn, Brooks and Andrews in the fourth act. While not an exact representation of “that seen on the Midway,” it was a great success, and received four encores.

The other characters had little to do, but no one failed to make a success of his performance. Great praise is due the whole chorus for their faithful practice and their fine rendering of the music.

At the end of the play Mr. Utter was called before the curtain, and replied by a few well-chosen words to the enthusiastic applause. Mr. Chapman and Mr. MacGill

were also compelled to appear in recognition of the greeting they received.

Following is the cast of characters :

Hashmet the Steenth, Sultan of Turkey.— Not in it when his wife is at home.....C. E. Baldwin, C. L. S. '95  
Thotnes, Jr., Prince of Cairo — Never saw Chicago.

E. G. Adams, C. L. S. '95

Mahbub Ali, the Barber of Bagdad.— Has a pull with the Administration .....G. E. Close, E. H. S. '93  
Yuba Yam, King of Ethiopia.— "Not up to small deceit or any sinful games" .....H. N. Stearns, C. L. S. '95  
Mr. John O. Callahan, a shady character.

C. P. Adams, C. L. S. '95

Abraham, the Barber's apprentice.— Has plenty to say when he gets a chance .....J. L. Dyer, C. L. S. '95

Hannibal Ham, attendant to Yuba Yam.

A. W. Denison, C. L. S. '98

Shafiz Ullah, a wool grower of Aleppo.

Joseph Sharkey, E. H. S. '95

Abdallah, a pearl fisher.....E. W. Stevens, C. L. S. '95  
Sultan's Attendant, } .....Samuel Usher, C. L. S. '98  
Chief of Police, }

Tyranna, the wife of Hashmet.— The power behind the throne .....F. J. Carney, E. H. S. '93

Tarna, daughter of Hashmet.— Well bred, but wants to have her own way .....C. K. Moore, C. L. S. '94

Maids waiting on the Princess Tarna .....R. E. Andrews, C. L. S. '95  
L. W. Brooks, C. L. S. '95

W. J. Osborn, C. L. S. '95

Customers, Musicians, Courtiers, etc.

## The Joint Debate

**F**RIDAY, May 3, the two Cambridge Schools will meet in joint debate. At this contest Joseph E. Sharkey, President of the English High School Society, will introduce Mayor Bancroft, who will preside. The English High School will be represented by three of her ablest debaters.

Her first speaker will be Burt R. Rickards, a new man in the debating field. Nevertheless, he is one of the best debaters in the school. He is a calm and ready speaker, and can be counted upon to give a good account of himself at the joint debate.

Charles W. Crocker, the second speaker, is very young, but an old hand at debating. Last year, he represented his school in the debate with the Latin School. He has a way that always charms an audience.

The last speaker for the High School will be William Parker, who has for some time taken a prominent part in the High School Society. Parker is very energetic in debating and is always ready to reply to the points of his opponents.

In this contest the old Latin School will have three young men who will work hard to bring glory to their school.

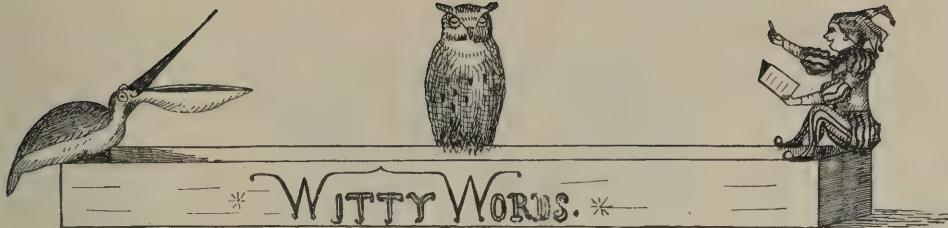
A. M. Blackburn, son of Rev. Mr. Blackburn, is one of the Latin School debaters. Although he has never taken part in a joint debate, he has had some experience. He is a very fluent debater and has a way of keeping the whole attention of an audience during his debate. The High School will find a worthy opponent in Mr. Blackburn.

H. H. Murdock is another of the Latin School's debaters. He, also, has never taken part in a debate with the High School. He is a very good speaker and puts study into his debates. He is not easily excited.

W. R. Estabrook is the Latin School's other man. He was one of the Webster Debating Society representatives in their debate with the Latin School last year. He has a good delivery and a ready use of English.

The jury for this debate will probably be made up of A. P. Stone, who has several times been one of Harvard's speakers against Yale, and Representatives Dickinson and Dallinger.

By the kindness of the High School Committee, the English High School is to be used for this debate.



A PUT-UP job — Pickles.

A capital idea — Money.

Sweet home — a bee hive.

Good at a pinch — The crab.

Lights out — A bank cashier.

A follower of the sea — The coast.

What is better than presence of mind at a railway accident? — Absence of body.

The woman who laughs in her sleeve in these days must develop a loud tone, or her efforts will be lost.

SHE — Do you rise with the lark?

HE — No; I usually leave one, though, about the time I go to bed.

MR. B.— What a sad face that woman has.

MRS. B.— Yes, poor thing. She has either loved and lost, or loved and got him.

He was a sawyer; blind was he,  
That was his only flaw;  
And, though none ever saw him see,  
Many had seen him saw.

MISS B.— Why must they swear so at the crew?

MR. A.— Well, you see it's pretty much like a river, it never does any work unless you dam it.

Jones found Smith engaged in vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I thought you always wore patent leathers."

"These used to be patent leathers," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal

column into its normal position, "but the patent on them has expired."

CONDUCTOR — Tickets!

PASSENGER — Haven't any ticket; I am travelling on my face.

CONDUCTOR — I'll have to punch it then.

GENTLEMAN FROM TEXAS (*to elderly maiden who has been waiting for a partner three hours*) — Madam, do you dance?

MAIDEN (*quickly*) — O yes!

TEXAS GENTLEMAN — Who with?

A beauteous young maiden  
With sentiment laden

Accepted a man with a stoop.  
But her father objected  
To the man she selected,  
So her affections were all in the soup.

But she soon found a lover  
Whom she thought far above her,  
Who was in a theatrical troupe;  
And e'en to this day,  
As most people say,  
Her affections are still in the supe.



"LOW SPIRITS."

## IN THE MENAGERIE.

"If this place should catch fire what would you do?" asked the giraffe of the elephant.

"I'd pick up my trunk and run for the entrance. What would you do?"

"I'd go to that window and slide down my neck to the sidewalk," said the giraffe.

CUSTOMER—Have you any name for those scales of yours?

"I never heard of such a thing."

"You ought to call them Ambush."

"Why?"

"Because they are lying in wait."

## "GOING TO PRESS."

"Tomorrow at ten we go to press,"  
Said the scribe with the massive brow.  
Said she: "Sir Editor, I confess  
I wish you were going to now."

SHE—Do you think of me as much as you did?

CHOLLY—No, not quite; I'm raising a moustache now.

A Senior brought the following syllogism to the Psychology class:

"Nothing is better than heaven.  
An oyster is better than nothing.  
. . . an oyster is better than heaven."



EXTRACTING THE ROOT.

VAN DEMMIT—Hear about the queer break Mrs. Whirlsfane made when she congratulated young Mrs. Lakedrive just after the wedding?

VAN ARNDT—No; what did she say?

VAN DEMMIT—Wished her many happy returns of the day.

LITTLE ROGER—What makes you walk lame, Uncle John?

UNCLE JOHN—There was an accident on the bridge today and I got caught in the jam.

LITTLE ROGER—I got caught in the jam once, and walked lame for a week.

In the river at Paris had lain  
The corpse of a man, self-slain;  
Which called forth a bit  
Of the coroner's wit,  
Who gravely declared him "in-Seine."

We trust our reputation is not founded on such incidents as the following:

"For what were the Spartan soldiers distinguished?" asked a teacher in the Cambridge Latin School the other day.

"For their bravery in battle," answered the sixteen-year-old. "They never went off the field till they were dead."—*Christian Register*.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER (*waxing eloquent*)—How people can enter those places and fill themselves full, like beasts or hogs, I cannot see. Like hogs, did I say? I wrong a noble animal; a hog would not fill himself with whiskey.

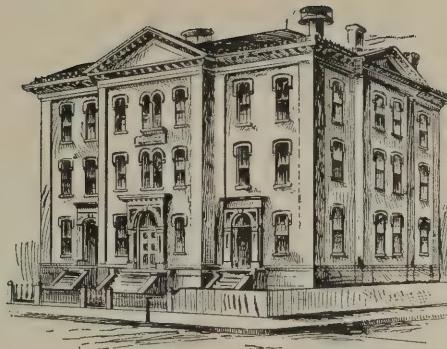
VOICE (*from rear*)—Do you ever drink?

TEMPERANCE LECTURER—Never, sir; never!

Voice—What a coincidence!

"Oh, hum!" yawned young Willieboy,  
Waking one morn,  
And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter;  
"I find if I would  
Be up with the sun,  
I mustn't sit up with the daughter."

## Latin School



## Notes

WHERE'S the tennis team?

Hurrah for the comic opera! Wasn't it bully?

We have heard the Banjo Club!!! Let us rejoice!

Miss Leighton has given up teaching Third Class Latin.

We may well be proud of the showing of our school in the Indoor Meet.

The Latin School intends soon to have a debate with the Webster Debating Society.

Although the loss of Clarkson will be heavily felt, the outlook for the team is very bright.

Several letters from High and Latin School scholars have appeared in the new daily, the *Standard*.

Garrett ought to pull some points in the Interscholastic Meeting this spring as well as at the Class Games.

It would be a good thing if the High School Committee should forbid anyone under three feet from entering the Latin School.

On April 29 the track athletic team will begin to practise for the out-door meeting. This team is badly in need of new material. There must be men in the school, and to bring them out, it is proposed to hold a

contest for class honors on the track, May 25. We hope that much interest will be shown in this meeting and that every class will enter several men in each event.

Ninety-seven is a great class. It not only won the polo championship, but now it seems that all the men who are going to defend the Latin School in the joint debate are from '97.

On March 22d, the Senior Class held another one of its enjoyable socials at the residence of Mr. Osborn, Lee Street. The evening's entertainment consisted of threading needles and dancing. Mr. Bradbury was the guest of the class. Mr. Baldwin and Miss Atwood won the first prizes.

The standing of the leaders in the Chess Club tournament remains practically unchanged. In the first grade, there is a very exciting contest between Richards and Thayer for first prize, while in the second grade the prize is almost certain to be won by Dow, '98. The scheduled games are nearly finished, and the Club will probably adjourn for the season about May 15th.

The Class of '96 held a social at C. Bell's, 164 Brattle Street, March 22. A Peanut Party composed the entertainment. Miss Potter and Mr. Marean were awarded the prizes. Miss Arnold was elected Secretary for the remainder of the year, in place of Miss Simmons, resigned. Mr. Weiner sang

some Russian songs which were very entertaining. Mr. Bradbury was the welcome guest of the evening. Refreshments were served and the class adjourned at about eleven.

The managers of the comic opera are greatly to be congratulated on its success. The fellows worked hard and faithfully, and richly deserve all the credit which they got. Each one covered himself with glory.

The Cambridge Latin School Junior Dance is to be given in Brattle Hall on May 11. The Committee on Arrangements is composed of Misses Edith B. Winslow and

Demetria Simmons, and Messrs. John B. Hawes, Henry E. Marean and Conrad Bell. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. The returns will go to the class treasury. Tickets, \$1.00 each.

On March 28th, '97 held a social at the home of W. R. Estabrook, 45 Garfield Street. The entertainment for the evening consisted of the games, "Quotations" and "Famous Men and Women." After refreshments had been served, Miss B. Estabrook read a selection, Miss Bates played on the piano, and Miss Lawrence, accompanied by Mr. Humphrey, sang a solo.

## Alumni Notes

R. L. Whitman, C. L. S. '91, trained the chorus for the Hasty Pudding play.

Miss E. M. Taylor, C. L. S. '93, is leader of the Radcliffe College Banjo Club.

R. T. Capen, C. L. S. '91, is stroking the Senior Class crew; he is one of the best oarsmen in college.

A. M. Jones, C. L. S. '93, is a member of the Institute of 1770, the Sophomore social organization at Harvard.

R. P. Utter, C. L. S. '94, has had poems over his name in both the *Harvard Monthly* and the *Harvard Advocate*.

M. Benshimol, C. L. S. '90, is one of the brightest men in the Senior Class at Harvard; he was the fourth man chosen on

the Phi Beta Kappa, the great literary fraternity.

There has been some talk of forming a Harvard Cambridge Latin Club. There are many Cambridge men in Harvard and the affair could easily be made a success. The formation of such a society will doubtless be deferred until next year.

R. D. Wrenn, C. L. S. '91, is one of the most prominent members of the Senior Class at Harvard. His record on the tennis court and on the foot-ball gridiron is remarkable. At present he seems sure of second base on the nine. He is a prominent club man and took a part in "Proserpina," the Hasty Pudding play.

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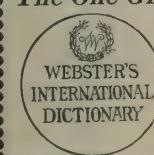
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A dog fight to draw a crowd,  
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English

High



School

Notes

**A**LL subscriptions to the REVIEW should be paid up by this time.

The Senior Class is about to begin preparations for graduation.

Quite a crowd turned out at the Indoor Meet, many of them girls.

The graduating class will hold its dance, Friday, April 26, in Odd Fellows Hall, North Cambridge. A special car will leave the hall shortly after midnight, and run to Lafayette Square, Cambridgeport. An enjoyable time is anticipated, and all who enjoy dancing, and a good hall to dance in, should come. Warren will cater.

The Class of '97 held another enjoyable social at the home of Miss Edith Brewster, on Kirkland Street, last week Thursday

evening. The affair was termed a Costume Party, and many of the attires were as handsome as they were varied. Dancing was enjoyed, and a collation was served.

The double quartette rehearsals have been somewhat neglected of late, owing to the comic opera; but now it is hoped that this deservedly popular band of singers will commence active life again, so to speak.

The present to be tendered the school by the graduating class will undoubtedly crown all efforts of previous classes. It is a bust of Lincoln, of colossal size, probably the only one in America. It is being modelled by Cyrus Cobb, and will be on exhibition at Williams & Everett's, Park Square, Boston, for several weeks before it is put up in the school hall.

## C. L. S. D. S.

**F**RIDAY, March 15, the subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That a federation of the cities and towns of the so-called Metropolitan District is practicable." The debaters for the affirmative were H. H. Murdock, '97, and G. Goodridge, '95, and for the negative A. M. Blackburn, '97, and J. J. Regan, '97. This was a very interesting debate and a large number spoke from

the floor. The negative won on the merits of the question and the jury gave the debate to the negative on the merits of the debate after some discussion.

On Friday evening, March 29, the most exciting debate of the year was held on the subject, "*Resolved*, That the Norwegian Bill should be passed by the Massachusetts Legislature." The vote on the merits of

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the question resulted in favor of the affirmative. The first speaker for the affirmative was Miles, '99, who made a fine debate. This was his first debate in public. The next speaker was W. R. Estabrook, '97, who made some good points. Parker, '99, was the second speaker for the affirmative. Davis, '99, another new man at debating, was the second speaker for the negative. He had a good debate. F. E. Thayer, '95, next defended the affirmative in his usual manner. Bigelow, '99, was the last speaker and he made some telling points for his side. Several spoke from the floor. The jury gave the debate to the negative. On this debate, four out of the six were from the Fifth Class, a very good showing for the Freshmen.

Friday evening, April 12, a competitive debate was held to choose three debaters for

the Joint Debate with the High School. The subject for debate was the same as that of the last meeting. W. R. Estabrook spoke first and took the negative side. J. J. Regan then spoke for the affirmative and took up some of the first speaker's points. A. M. Blackburn next spoke for the negative. His remarks were forcible and to the point. H. H. Murdock then made some very good remarks for the affirmative. Earle spoke for the negative and his debate was excellent. The last speaker, F. E. Thayer, upheld the negative also, making many good points. The jury, Miss Earle of Newton, and the Dunlop brothers of Cambridge, brought in the names of J. J. Regan, H. H. Murdock and A. M. Blackburn, but afterwards the list was changed, and W. R. Estabrook was placed on the debate.

## C. E. H. S. D. S.

A MEETING of the Debating Society was held last week Friday evening, in G. A. R. Hall, 573 Massachusetts Avenue, for the purpose of choosing three speakers to represent the Society in the Joint Debate with the Latin School.

President Joseph E. Sharkey occupied the chair. Motions were passed to the effect that a person be appointed by the chair to inform the managers of the hall that this meeting would be the last one of the Society, for the present at least, in that place, and also that the Treasurer of the Society post up bulletins in the school, giving warning that all members who did not have their dues paid by the time the tickets are issued for the Joint Debate would not receive any of said tickets for said debate. Messrs. Ray Greene Huling, C. F. Warner, and A. K. Sweet were present as judges.

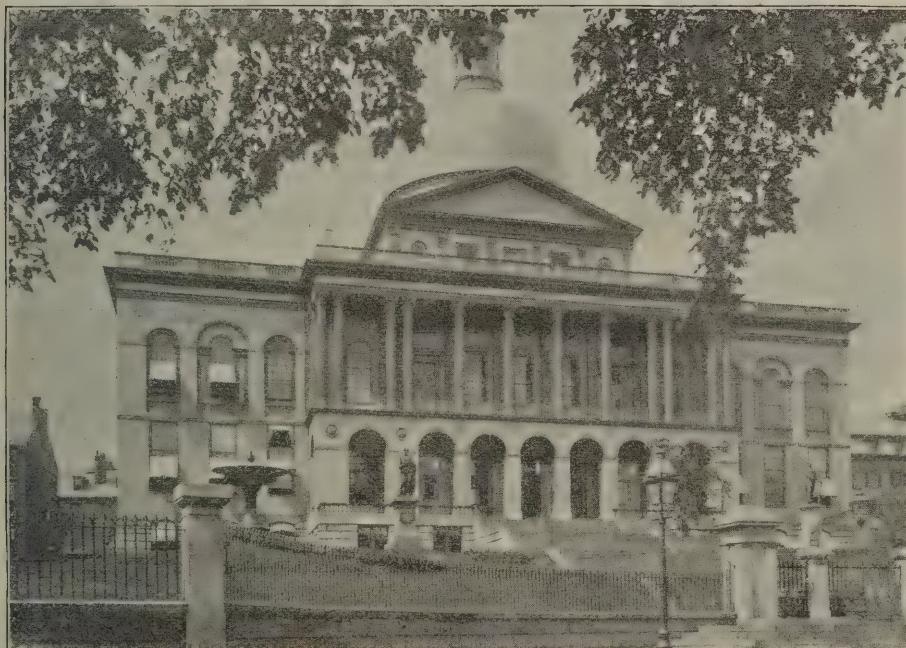
In the competitive debate, Burt R. Rickards, Charles W. Crocker, and William Parker were chosen. D. J. Moynahan was appointed the alternate. The latter part of the evening was spent in enjoying an impromptu entertainment. Among the numbers were piano selections by Miss Mary A. Grant and Miss Agnes Greene, harmonica solos by Frank H. Lambert, a story by Charles Sanborn, stories by Mr. William Parker, recitation by Burt R. Rickards, and recitation by Joseph E. Sharkey. Mr. Huling, reminded of the thought by the presence of numerous war pictures about the walls, said that he hoped the same spirit which sent so many brave men to the front in the Civil War existed in us. Mr. Warner and Mr. Sweet both expressed pleasure at being present. The meeting adjourned at 10.15 o'clock, *sine die*.

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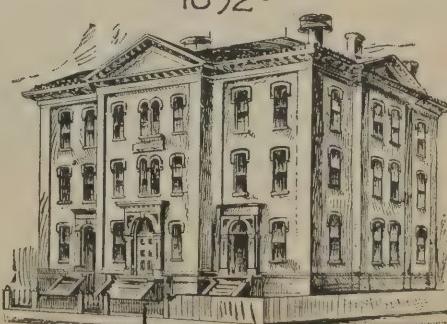


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# THE Latin and High School Review.

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No. 8

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## Editorials

THE time for graduation is near at hand, and all are busily preparing for their parts in this, the last event of High School life. The Senior Class of the High School has before it a long line of successful graduation exercises, and long-established custom has taught them exactly what to do. But with the Latin School the case is different. Here, it is only within a few years that anything of the sort has been attempted and, consequently, a great improvement is expected from year to year. The present Seniors are doing all in their power to eclipse the efforts of previous classes, and there is every reason to believe that success will crown their efforts.

The base-ball season is nearly over, and Cambridge seems certain of the championship. The team is made up almost entirely of new material, but they have practised hard and faithfully, and are deserving of the greatest credit. The team work has been developed to a nearer state of perfection than ever before, and the batting and base-running are also strong. Altogether, the nine is one that Cambridge may well feel proud of.

The English High School Debating Society, which has successfully struggled through numerous and varied vicissitudes, has disbanded for the term in a prosperous condition. The organizers of the Society

feel that they have accomplished their duty, and that they have gotten from their labors, benefits and helpfulness which fully repay them. The Society should be complimented for its zeal, persistency, and constant determination to do right.

The REVIEW has a suggestion to offer to the coming graduating classes — a suggestion which it believes to be a valuable one. In many schools, and in all colleges, an

annual is published. The book, if carefully gotten up, always takes well, and is of interest to everyone in the school. Such a work, moreover, is an easy thing to obtain advertisements for, and affords a valuable and pleasant experience to its editors. We think such a book could be published without creating any opposition to this paper, and it is surely worth the careful consideration of those interested in the welfare of the school.

## The Chess Club

THE last meeting of the Chess Club was held Tuesday, April 23, at the home of Mr. Thayer, President Willard in the chair. Although the schedule games had not all been played, yet, as the winners had been determined, it was thought best to adjourn for the season.

The standing of the four leaders in each grade is as follows :

FULL MEMBERS.			
	Won	Lost	Average
Thayer.....	27	3	.900
Richards.....	23	4	.851
Emerson.....	18	7	.720
Willard.....	15	13	.535

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.			
	Won	Lost	Average
Dow.....	18	5	.782
Blackburn.....	16	7	.695
Dewing.....	12	7	.631
Murdock.....	12	7	.631

President Willard, at the close of the meeting, presented the prizes to Thayer and Dow with appropriate remarks, and they replied with a few words. The first year, always the most critical period of a club's existence, has been successfully passed, and although the membership is smaller than is to be desired, the club can hopefully look forward to a successful season next year.

## Blind Injustice

WHEN from the darkness inky  
A horrible sound he hears,  
Of a thousand cracked-voice demons possessed  
At once by awful fears,  
And giving them vent, as they can best,  
Through the aid of the musical Muse —  
Why is it, pray tell, that he throws his best shoes,  
Not at the chiefest malefactor, the Muse,  
But through the darkness, at the result, the mews?

## Echoing Discords

I AM about to relate the truly remarkable experiences of a young man named Philmont. Whatever you may think concerning what follows, I am sure you will agree with me in calling it all strange and unusual.

Philmont was riding through a country lonely and uninteresting. Few places would seem attractive on such a day. Heaven frowned darkly upon the earth, whose face was thereby saddened and melancholy. The woods were filled with gloom, deep and impenetrable, and the hills and meadows were wrapped in a weird grey mist. Over the whole sombre landscape was thrown an unnatural light. Occasionally, a faint breeze stirred the tree-tops, but only for a moment. The dust rising from the horse's feet fell quickly upon the powdered roadside. The atmosphere was heavy and oppressive. All things seemed under a spell, and waiting for that which would deliver them from it.

Whether it was owing to these dismal surroundings or to thoughts of which we know nothing, Philmont was unreasonably depressed and preoccupied. He did not even notice the direction in which his horse was going, but remained plunged deep in reverie. In fact, so completely careless had he become of the conditions about him, that it was with greatest surprise that he found himself before a small house nearly falling with age and neglect. On looking about him he immediately grasped the situation. His horse, free from all restraint, had turned from the main road, and ascended this ill-kept drive. Philmont had noticed no change. There had been but little. Both roads were equally poor, bordered by rank shrubbery and uninteresting woodland.

He dismounted. At the same time there appeared on the stoop a young lady. Her

tall, graceful form was dressed wholly in black. A large hat, liberally adorned with feathers and buckles, also black, crowned her beautifully poised head. By this costume the glow of her cheeks, the perfect whiteness of her teeth, and the brilliancy of her large eyes were greatly emphasized. It was a face surpassingly beautiful, yet strangely sad. But something besides sadness was there. A close observer would have seen pride, ambition, bitterness, disappointment, all these and more, but Philmont saw only beauty.

Approaching her, he bowed and explained his situation. Her expression changed from that of inquiry to one of perplexity. She looked furtively, even anxiously, at the door from which she had come. Her tones, when she finally spoke, were deep and rich.

"Do not apologize," she said, coldly. "The mistake was natural. One would hardly suppose these grounds were private."

There was a nervousness beneath her apparent calmness, but Philmont failed to notice it. He did not immediately go, although in her manner was a subtle entreaty that he should do so.

Suddenly the pause was broken. Through the silence about them there came a low, wild cry. They turned sharply and saw, running towards them, a large, corpulent man. He was bareheaded, and his attire suggested that it had been thrown on in careless haste. His ruddy face was covered with smiles as he grasped Philmont's hand with feverish energy.

"Bishop!" he cried aloud, "at last! at last!"

"Father," interrupted the young lady in a choking voice, "what are you saying?"

Her father did not heed her.

"Yes, yes," he went on incoherently; "a

little changed perhaps, but still the same. Eugenie, we have wronged the poor boy. He is not false. See! he has returned!"

The young lady blushed darkly, not with petty embarrassment, but with genuine alarm. Mr. Van Ness regarded his daughter closely now, and his astonishment and irritation became great as he watched her.

"Why are you not more joyful?" he demanded peevishly. "Why do you not welcome him back with bright smiles? Surely he has good reasons for his seeming desertion."

Philmont's dismay was as great as Miss Van Ness'. Clearly her father had made a very awkward mistake. It must be corrected at once. This the young man attempted to do, but with terrible results. Mr. Van Ness flew into a fearful passion. It seemed for a moment as if he would rush upon Philmont and overpower him.

"Not Bishop!" he shrieked; "not engaged to my daughter! not yourself! Do you dare deny it to my face? Do you think you can escape as easily as before? Do you think that you can with impunity leave my daughter to face the world alone, after I have gone? Do you think you can break promises as soon as you have made them, and expect me to believe you never made them—"

"Father, O father," cried Miss Van Ness in agony, "hush. Try and calm yourself. Think what may happen—"

"Calm myself!" repeated the old man with a horrible laugh. "Calm, with that lying wretch standing there. Calm, with the thought of you unprotected in the world when I am gone! I'll be calm when he has married you or has died. Scoundrel—"

In his frenzied insanity he was about to rush upon Philmont, when suddenly he sank with a groan to the ground. His face became purple. His snow-white beard was

stained with blood trickling from his mouth. With an exclamation of horror Miss Van Ness knelt by the prostrate figure. Philmont hastened to her side.

"He must be taken in at once," he said gently. "Is there anyone there?"

As if in answer to his question, a colored servant appeared. At the sight which met his rolling eyes, he stopped, then hurried forward with voluble questions and lamentations. Philmont briefly stated the case and together they carried the body into the dismal house, up the creaking stairs, to a dark bedroom. Then a doctor was sent for.

It was melancholy waiting. Miss Van Ness mechanically performed the duties at her father's bedside. Her intense calm caused by this second shock was far more distressing to Philmont than an ordinary young girl's hysterics. Fascinating before, she was now grandly beautiful in her grief. She spoke but once, and that was to ask Philmont to remain with her. She feared to stay alone with her father.

At last the doctor came. A short, fat little man he was, but energetic and skilful, and very appropriately named Friske. He wished to know the exact causes of Mr. Van Ness' excitement and subsequent shock. Upon hearing all, he looked very grave, became thoughtful, and finally, having done all in his power for the patient, demanded the attention of the anxious young people.

"Your father will live," he said in answer to the daughter's intense gaze of inquiry.

Her gloomy face was illumined for a brief moment with radiant light.

"But," continued the doctor, lifting his hand in expostulation at her joy, "not unless extreme and unpleasant measures are taken. You must lay aside all conventionalities. What I mean in plain English is this. This young man must remain here and play the part of your lover while in the presence of

Mr. Van Ness. You, in turn, must behave accordingly. That is all, but it is enough to lengthen considerably a human life. The question now remains with you."

Philmont met the dark eyes of the girl beside him, which shone with deep entreaty, then with fervent love as they sought the motionless form upon the bed. There was not a particle of self-consciousness in her manner. Her whole mind was concentrated on the prolonging of the one life left her, and no room was left for noticing trivial outside situations.

Without a moment's hesitation, Philmont consented to do what he thought his duty. He did not consider what the results might be. He did not fear that he would suffer. Perhaps he over-estimated his own strength.

Thus it was that when Mr. Van Ness returned to life, he found the hopes realized upon which his mind had brooded until it had become disordered. He marked with delight the loverlike behavior of Philmont, which was fast becoming genuine. He gloated over the answering smiles and caresses of Eugenie. Even he could not perceive the deceit of the perfect actress, so greatly had her devotion to him helped her to deceive.

Philmont was taken about over the whole estate, and was repeatedly told that he would soon own it all. During these walks, Mr. Van Ness talked constantly of the wedding day, and set an early date for the event. Eugenie laughed gleefully, declared she must have lots of time for an elaborate trousseau, and seconded her father in all sorts of plans and preparations. It was indeed sad to see and hear them. But when Mr. Van Ness was absent, the girl's freedom asserted itself. She treated Philmont as a perfect stranger and avoided him when she could. Her treatment was even more decided than reasonable or necessary.

One memorable day, when matters were rapidly approaching a climax, Philmont was strolling by himself along a wild and neglected path in an extreme end of the grounds. Here he was lost in unpleasant meditation. He was in love with Miss Van Ness, but he could not well say so. This was his trouble. He would not take a mean advantage of her. He would not make her task, already hard, doubly unbearable. To be sure, if she loved him, how happy and light this task would become; but if she did not, and this was more probable—ah! it was too selfish a risk for a man like Philmont to run.

Suddenly he saw the little doctor hurrying down the drive. He hailed him and was soon confronted with the following question, "Where is Mr. Van Ness?"

"I have not seen him since morning," replied Philmont.

"Just what everyone says!" exclaimed Dr. Friske, breathlessly.

"Very strange," assented Philmont; then noticing the doctor's expression, "feel at all alarmed?"

"I must rest a moment," returned the other, evasively; "then we will hunt for him."

He seated himself upon an iron garden chair whose rusty figures contributed little to ornament or comfort.

"Doctor," began Philmont, "can you tell me about how long Van Ness can live?"

Dr. Friske shook his head.

"Impossible," he declared, "two days, two years. Everything depends on rest of mind and body,—mind particularly."

"The question is getting of vital importance," returned Philmont nervously. "It will be impossible for me to stay much longer. The affair is getting more unbearable for me. If I stay much longer, I shall suffer heavily in many ways. Here I play

a horrible farce which is getting more difficult to play now. Yet if I go it will become a tragedy. Yet I must go, and you must tell me how."

Friske listened, sympathetically.

"Mr. Philmont," said he, "it is hard, and you deserve great praise for running such risks, and I admire the nerve and courage displayed by Miss Van Ness in the matter,—but how we may, by any other method, close the eyes which are all the brighter from the insane suspicions which shine through them, is a question which I confess —"

He stopped abruptly, with the subtle sensation that a third person was present. They turned and looked. Standing motionless, and leaning forward slightly, was the figure of Mr. Van Ness. It was immediately evident that he had heard all. His glowing eyes were fixed greedily upon them. His face was dark with suppressed excitement and passion. For a moment he stood thus, then with a frenzied cry threw his arms aloft, tottered, plunged heavily forward, and fell a lifeless mass at their feet. Thoroughly alarmed, they stooped to raise him up, but the doctor hopelessly shook his head as they did so.

"Father, where are you?" suddenly rang out in a clear, well-known voice. Again and nearer.

Philmont roused himself, and whispering a few words to the doctor, hurried in the direction of the voice. Soon he met Miss Van Ness. Her white dress was torn and soiled. She had not cared for it or noticed it.

"Have you met father?" she questioned as she saw Philmont. "I saw him going along here and called him, but he ran away from me."

She smiled radiantly in recalling it, and awaited Philmont's reply.

"Yes, I met him," he answered gently. "He has gone on home."

"I am so glad," she returned, sighing. "We have been hunting for him everywhere. Let us go, too."

Philmont never saw her again to his knowledge. Shortly after his return home he received this note :

DEAR MR. PHILMONT:

I was sorry to be unable to see you again, but I felt that I could see no one. Let me thank you deeply for your delicacy and noble generosity in playing your part for my poor father's sake. I now say farewell, for I shall never see you again. I am going away from the world. I must try to forget everything in a life of work. I shall always think of you with gratitude and admiration.

Yours sincerely,

EUGENIE R. VAN NESS.

A few years after, Philmont was thinking of this girl, as he very often did now. He had never been able to find her, although he had hunted with a true lover's perseverance. He longed for her and yearned to go and help her. Did she ever think of him in her solitary retreat? Did she love him? Had she given her life to noble work and beautiful deeds? Who could doubt it? Not he. Even now he pictured her living as his ideal must live.

Thus pondering upon it, he was crossing one of the crowded streets in the city when a beautiful carriage approached. He barely escaped being trodden down by the spirited horses with their jingling glittering harnesses. He glanced carelessly at the beautiful woman reclining on the luxurious cushions.

"A thorough woman of the world," he muttered, then contrasted the emptiness of that life with the beauty of one which he so longed to make a part of his own. Perhaps, after all, it was better that the truth was denied him. Perhaps it was better that he should go on believing and hoping, unconscious that this hard, proud woman glancing coldly down upon him was once the forsaken young girl, Eugenie Van Ness.

## Little Miss Barbara Smilax

HOWARD Street had been very grand and aristocratic long years ago, and very proud of its rows of tall, substantial houses, but times were changed now, and it had lost caste decidedly. To be sure, the upper end of the street had still some just cause for pride, for the shadow of Boston's dignified State House fell upon it, and the houses around it were imposing in spite of their antiquated ugliness. Here all was eminently respectable and aristocratic. But the street soon tired of such grand company, and dashed off down the hill at a rapid rate, losing, as it hurried along, all its traces of gentility. It was stopped at the foot of the hill by a wider street, which was not respectable at all. Here the dreary rows of gaunt houses had long ago been metamorphosed into shops, and in the once stately old parlors the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker displayed their wares in tempting array. It was a rough, noisy, jolly, work-a-day sort of street, but really not a respectable one at all.

No. 6 Howard Street was quite at the foot of the hill. There was nothing peculiar about it. Indeed, it was most painfully like all its neighbors in regard to shape, age, general shabbiness, and a certain dingy little placard in the front windows. It seemed quite the fashion for the houses in that part of the world to wear dingy little placards. One read on them all, "Rooms to Let."

No. 6 was very large. It had a great many rooms, and in the highest of them all, the darkest of them all, and the tiniest of them all, lived little Miss Barbara Smilax, alone, quite all alone.

It was fortunate that Miss Barbara was such a wee little woman, else she and the bed, and the dressing-case, and the chair could never have fitted themselves comfort-

ably into the wee little room. But it was sad that Miss Barbara's back was so crooked, her features so plain, and her hands so large, for people called her a dwarf, and shrank from her, and so she lived in the tiny dark room, alone, quite all alone.

It was hard for her to feel herself so far from being what the world calls fair to look upon, because she had in her nature an intense, passionate love for beauty. A pretty face, a soft color, or a low, sweet strain of music would fill her sensitive soul with happiness for hours. It was pitiful to think of her wandering alone when the day's duties were over, in search of the beauty which she could not find in herself or her tiny, dark room. On summer days, she found her way to the Gardens, and wandered for hours among the flowers, drinking in with hungry, beauty-starved eyes all the brightness and glory about her. Here, with the blue sky and the fleece-soft clouds above, and the sunshine golden all around her, she was superlatively happy in her timid, quiet, poor little fashion. The charm of the flowers kept her among them until the grass showed long, dark shadows, and the clouds became golden-lined, and the glory of the sunset-west faded and died away.

If anyone had cared enough for Barbara to watch her, and study her, he would have found her lot an infinitely pathetic one, and a sort of pitying love for the poor, misshapen creature would have become rooted in his heart. But nobody cared for her, nobody watched her, nobody studied her. She was simply a poor little soul in the eyes of those who saw her, and not one of the world's millions of children loved her. If she were ill, no one would care for her; if she died, no one would grieve.

It was dreadful for Miss Barbara, this

utter loneliness and friendlessness. She grieved and troubled over it much, especially at night when her cough kept her awake, and queer, fantastic shadows wavered in the light on the wall. She was such a timid little creature, and so sensitive in regard to her deformity, that she shrank from meeting strangers, and the only persons with whom she held intercourse from day to day were her landlady, the firm for whom she painted impossible pansies and prim little roses, and her three or four little pupils.

These were all kind to the little woman; but they did not love her, nobody did.

At last, one April morning, Carl came, and the days of loneliness were forgotten. It was a bright morning, even on Howard Street. The sky was tender and blue, a golden square of sunlight lay upon the floor of the tiny room, and the wind that blew, sweet and warm, through the open window, whispered of budding trees and violets.

Miss Barbara saw the little square of sunlight. She gave a happy laugh. "Spring is coming," she said, and as she sat at her work, she sang to herself, in a weak, quavering soprano, bits of an old-time melody.

Suddenly, from the floor below, came a series of strange, confused sounds. Somebody screamed; there was a hurried opening and shutting of doors, and an agitated murmur of voices. Miss Barbara's song died away on her lips, and a sudden chill of fear oppressed her. She listened intently to the sounds, and at last, led by some irresistible impulse, crept out of the tiny room, and stole down the staircase.

There was a room opposite the landing below, and the door was open. Several men stood there, and the stout, red-faced landlady. There was a bed in one corner, and there was something upon it,—something that lay very, very still; something that was very, very white.

Miss Barbara shuddered. She turned away and her eyes fell upon a wee, golden-haired boy, crouching in the corner of the room. He was gazing about with wide-open, wondering, woeful eyes, quite unnoticed and forgotten. Barbara's heart was filled with pity. It was no place for the child. She approached him softly. "Will you come with me, dear?" she said. The boy turned his great blue eyes slowly toward her, and she smiled into them—a smile so full of love and tenderness that he put his soft little arms around her neck and let her carry him away.

Thus did Miss Barbara find Carl. Since his young widowed mother lay dead, and there seemed to be no friends to claim him, she felt that he had been sent to her as comfort in her loneliness, and she kept him. He had a loving little heart, and when he put his sweet face up to hers and murmured, "Barbara, I love you awfully, I do," the little woman felt that her share of the world's happiness was almost too great.

The tiny, dark room under the eaves was not at all the thing for a small, growing boy, so Barbara moved with him into a larger one on the floor below. This room had two large windows, and it was flooded with sunshine all day. Carl delighted in flowers, and Miss Barbara made him two little window-gardens and filled them with pansies. Carl liked birds, so a golden-throated canary was soon swinging in his gilded cage in the sunlight.

Life was very bright and sweet then for the little woman. A new, strange joy filled her heart. No longer was she lonely and unhappy. A sweet-faced child had crept into her arms and murmured words of endearment.

Two happy love-years flew by. The old woman lavished all the tenderness of her heart upon the little child. She showered

gifts upon him, she invented marvellous tales for his amusement, and she planned gay little picnics in the Gardens.

But the two happy love-years were all. One evening Barbara found herself alone, save for the pansies and the golden-throated canary. That which she had for a long time dreaded had happened. Carl's friends had come to claim him and had taken him away. The little fellow had been sad at parting. He had clung to Miss Barbara and had begged to remain with her. They promised that he should return for a visit in the spring. "And then," said Barbara, "we will have a happy May-day picnic in the Gardens." With this the little boy was content. He trotted away with his new friends, and Barbara heard him laughing and chattering gaily before he reached the street. She watched the carriage toil slowly up the hill. There was a dull, heavy feeling at her heart, and her eyes were filled with tears.

So Carl had gone, and sunshine, and smiles, and love, and all that makes life blessed, went with him. Miss Barbara no longer had need of the large, sun-bright room, so she gathered together her few poor little possessions, and took them back to the old room, the tiny, dark room under the eaves.

It seemed smaller and darker and more dreary than before. The golden-throated canary mourned for his little master, and refused to sing. Carl's sunshine-loving pansies faded, and Miss Barbara could not forbear shedding a few foolish tears over each one as it drooped its head and died. The room was far too damp and dark for them, and it was far too damp and dark for a delicate woman with bent shoulders and a short, dry cough.

The winter was a long, hard one, terrible in its loneliness. Miss Barbara wondered that she felt weaker day by day, and that

her cough grew worse, but she said, "I shall be better in the spring. Carl will come then. The sight of his bonny face will cure me."

She looked forward continually to their happy reunion. She planned new stories for him; she bought him new toys, and she dwelt blissfully upon the happy May-day that they would spend together in the Gardens. But day by day the cough grew worse, and she was no stronger. She was forced at last to give up her work. "But only for a short time," she told herself. She would be quite well soon—"when Carl comes," and the days, the dark, dreary, pitifully lonely days dragged by.

At last the winter was over, and the sky smiled again. March came and went, but Carl did not return. April brought sunshine and showers, but not Carl, and then it was May-day. Poor Miss Barbara! Anxiously, hopefully, she waited throughout the long, bright day, until the last glimmer of light had faded and the tiny room was shrouded in darkness, and Carl had not come. Then she moaned a little heart-rending moan. "He has forgotten me, my little Carl," she said; and then, "I believe I am very, very ill."

When the morning came she was no better. She arose, however, and dressed, but slowly and painfully, for her strength was failing fast. She gathered together her small store of possessions. It was very small and very poor. She tied the most precious of them in a little bundle, and with this in her hand left the tiny, dark room. In the hall below she met her landlady. "Miss Pearson," she said, "I am going to the hospital to stay for a while. I am not very well. If Carl comes before I return"—the voice trembled a little, and the faded eyes filled with tears—"please tell him that I loved him very, very much."

Out into the street she went, the poor, misshapen little woman, all alone. Through the busy, happy throng of humanity she passed, all alone, and there was no friend to guide her, and no one to notice that her steps were feeble and her strength about exhausted.

At last the tall hospital building loomed before her. She shuddered when she saw it, but she approached it without hesitation. "I have come here to die," she said to the physicians in the consulting-room. "I believe I am very ill."

During the night little Miss Barbara died, and nobody was with her when she died, and nobody grieved.

One morning in June a carriage rolled swiftly down Howard street and stopped near the foot of the hill. An old gentleman left it and rang the bell of the tall, gaunt house, No. 6. A small boy, with a tangle of golden curls, also descended from the carriage, and embraced the short moment of

delay as a golden opportunity to spin upon the sidewalk a fine new top which he carried. The stout, red-faced landlady opened the door and spoke a few words to the gentleman. His face was very grave as he turned away. "Carl, my boy," he said, "we are too late. Poor Miss Barbara is dead."

The grave face of the old man checked the boy's mirth for a moment, and he murmured, "Poor Barbara." But at that instant his top tottered and rolled over in such an absurd fashion that he forgot all else and burst into a peal of happy, boyish laughter. Then, picking up the fallen toy, he ran to the carriage, clambered into his grandfather's arms and said coaxingly:

"But *you* will take me to the Gardens then, won't you, grandpa, dear?"

Poor, lonely, loveless Barbara! But Carl did not understand death. How could he? He was only a tiny boy, and the sunshine was bright, the sky blue, and life very sweet that summer morning.

## Something About the Diamond

**G**EAMS and precious stones always excite interest, not only from their great value, but on account of their exceeding beauty and the deep scientific interest which attaches to them. It is a wonderful fact that the diamond has almost exactly the same chemical constitution as the black lead which we use in our pencils, and the ruby and sapphire are merely pure alumina—an earth which forms a very large proportion of the soil which we till, and which, when out of place, we call dirt.

The diamond is the hardest known substance, and one of the most unalterable gems. It is not affected by chemicals, is

infusible, only to be consumed by exposure to a long-continued or very high temperature; and these qualities, combined with its rare brilliancy, make it the most valuable of precious stones. It is pure carbon; chemically almost the same as graphite, or plum-bago, and charcoal; but very different from them in its transparency and lustre. It is generally found in octahedral crystals, having highly polished faces; and although possessing some beauty in this natural state, owing to the high lustre of the faces, yet it has not a tithe of the splendor exhibited by a well-cut brilliant. The ancients did not know how to cut the extremely hard dia-

mond, and were content to wear it in its natural state, but even thus they prized it highly.

According to their transparency and lustre, diamonds are classified into stones of the first water, second water, and refuse stones. To be the first water a diamond must be absolutely colorless, very lustrous, and perfectly free from flaws. An undecided tint of any color injures its value; and although deep red, green, or blue hues may give the stones an exceptional value as fancy specimens, yet in the ordinary market they would be much less esteemed. A yellow tint always depreciates the value; and on this account many of the stones so recently found in South Africa bring very low prices. These African stones, moreover, lack the perfect lustre of Brazilian diamonds, and have, in consequence, commanded far lower prices.

A well-cut diamond of the first water is at present worth in New York about \$50 gold, if it weighs half a carat (the carat being four grains Troy); if weighing one carat, \$175; if two carats, \$550. Above this weight the values depend on very delicate

shades of difference. One stone of three carats may bring \$800, another might be worth \$1,000. Above three carats the price is only settled by agreement. A diamond of five carats is a very large stone, and above one hundred carats few are known.

Diamonds are found in alluvial deposits, from which they are separated by washing. In Brazil the work is done by slaves, and the fortunate finder of a stone of over seventeen carats receives his freedom and a suit of clothes. Scarcely one in ten thousand is found to weigh so much, and the majority of them weigh but a very small fraction of a carat.

The most celebrated localities in ancient times were Golconda and Borneo; but in 1727 the diggings in Brazil were opened, and yielded so abundantly as to greatly depreciate the value of diamonds, and the dealers tried to make people believe that they were not true diamonds. Lately diamonds have been found in Australia and South Africa, and a few in North Carolina, Virginia, and California; but Brazil furnishes the most abundant supplies and the best gems.

## Sketches

DELANCY Van Deuzenberg sat in his cushioned window-seat and looked out into Madison Avenue. He had just come back from a tea, where he had sipped his chocolate and talked foolishness with the rest, and he was now meditating on the emptiness of modern society. He remembered a story he had read, where a handsome youth—something like himself, he thought—had met his destiny by rescuing a beautiful princess from drowning; and as he leaned back among the cushions, he longed for some such point to his career.

Suddenly he thought he heard the sound of rapidly approaching horses. He threw open the casement and saw a great carriage, drawn by two frightened horses, without a driver, and—yes, he saw something white within. He clutched at his heart. Yes, this was his princess; he would save her from an awful death. Seizing his silk hat, he rushed down the steps and into the street. The plunging horses came nearer. They reared; he seized the bridle, and the carriage stopped. A man came forward to hold the horses for him, and with trembling

fingers Delancy Van Deuzenberg approached the carriage. He held his silk hat in one hand and his card-case in the other, and with the smile of a Siegfried for his Brünnhilde he opened the carriage door,—on the seat was a basket of soiled clothes.

The day had been warm, and the long stretch of country road was more dusty than usual. A man with his two little boys was driving home from the country town where he had gone to sell some butter. As they neared the railway station, a freight train commenced to puff away, preparatory to starting. The horse began to snort and rear,—the usual preliminaries to a lively runaway. The man shouted to the horse and sawed at its mouth; then, seeing that the horse still continued to rear, he hurriedly

forced the reins into the hands of the eldest boy, a lad of some twelve years, and jumped from the wagon, running to the roadside and shouting directions to his small son, who manfully held the horse until the train had gone. Then the man climbed into the wagon again and drove homewards peacefully and serenely.

Surely it must have been the father's directions that enabled the boy to hold the horse.

Oft as a child in feignèd slumber deep,  
I lay till night had melted into day,  
To hear his voice in muffled murmurs say,  
"My little one, are you asleep?"

Oft as a man, when blood in pulses leaps,  
I raise me from my pillow as of old,  
To where his voice his former presence told.  
O Holy Father, tell me if he sleeps?

## The Joint Debate

THE Joint Debate between the High School and the Latin School occurred on the evening of May 3d, in the hall of the English High School. The affair was a particularly successful one and reflects great credit upon both societies. The debate resulted in victory for the English High School Society. The decision was rendered by the three judges appointed for the occasion,—Representatives Frederick W. Dallinger and David T. Dickinson, and Mr. Randolph C. Surbridge.

The High School hall was filled by a large and brilliant audience, both of the schools being well represented, as was afterwards testified to by the generous applause which was received by the various speakers. On the stage were located the debaters, the High School on the right and the Latin School on the left, His Honor the Mayor,

Colonel William A. Bancroft, and in the rear, the Latin and High School orchestra. From the table in the centre of the stage hung a red flag, having upon its surface the letter "C." Before the debate, the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. E. Chapman, rendered excellent music. His Honor the Mayor was then presented by Joseph E. Sharkey, president of the English High Society, as the chairman of the evening. The Mayor made a brief speech, in which he commended the object of the debating societies, and said that the young men could be engaged in no better preparation for the work of life. The power of being able to speak upon one's feet should be attained by everybody. He then announced that the subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That the Norwegian bill as introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature

should be adopted"; the High School having the affirmative side of the question, and the Latin School the negative. The Mayor next introduced Burt R. Rickards, '95, as the first speaker for the High School.

Rickards calmly presented his arguments and stated what his side was going to prove. For a first year speaker Rickards did well. If a town or city must have license, he said, then the next best thing is to restrict the sale of liquor in that town or city as much as possible. This could be done by the Norwegian system.

Harris H. Murdock, '97, opened the Latin School's debate. He had some good things in the latter part of his speech, but the first part did not prove very effective. Murdock had a very clear and forcible manner of expressing himself, however. He told the story of the good and the immoral parrots, and said that Rev. D. N. Beach had better look out, for if he visited these places in Norway he might become immoral, too.

Charles W. Crocker, '95, was the next speaker for the affirmative side, and he whisked forth arguments at a tremendous rate. Crocker has an exceedingly magnetic manner, a manner that draws the attention of his audience, and then holds it.

Alexander M. Blackburn, '97, Latin School, helped his side along by some good arguments.

William A. Parker, '96, was the last speaker for the High School, and he was, no doubt, the strength of his side, knocking to pieces many of the statistical arguments given by his opponents.

Warren R. Estabrook, '97, closed the debate for the Latin School. Estabrook had a most convincing manner, and kept the audience roaring all the evening with his funny sayings. Once in a while, he switched off the track and talked about selling dry

goods in Jordan & Marsh's store. Another expression was, "Just imagine, my friends, a minister of the gospel taking a glass of liquor!" And something that had the appearance of a smile was noticeable on the faces in the audience. In closing, Estabrook's words were, as he pointed at the bunting hanging over the stage, "Yon golden flag." On the whole, his arguments were not very weighty ones.

A recess of ten minutes, which was given the speakers for conference, was then declared. During this time music was again rendered by the orchestra.

Parker and Estabrook then spoke in rebuttal, but Parker's arguments here were not as strong as his first efforts. The judges then retired for consultation. During their absence, the Mayor called for a rising vote in the audience as to which side had won the contest. About three-fifths of the audience arose for the Latin School, and the remainder for the High School. When the judges came in, Mr. Surbridge rendered the decision, which was unanimously in favor of the English High School Society. This announcement was greeted with loud applause.

The committee of arrangements for the debate consisted of Joseph E. Sharkey, E. H. S. '95; F. E. Thayer, C. L. S. '95; F. H. Lambert, E. H. S. '97; H. H. Murdock, C. L. S. '97; W. A. Parker, E. H. S. '96; W. D. Dyer, C. L. S. '97. The officers of the societies are as follows: English High School—President, Joseph E. Sharkey, '95; Vice-President, Karl S. Barnes, '96; Secretary, Miss Ethel Murch, '95; Treasurer, Walter D. Fuller, '95. Latin School—President, F. Edward Thayer, '95; Vice-President, Harris H. Murdock, '97; Secretary, George A. Goodridge, '95; Treasurer, George L. Dow, '98.



THE River Rhine flows at three times the rate of the Thames.

Seeds two thousand years of age have been known to sprout.

A silken American flag always floats over the grave of Lafayette.

Some of the giant cactus trees of Arizona are over sixty feet in height.

Freight in Alaska is still transported almost exclusively on dog sleds.

The opal is the only gem which cannot be counterfeited. Its delicate tints cannot be reproduced.

More than half the world's supply of tin is mined in the Straits settlement at the tip of the Malay peninsula.

The orbit of Jupiter is 1,000,000,000 miles in extent, and it takes the great planet 4,332 days to make one round trip.

The painting of the catacombs of Thebes is so well done that after a lapse of 4000 years the colors are as bright as when first laid on.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan college at Cairo, Egypt, which was eighteen hundred years old when Oxford was founded.

It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London school board were to join hands, they would reach from London

to Carlisle, a distance of three hundred miles.

Egyptian lamps, dating, it is believed, from 3000 B. C., have been discovered in the catacombs along the Nile.

The Emperor of Germany, it is said, has decided to honor Bismarck by having his head stamped on a future issue of German coin.

It is reported from London that, in consequence of the floods in Madagascar and difficulty of transportation, the French campaign has been temporarily suspended.

The widow of John Brown of slavery day fame has lived for several years in a cabin among the redwoods of the Sierra Azure Mountains, fifty miles south of San Francisco.

Among those invited by the Emperor to attend the ceremonies at the opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal are all the ambassadors and ministers and their attachés, Count von Caprivi and General Lord Wolseley.

The colossal figure of "Progress," which is to surmount the dome of the city hall at San Francisco, 300 feet above the street, will be twenty-one and a half feet in height, and represents a female figure holding aloft a torch.

The earliest farming-mill or winnowing machine was erected in China, and was in use there for centuries while Europeans were cleansing their grain by casting it in the air on a windy day.

The army of Germany observes the most elaborate etiquette. The whole of this vast organization, probably the most perfect of

its kind that the world has ever seen, is governed by a code of etiquette as rigid as it is complicated.

## Ada Rehan

MISS Ada Rehan was born in Ireland in 1860. She made her début as an actress in 1874, at Newark, New Jersey. She is considered by many to be the supe-

Julia Marlowe's, and includes Rosalind in "As You Like It," Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Viola in "Twelfth Night," and Countess Vera in "The Last



rior of Julia Marlowe-Taber, but she certainly does not possess the charming personality of the latter, which immediately wins for her the hearts of her audience. Her repertoire is somewhat larger than

"Word." In addition to these, which are her best impersonations, she has taken the title rôle in numerous light comedies. She has achieved great successes in London and Paris, but looks upon America as her home.

## Book Reviews

"THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY." By Hiram Corson, LL. D. Macmillan & Co., New York. Cloth, gilt top, 75 cents.

A very neatly gotten up little volume, which will prove a great aid to the beginner, who yet has a fair idea of literature. The author is Professor of English Literature at Cornell. Most of the matter contained in this book has appeared in *Poet-Lore*.

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"NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD." By J. T. Trowbridge. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

This book is too well known to need any description of the story. It is a new edition, printed from entirely new plates and containing many revisions of the text. New scenes are written into some of the chapters. An interesting autobiographical chapter adds much to the book.

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"POCKET GUIDE TO THE COMMON LAND BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND." By M. A. Willcox. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

An extremely useful little book, containing a key by means of which anyone can easily identify any of the species described. There are also full descriptions of each bird, and references to collateral literature. It is just the book that beginners in ornithology have been looking for. It is cheap, and of such a size that it can be readily carried around for reference.

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"FOUR YEARS OF NOVEL READING." By R. G. Moulton. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

An account of a four years' experiment to popularize the study of fiction. A number of people formed themselves into a club,

drew up a constitution and made laws to govern themselves by. Each person agreed to read a novel each month, bearing in mind certain points which were suggested by eminent literary men. The book to be read was decided upon by a committee appointed for that purpose. At the end of four years the club had greatly increased its membership, although it differed somewhat from the original plans. At the end of the book is a description of some of the books read. The experiment proved an interesting and instructive one, and could be repeated with benefit in nearly any community.

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"UNDER THE MAN-FIG." By M. E. M. Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The scene of this story is laid in Texas, just before the outbreak of the Rebellion. The "Man-Fig" is simply a fig-tree so named from a legend, and under it the villagers daily gathered to discuss the affairs of their neighbors. The story turns upon the supposed robbery of a dying young woman by her former lover. Some of the characters are extremely well drawn, and the story is of the kind that holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end.

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"THE STORY OF PATRIOTS' DAY." By George J. Varney. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Cloth, illustrated, 60 cents.

A complete and satisfactory account of the opening battles of the Revolution. Since the Nineteenth of April has been made a legal holiday in Massachusetts, under the name of Patriots' Day, such an account has come to be essential in every patriotic family, as well as in schools, and the many stories included in the volume, of minute men and others who participated in the

events of that day, bring the conditions of that time home to the mind with much vividness, while many excellent poems portray the scenes with lively movement.

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## NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Publishing Co.:

Instrumental—"Rinaldo Polka"; "Mizpah," Morceau à la Gavotte; "Boston Templar March," solo and duet; "In the Lead," march; "Laconia Grand March"; "Under Two Eagles," march; "The Elks' March," two-step; "Jansen Waltzes"; "Where the Lilies Bloom," waltzes; "Forest Flowers' Waltz," arranged for two mandolins and guitar; "Serenade," by Carl Bohm, arranged for violin and piano; "In Ball Attire" (waltz), "Happiness," and "On the Meadows" (*Idylle*), by Gustav Lange. Of Bohm's compositions we have received the following: "Mandolin Serenade"; "A Sweetheart's Greeting," mazurka; "Dance on the Green," "Dina" (polka). Of Lichner's "Life of Youth" series: "Decision"; "Morning Prayer"; "March"; "Presentiment"; Polonaise.

Vocal—"Come, Sweet Sleep"; "Margot's Answer"; "The Dream"; "Gates of Silence," for mezzo-soprano; "Sweet Rosaleen"; "May Day Festival Song." The following are arranged for quartettes: "Sir Spring"; "Up to Date"; "A Jolly Good Time"; "Now Wouldn't it be Funny"; "The Gray and the Blue"; "Memories on Memorial Day." Sacred quartettes: "Sun of my Soul," and "Magnificat."

From such a large and excellent assortment it is difficult to select the best. Gustav Lange's compositions are all good; "On the Meadows" is especially so. Bohm's works are also standard compositions. "In the Lead," a march by Eben H. Bailey, has

a fine swing and seems sure to attain popularity. The "Jansen Waltzes" are very pretty. The numbers from Lichner's "Life of Youth" are easy and pretty, and are fingered, thus forming excellent exercises for beginners.

Of the vocal music "Margot's Answer," and "Come, Sweet Sleep," are the best. "Up to Date" is a medley quartette, introducing many popular airs.

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From Bates & Bendix:

Instrumental—"New Two-Step Polka"; "Little Cushie," schottische; "Excelsior, Jr., March"; "Cotton King March"; "Greater Boston March"; "The Butterfly," Morceau Characteristique. Vocal—"Friends," descriptive motto song.

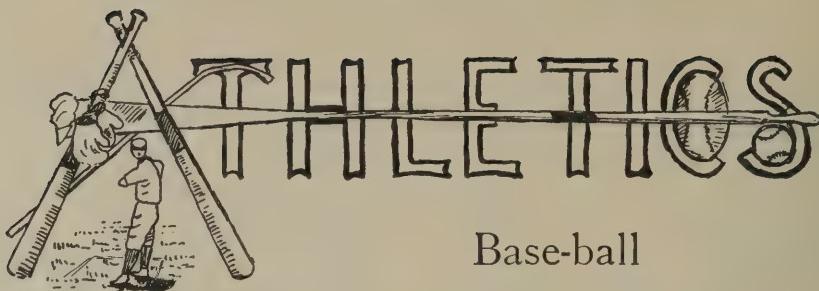
Of this selection, the march from "Excelsior, Jr.," the "New Two-Step Polka," and "The Butterfly" are especially worthy of mention.

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From Oliver Ditson Co.:

"College Songs," with new and valuable additions; price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. "College Songs for Banjo"; price, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50. "College Songs for Guitar"; prices same as for "Songs for Banjo."

In character these books are very similar, differing chiefly in the arrangement of the accompaniments for piano, banjo, and guitar. The contents include all the popular old songs and many of the newer ones. Taken as a whole, the selection is the best we have met with. Summer is the time when these songs are in chief demand; at the seashore, in the country, camping out, in fact, everywhere, they are constantly sung, and these editions—of which 300,000 have already been sold—will be found to give great satisfaction.



## Base-ball

TWO whitewashes, and two terrible defeats administered! That is the story in brief of what has been accomplished by the base-ball club. There is but one more game to be played, and that is with English High School, Saturday, June 8. Cambridge was to have played Somerville, Tuesday, May 7, as its first game, but there was some trouble as to the place of playing, and the game was indefinitely postponed.

April 27th, the team played the Adams Academy nine at Quincy. The fielding of the club was poor, especially at critical points. Bad throwing to bases by Lochman and Stearns was responsible for half the Academy's runs. Stearns was rather wild, and gave many bases. The batting of the team was good, Bacon, Parker and Pickard excelling. The score:

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. H. and L. S.....	9	2	2	2	0	8	1	3	0—27
Adams Academy.....	4	0	0	3	2	2	0	0	0—11

April 29th, the ball team played the Chelsea High School team on the Common. Stearns pitched a splendid game for seven innings, striking out 8 men and holding his opponents down to five hits, when he retired in favor of Bacon, who did equally well. Cambridge made 17 hits, with a total of 26 bases, Lochman, Columbus and McCarthy doing the best. The score:

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. H. and L. S.....	3	0	3	3	3	2	0	5	0—19
Chelsea H. S.....	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0—4

May 11th, the team played its first championship game on the South End grounds against Roxbury Latin. Stearns pitched a good game for us and kept Roxbury's hits scattered except in the fifth and ninth innings. Lochman caught well, and the Roxbury players found it almost impossible to steal second. The infield played rather poorly, McCarthy and Parker making several inexcusable errors. For Roxbury, Morse was very effective, striking out five men in two innings, and with good support the score would have been quite different, but after the second inning he became rather wild. The only redeeming feature of Roxbury's fielding was Marvin's work at second and Ware's catch of Bacon's hard drive to center. Stearns, Bacon and Lochman did the best at the bat for us, while Ewer, Ware, Sherwin and Bolles excelled for Roxbury.

The score:

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.							
	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Columbus, l.....	5	3	1	1	0	0	0
Stearns, p.....	7	5	3	0	1	6	0
Lochman, c.....	6	2	2	0	6	2	0
Leitch, s.....	5	1	1	0	1	2	0
McCarthy, z.....	4	2	1	0	5	1	3
Parker, i.....	6	2	1	0	10	0	2
Pickard, 3.....	3	4	1	0	1	0	2
Bacon, r.....	5	3	2	0	2	1	1
Beardsell, m.....	4	2	0	0	1	1	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	45	24	12	1	27	13	9

ROXBURY LATIN.							
	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Morse, p.....	6	1	2	0	1	4	1
Ewer, 3.....	4	3	2	0	0	1	2
Bolles, s.....	5	2	2	0	0	1	0
Marvin, 2.....	5	0	1	0	4	2	0

	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
H. George, r.....	5	I	0	0	0	0	0
Ware, m.....	3	I	I	0	1	0	I
Sherwin, c.....	5	I	I	0	9	4	4
Dennison, I.....	4	I	0	0	10	0	3
L. George, l.....	5	2	2	0	2	0	4
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	42	12	11	0	27	12	15

Innings.....	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. H. and L. S.....	2	2	7	3	3	0	5	0	2—24
Roxbury.....	I	0	0	I	3	0	I	0	6—12

Earned runs—C. H. and L., 5; Roxbury, 5. Two-base hits—Stearns (2), Ware, Sherwin. Stolen bases—Columbus, Stearns, Lochman, Leitch, McCarthy, Pickard (3), Bacon (3), Beardsell (2). Double plays—McCarthy and Parker, Beardsell and McCarthy. Bases on balls—By Morse, 9; by Stearns, 4. Struck out—By Morse, 11; by Stearns, 5. Passed balls—Lochman, Sherwin (3). Wild pitches—Stearns, 2. Hit by pitcher—Beardsell, McCarthy, Pickard. Balk—Stearns. Umpire—Pole. Time—2h. 40m.

May 17th, Cambridge played its second championship game on the South End grounds with Hopkinson and won in the best game of the year. "Bug" Stearns pitched a splendid game and for four innings did not allow Hoppy a hit, and but for two doubtful decisions of the umpire would have held them down to one run. Lochman caught finely and had neither an error or a passed ball. He threw well to bases and caught four adventurous base runners. Pickard played an excellent game at third, accepting several difficult chances, as did Beardsell at center. Stearns also made a fine stop and an assist to first. Holden caught a fine game for Hoppy, and Hallowell made an assist to first after catching Parker's long hit to left. McCarthy again played poorly at second, and Parker was rather weak at first; otherwise, the team played a good game in the field, showing a great improvement over their work of a week ago. Stearns, Columbus, Bacon, McCarthy and Pickard each made two hits, Stearns making a three-bagger in the eighth. Barstow and Adams did the best for Hopkinson. The score:

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.							
	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Columbus, l.....	3	2	2	0	I	0	0
Stearns, p.....	5	I	2	0	0	I	0
Lochman, c.....	5	0	0	0	8	4	0
Leitch, s.....	4	0	I	0	2	2	I
McCarthy, 2.....	3	I	2	0	2	I	2
Parker, I.....	5	0	0	0	6	0	2
Pickard, 3.....	4	I	2	0	4	2	0
Bacon, r.....	4	3	2	0	I	0	0
Beardsell, m.....	4	0	0	I	3	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	37	8	11	I	27	10	5

HOPKINSON.							
	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Adams, 3.....	5	0	2	0	3	2	2
Dickson, s.....	5	0	0	I	0	2	2
Sargent, p.....	5	0	0	0	0	3	0
Holden, c.....	2	0	I	0	3	6	0
Hallowell, l.....	4	I	I	0	3	I	0
Cole, r.....	3	I	I	0	0	0	0
Barstow, m.....	4	2	3	0	3	0	I
Hopkins, 2.....	4	I	0	0	5	0	I
Lothrop, r.....	3	0	0	0	10	0	I
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	35	5	7	I	27	14	7

Innings. ....	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C. H. and L. ....	2	2	0	I	I	0	0	2	0—8
Hopkinson.....	0	0	0	0	I	0	0	0	4—5

Earned runs—C. H. and L., 4; Hopkinson, 2. Three-base hit—Stearns. Stolen bases—Columbus (3), McCarthy, Pickard, Bacon, Beardsell, Adams (2), Barstow. Double plays—Leitch and McCarthy, Hallowell and Lothrop. Bases on balls—By Stearns, Holden (2), Lothrop; by Sargent, Columbus (3), Leitch, McCarthy (2). Struck out—Lochman, Leitch, Bacon, Dickson, Sargent, Hallowell, Hopkins (3), Lothrop. Hit by pitcher—Cole. Umpires—Williams, Good. Time—1h. 55m.

May 22d, Cambridge played Somerville on the Y. M. C. A. grounds, winning easily. Stearns, at first, was very wild, but he soon settled down and pitched a good game, striking out nine men and holding his opponents down to four scattered hits. Teague also pitched well, allowing Cambridge only seven hits. Lochman caught his usual game and allowed only three bases to be stolen. Saul excelled at the bat, making three hits, bringing in four runs. McCarthy and Pickard also did well. The score:

## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.

	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Lochman, c.....	5	0	0	0	9	3	0
Stearns, p.....	5	0	0	0	3	5	0
Leitch, s.....	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
McCarthy, z.....	4	1	1	0	3	1	2
Parker, i.....	3	1	1	1	10	1	0
Pickard, 3.....	3	0	1	0	0	1	0
Bacon, r.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Beardsell, m.....	4	2	0	0	0	0	1
Saul, l.....	4	1	3	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	35	7	7	1	26*	12	4

## SOMERVILLE.

	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Cuddy, c.....	4	0	1	0	6	1	0
Burton, 3.....	4	0	1	1	0	5	2
Teague, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	2	0
Moody, 2.....	3	0	0	0	3	3	1
Martin, s.....	4	0	0	0	1	2	3
Russell, i.....	3	0	0	0	12	0	0
Cushman, m.....	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Hodgkins, l.....	3	0	1	0	3	0	1
Stone, r.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	30	0	4	1	27	13	7

Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
C. H. and L..... 0 1 0 2 2 0 0 0 2—7  
Somerville..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—C. H. and L., 4. Two-base hits—McCarthy, Pickard. Stolen bases—Leitch, McCarthy, Parker, Beardsell, Teague (2), Russell, Hodgkins (2). Double play—Martin, Moody and Russell. Bases on balls—Leitch, Parker, Pickard, Teague, Moody, Russell, Cushman. Struck out—Stearns (3), McCarthy, Beardsell (2), Cuddy, Burton (2), Teague (3), Moody, Cushman, Stone. Passed balls—Cuddy, 2. Wild pitch—Stearns. Time—1h. 40m. Umpire—Clapp.

\*Cushman out for interference.

Last Saturday morning, Boston Latin and Cambridge crossed bats on the South End grounds, Cambridge winning, 17 to 0. In the eighth inning, Captain Davis knocked a three-bagger, which was the best thing done in the game for Boston Latin. Davis, however, got no farther than third base. Saul played in left field as in the Somerville game, and batted as well as anybody on the team. Every man on Cambridge played well. "Billy" Lochman caught Stearns in his customary cool and steady manner, and

Stearns with his left-handed curves seemed to terrify the Boston Latin men. Parker, McCarthy and Pickard covered their positions in first-rate shape, and Leitch at shot-stop did excellent work. Bacon and Beardsell at right and center respectively took everything that came their way.

## CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.

	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Lochman, c.....	5	2	2	0	8	0	0
Stearns, p.....	4	2	1	0	2	4	0
Leitch, s.....	6	2	3	0	2	2	1
McCarthy, z.....	4	2	2	0	6	4	0
Parker, i.....	4	2	1	0	5	0	0
Pickard, 3.....	1	3	0	0	1	2	0
Bacon, r.....	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Beardsell, m.....	3	2	2	0	2	1	0
Saul, l.....	5	2	2	1	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	37	17	14	2	27	13	1

## BOSTON LATIN.

	AB	R	BH	SH	PO	A	E
Gillis, 3.....	4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Newton, i, p.....	4	0	1	0	8	0	0
Foster, p, s, i.....	4	0	3	0	1	1	0
Maguire, 2, c, s.....	4	0	0	0	1	4	2
Davis, c, p.....	4	0	2	0	8	2	0
Robinson, 2, s, ....	4	0	2	0	3	4	0
Bufford, r.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sears, i.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	1
Jameson, m.....	2	0	0	0	1	0	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	33	0	8	0	24	13	6

Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
C. H. and L..... 0 0 7 0 6 1 3 0 0—17  
Boston Latin..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs—C. H. and L., 9. Two-base hits—Lochman, Beardsell, Saul. Three-base hit—Davis. Stolen Bases—Leitch, McCarthy, Robinson. Bases on balls—Stearns (2), Parker (2), Pickard (3), Beardsell (2), McCarthy, Jameson. Struck out—Lochman, Leitch, Parker (2), Bacon, Beardsell, Gillis (3), Newton, Maguire, Bufford, Sears. Hit by pitcher—Lochman, McCarthy, Pickard. Passed ball—Maguire. Umpires—Lamprey and Clapp. Time—2h.

## CLASS GAMES.

The first game for the class championship was played between '96 and '97. Bell, by his pitching, contributed materially to the victory of '96. Robinson and Henry also did well for '96, and Doyle, Tolbert, Currie

and Garrett excelled for '97. The score—'96, 16; '97, 10.

The first game between '98 and '99 resulted in a victory for the lower class. The game was very close throughout. The score—'99, 14; '98, 13.

The game between '95 and '97 was a very exciting contest. At the beginning, through the over-confidence of their opponents, '97 obtained a big lead; then '95 rallied and made a grand up-hill fight, winning the game in the eighth inning. The score—'95, 17; '97, 16.

May 14th, '95 played its first game against '96. Stevens pitched a good game and was well supported by Dyer. The features were

the batting of Stevens, Baldwin, Andrews, Tilton and Small, and the phenomenal fielding of Bell. The score—'95, 16; '96, 10.

May 22d, '96 played the Harding School team at Belmont, and were defeated 19 to 11 after a very exciting contest.

May 23d, '95 and '96 played the final game of the series; '95, by bunching three singles and a three-bagger, won in the ninth inning. The features were the batting of Stevens, Wyeth, Brooks, Robinson and Dougherty and the fielding of Brooks. The score:

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
'95 .....	1	0	2	1	3	2	1	4	5—19
'96 .....	2	1	0	4	3	2	3	2	0—17

## High School Graduation

THE English High School graduation is to be held on Wednesday evening, June 19, in Sanders Theatre. The graduating pupils have decided that they will have no class exercise this year. The leading parts have already been assigned and are as follows: Valedictorian, Miss Mary A. Grant; Salutatorian, Miss Jeannette M. Bailey; Historian, Mr. Timothy C. O'Hearn; Prophet,

Miss Marion A. Dogherty. The first two are chosen by rank, the other two by the class. There will be an exercise by representatives of the Training School, and music by the High and Latin School orchestra. The double quartette will also sing one or two selections, and the entire class will sing twice. Mr. Chapman has charge of the musical part of the programme.

## Mother Goose Revised

THERE was once a man in our class,  
So wondrous wise was he  
That with an axe and many whacks  
He once cut down a tree.

And when he saw the tree was down,  
With all his might and main  
He straightway took another axe  
And cut it up again.



**L**OAF sugar — Holiday money.

A result of eaves-dropping — Icicles.

A nut-cracker — One learning to skate.

The question of the hour — What time is it ?

NOT TACTFUL.

"Who is the belle tonight?" asked she,  
As they stood on the ball-room floor;  
He looked around to see,  
And she speaks to him no more.

"It was awfully clever of baby," said a fond mother. "He had never been told what flowers were, but the moment he saw them he said, 'Bwobs !'"

"Indeed ; and what does bwobs mean ?"  
"Why, flowers, of course!"



WHAT WE MAY SOON EXPECT.

**SMALL MUCKER**—Say, Mister, gimme a cigarette pic-  
ture, or I soak yer wid dis mud — see ?

There was a man in Boston, Mass.,  
And he was wondrous wise ;  
He gave his car seat to a lass  
Who was full twice his size.  
You see, he'd rather lose his seat  
Than have her standing on his feet.

Said an irate German to a stranger,  
"Mine frient, I know mine feet vas meant to  
be walked on, but dot brivilege belongs to  
me."

**SUBSCRIBER** — Why is my paper so damp  
every issue ?

**EDITOR** — Because there is so much due  
on it.

"Took gas? I guess I did," remarked  
Uncle Hiram, after having three teeth ex-  
tracted. "I lost conscientiousness en-  
tirely."

**SHE** — What effect does the full moon  
have upon the tide?

**HE** — None ; but it has considerable upon  
the un-tied.

The maiden's refrain, " Ah-men ! "  
The bachelor's refrain, " A-lass ! "  
Then let them no longer refrain.

His name was Appel, hers was Peach,  
But at the altar-stair  
All men and women did agree  
They made a handsome Pear.

EVERY EYE UPON HIM.

"I never in my life," said a clergyman to  
his wife after a sermon in Westminster  
Abbey, "so touched the congregation.  
They were entranced. Every eye was upon  
me from the first word to the last."

"No wonder," said his wife, "your gloves  
were inside your hat, and when you took it

off, they remained on top of your head all through the sermon."

CHAPPIE — Where's your chaperone?

PENELOPE — Over there by the window; where's yours?

"What are the wild waves saying—in winter?"

"Skate, brother, skate!"

"I've got a cold or something in my 'ead," was what the simple little chappie said. The summer girl, with roguishness demure, replied, "Oh, it must be a cold, I'm sure."

A QUERY.

If a man who waits is the waiter,  
What then is the man who waits  
And waits and waits for the waiter  
To wait on him while he waits?

A Marseillaise is telling of the campaign in Tonquin: "I was on the lookout. Suddenly I saw three pirates, armed to the teeth, rushing toward me. A moment or

so I watched them, then I got my bayonet ready, and without any hesitation I —"

"Attacked the pirates?"

"No; I retreated to the rear in double-quick time."

OUR MEETING.

We met, 'twas in a crowd,  
We ne'er may meet again,  
My head with grief is bowed—  
He stole my watch and chain.

"Say, papa, if we were living at the centre of the earth, wouldn't we be all funny?"

"What makes you think so, my son?"

"'Cause this jography says everything there loses its gravity."

TEACHER — Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"?

Boy — Dunno, ma'am.

TEACHER — What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy — Freckles, ma'am.



GOING TO THE DOGS.

## Latin School

## Notes



THE team is playing a snappy game, and batting well.

The tennis team did pretty well, winning fourth place.

The graduation exercises of the First Class will take place on June 24th.

Are you going to the English High School game, June 8th? It will be the game of the season.

One of the '96 scholars translated a passage in Latin, "And having stabbed himself and died, he led his soldiers."

It looks as if we had a pretty strong hold on the base-ball championship. English High is our next and, it is hoped, last game. Everyone should be present to cheer.

The class base-ball games have been very exciting and interesting. So far, '95 has won all her games, defeating the Second and Third Classes. The Fourth and Fifth Classes have each won one game.

On Saturday, May 25, the Class of '97 held a tennis tournament under the charge of Treasurer Emerson. The first round resulted as follows: Murdock beat Doyle, 6-1, 6-1; Currie beat Blackburn, 6-4, 6-1; Emerson beat Peters, 6-3, 0-6, 7-5; Earle defaulted to Humphrey, Hyde to Read, and Bell to Lewis. Second round—Read beat Currie, 6-3, 7-5; Lewis beat Humphrey,

12-10, 8-6. Semi-finals—Read beat Emerson, 6-1, 6-0; Lewis beat Murdock, 6-3, 2-6, 6-1. As this goes to the press, the finals have not been played. The chances seem to be in favor of Read.

The Junior dance was held in Brattle Hall, May 11th. It was a very enjoyable affair, and many were present in spite of the hot weather. The matrons were Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Winslow and Miss Leighton. The ushers were C. Bell, H. Marean and J. Hawes. The dancing lasted until quarter of twelve.

Ninety-seven held a very enjoyable social at the home of A. M. Blackburn, 123 River Street. The first game played was called "Sewing Proverbs," Miss Phillips and Mr. Currie winning the prizes. After refreshments, everyone was presented with his fortune, written on a roll of paper. Mr. Bradbury was the guest of the evening.

On April 24th, the Senior Class held its last social at the residence of Mr. Kendall, 13 Shepard Street. The entertainment for the evening consisted of a "Pin Hunt," in which Miss Atwood and Mr. Goodridge won the first prizes. The singing of Miss Viola Campbell afforded great pleasure to those present. After refreshments and dancing, the party broke up late, having passed a very pleasant evening.

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# English High School Notes



THE team has lost a good man in Columbus, '97.

Leitch is playing the game for all it is worth, both in the field and at the bat.

The white duck pants "floating" around the lower corridor last week, have not been seen lately.

The members of the school should turn out in large numbers at the Cambridge-English High School game.

The Tech boys will have no final examinations in United States History, but will have a number of tests instead.

The graduating class may be found every Monday afternoon rehearsing the pieces for graduation under the direction of Mr. Chapman — that is, all those who do not have important engagements which cannot positively be broken.

The team, as finally picked out, contains four members from the High School, three of them making the infield, although their first year on the team. This is a healthy revival, and shows that the High School still has as good material as the Latin School.

The last social event of the Senior Class will be the reception to be held in the school hall the night after graduation. Although the programme has not as yet been made

out, it will consist of recitations, singing, music and dancing. A collation will also be served. The committee in charge of the exercises consists of Messrs. MacKusick, Ball and Crocker, and the Misses Chamberlain, Greene, Cobb and Mayhew.

Last week Tuesday evening about half the members of the graduating class, under the escort of Principal Huling, made a visit to the Cambridge City Council, Mr. Huling believing that a little practical insight into the workings of the city government would be beneficial. The party assembled in the aldermen's room, and, after spending about an hour listening to the proceedings of this dignified body, proceeded to the council room, where the remainder of the evening was spent. The party broke up about 9.45 o'clock.

The graduating class made a very interesting and enjoyable trip to the State House, under the direction of Mr. Huling, on Thursday afternoon of last week. The party rode over the Harvard bridge in a special car, and was met at the entrance of the State House by Representative Frederick W. Dallinger, who conducted the company to the old representative chamber. Soon after, the party proceeded to the executive chamber, where all had the great pleasure of meeting and shaking hands with Governor Greenhalge. His Excellency was

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exceedingly busy but he very kindly allowed his veto pen to rest a little while, while he was meeting the High School scholars. From the executive chamber the company passed into the council chamber, and from thence to the new representative chamber, where for three-quarters of an hour a few spirited debates were listened to. The party then went to the senate chamber, and then left the State House to pay a visit to the studio of Mr. Cobb, the artist, who is making a bust of Abraham Lincoln for the graduating class. This bust is to be presented to the school at the end of the term. The Civics Class—for it was in the interest of this branch of study that the journey was

made—will indeed retain in their memory pleasant remembrances of their trip.

The Class of '97 held an enjoyable social at the home of Mr. Arthur H. Sawyer, Brookline Street, on Friday evening, May 17. The entertainment of the evening consisted of guessing games, Mr. Frank H. Lambert and Miss E. G. Brewster taking the prizes. Those present were favored with a recitation by the President, Miss Alice L. Close, after which refreshments were served. The Entertainment Committee consists of Miss Florence Hilton, Miss Grace McLeod, Mr. F. H. Lambert, and Mr. A. H. Sawyer.

## C. L. S. Graduation

THE '95 graduation parts have already been assigned. The order of exercises will be nearly the same as last year, but the class will have the advantage of the English High School hall. Mr. Chapman is now drilling the class for several songs, and also has formed a double quartette. The parts

are as follows: Salutatorian, Lucile C. Reynolds; Valedictorian, Edward W. Stevens; Historian, John L. Dyer; Poetess, Flora L. Josselyn; Prophet, Harry N. Stearns; Greek Dialogue, Miss Anna M. Soule, Miss Mary C. Parker, Miss Etta L. Davis, and Mr. W. L. Raymond and Mr. A. J. Marshall.

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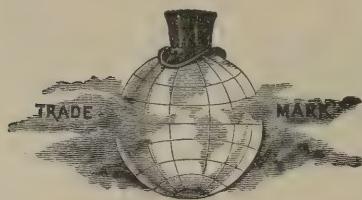


JUNE,  
1895.



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# THE Latin and High School Review.

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## Editorials

THE base-ball championship will probably not be settled this year. Hopkinson has refused to play off the tie, and we therefore have a strong claim for the championship, but there is considerable doubt if it will be awarded to us.

We owe the Latin School an apology for omitting the "Notes" this month, but the amount of space taken up by special articles prevented their insertion.

It is a source of regret to the management that they are not able to present their readers with more illustrations; it was the intention to have cuts of all the school teams, but not one has had its picture taken.

At the track athletic meet, last Saturday, Cambridge made even a poorer showing than was expected, because of an injury which the captain sustained. Apparently we can do nothing in this branch until a suitable gymnasium is furnished.

All subscribers who have not yet paid for their papers, will please do so at once. Give your money to the editor from whom you receive this copy.

This is the last number of the REVIEW to be issued by the present board. We have done our best to keep the paper up to its former high standard, and have tried hard

to improve upon it in some respects. The stories perhaps, with a few exceptions, have not been quite as good as usual, but there have been very few to choose from. In fact, our only regret is that the scholars have not been more anxious to have articles printed. Personally, I wish to express my thanks to all who have assisted me, and especially to the teachers who have so kindly

made allowance for the demands which the REVIEW has made upon my time. I can truly say that I look back upon my work with nothing but pleasure.

---

We present to our readers this month the Salutatory, Class History, Prophecy, and Valedictory, of the graduating class of the High School.

## Salutatory, with Essay

MISS JEANETTE M. BAILEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In the name of the Class of '95, I bid you a most cordial welcome to the exercises of this evening.

As our friends, we greet you: for here we behold many faces made familiar by the associations of home and our social enjoyments.

As representatives of our goodly city, we joyfully salute you. For to us that phrase, the City of Cambridge, has for its chief signification the banding together of all those who are interested in securing for us the chiefest good that education can bring.

Surely, to you all who have had a part in the giving, this return of anything that we have to offer is all too slight a payment for the opportunities which we have received.

Following the long line of our predecessors, like them we will endeavor to show, in some measure, what we have accomplished under the instruction of those who have so patiently and efficiently led us in paths of brightness.

In behalf of the class, I will invite your kind attention to the following exercises, trusting that you will ascribe all errors of judgment rather to our inexperience than to a lack of earnest effort.

ESSAY.—CHARACTERS FROM “MACBETH.”

We find exemplified in every tragedy of Shakespeare some dominant passion, whose workings the poet depicts, and from which we must deduce a moral lesson. In “Macbeth,” he has painted Ambition, laying the strongest colors on the canvas. Macbeth is the type of Ambition, just as Othello is the type of Jealousy.

Had Shakespeare been better acquainted with the Greeks, or had he needed to imitate any model to express energetic sentiments, we might be tempted to say that the piece was inspired by the strong soul of Æschylus.

The mainspring of the tragedy we find in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. His character is one of extreme selfishness with a most irritable fancy.

His position in life was an exalted one. Sordid want and poverty could not so nearly approach him as to lure him from the path of duty and virtue. Power and honor attracted him to remain true to the Right. He may be classed among the intellectual men of Shakespeare. His is an intellect which is always mastered by impression; is susceptible and reflective, not intuitive and



CLASS OF '95, CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.



logical. In his self-communion, we notice the profoundest self-illusion.

He has no moral vigor to resist wrong, and while he violates right, he yet understands right. He appears to us exactly at the point where his double nature separates, just as Hamlet does in his first soliloquy, when he stands between his high resolves and the downward passion of his sluggish temperament.

But, in spite of every incitement to good, Macbeth gradually pursued the path of evil. He turned aside from the wisdom which is love of the Divine, renounced the morality which consists in a life of intellectual activity, and even abjured conscience, in its prime and essential significance the peculiarly human attribute of humanity.

He had probably long revolved in his own breast thoughts of murder and the ambitious hopes connected therewith. But man is a social being and sympathetic.

Macbeth needs a human breast in which to confide, that can revel with him in his dreams and imaginations.

Thus Lady Macbeth makes her appearance as the second tragic figure in this poetic fable; a figure of a powerful woman, awakening in us more fear than hate; possessing a frightfully determined will and thrice-stealed resolve.

Like Macbeth, Lady Macbeth is self-corrupted. And once corrupted, she is worse than her husband. What is more natural than this?

A degenerating woman falls lower than a man, because greater force of evil intent is necessary to overpower a more exquisite, innate purity.

Because, as a woman, Lady Macbeth falls lower than a man, she is more intent on

murder than murderous Macbeth himself. She affronts the deed more boldly, setting at naught the minor considerations that present themselves to him.

German æsthetic criticism, following the lead given it in England, will have it that Lady Macbeth seduced the gallant but weak Macbeth to commit the murder, because she was an evil woman, familiar with crime; in fact, more of a tigress than of a human-being. The tragedy itself seems clearly to prove that Shakespeare, if he thought of seduction at all, did not dream of it as practised upon Macbeth by his wife.

The drama "Macbeth" stands in contrast with "Hamlet," more especially in the manner of its opening. In the latter there is a gradual ascent from the simplest forms of conversation to the language of impassioned intellect,— yet the intellect still remaining the seat of passion.

In "Macbeth," the invocation is at once made to the imagination and the emotions connected therewith. Hence the movement of the play throughout is the most rapid of all Shakespeare's plays.

With respect to its place in English literature, Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," says:

"I regard 'Macbeth,' upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection, but in the drama we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakespeare; and of all modern theatres, ours alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition."

In the grandeur of tragedy, "Macbeth" has no parallel till we go back to the "Prometheus and the Furies" of the Attic Stage.

# History of the Class of '95, C. E. H. S.

TIMOTHY C. O'HEARN.

OUR Salutatorian has told you that we are here with an earnest welcome to you all. I now propose to explain to you how we came to be here and who we are, and shall leave it to the portentous utterings of our Prophetess to give you a glimpse of the almost fathomless future.

In September, 1891, in the old Lee Street building, we mustered our forces, 252 strong. Ninety-six of these determined to try their fortune in the General Course, 91 in the Commercial Course, and 65 in the Manual Training School. Our quarters in the old building were very crowded; so much so, in fact, that several sections of the class were obliged to recite in a room fitted up in the basement. This was reached by a dark, narrow staircase, and was so dimly lighted that the teacher was very often unable to distinguish the pupils who sat in the rear of the room. You may easily imagine that it was with great rejoicing that we hailed the announcement, in the following February, that we were to move to the new building on Broadway. This we found to be palatial in comparison with the one we had left, and, indeed, in comparison with any other school-house that we had ever known. Thus, ours is the first class that has pursued its studies from the first year to the last in the present English High School building.

The beginning of the second year showed that quite a number had dropped by the wayside. Only 159 answered to the roll-call: 79 in the Latin course, 46 in the Commercial department, and 34 in the Manual Training class. The work of this year was more interesting than that of the former on account of Physics and Geometry. The lectures in Physics were hailed with delight by everybody, and occasionally they developed

unexpected results. At one of them a member of the class was being electrified by the large plate machine. As the young man who was turning the crank warmed up to his work he proceeded to turn faster and faster, filling the other with the subtle fluid till it was issuing from the ends of the hairs on his head, when suddenly — crash — the big glass plate had jumped out of its place and had broken into thousands of fragments. "There, you've done it!" cried the teacher, just as if the poor fellow didn't realize that fact himself. The machine was repaired in a few days, however, and the experiments were resumed.

Toward the close of this year, we learned that our Head Master, Mr. Hill, was not to come back to us the following year. When we began work once more in September, we could not forget Mr. Hill; but our new Head Master won our good-will so completely that we found it necessary to enlarge our hearts very considerably in order to find room in which to entertain our affection for both. Possibly that is why we feel so big now, on graduation night.

Our third year began with 104 members in the class: 61 still holding to Latin, and 17, all boys, in the Institute division. Evidently, the Mathematics had frightened the girls. The remaining 26 constituted the Manual Training class.

This year, to some of us, was the most pleasant of the four, partially because of the studies, but more so because of those "taking" qualities which are possessed by the teachers to a remarkable degree. An interesting as well as instructive innovation, introduced this year, was the German Conversation Class. It was composed wholly of girls, and held weekly meetings, when no

language but German was tolerated. As the members increased their conversational powers they branched off into subjects more profound and problematical than their first crude attempts, and, with all the facility of their sex in talking, they very often forgot their iron-bound rule in their haste to express their thoughts. All such infractions were graciously forgiven. A little episode which happened later may serve to give some idea of the instructiveness of the scheme. One morning, a member of the French class, who was fond of showing off his limited "parlez-voussing" powers, saluted one of the members of the conversation class in—well, passable French. With her face distorted with unutterable disgust—or was it because of the exertion necessitated by her reply?—she meted out to him about a yard and a half of her choicest German. No repetition of the dose was necessary to cure the young man of his rash habit.

In the Chemistry there were many opportunities for the originality and genius of the class to crop out. When it was announced that in working with H<sub>2</sub>S gas we should use "the hood," one young lady remarked innocently, "Won't the boys look funny when they wear them?" Toward the close of the year we were told, as part of one lesson, to invade the culinary departments at our respective homes, and to make some bread, in order to see how the yeast worked. Good, substantial bread it was, too. It has been rumored that some became mixed up in some manner with the stone that was to be used in the erection of the extension of the Public Library, and that the masons unwittingly used it in the foundation. It is certain that one part, at least, of that foundation is perfectly secure. I do not mean to cast any reflections on the domestic qualifications of the young ladies, and I hope this

disclosure will in no way spoil their chances for the future.

In October of this year we organized our class society, and selected our neat class pin. One enjoyable evening, and part of the morning also, toward the latter part of the year, was spent at a social held under the auspices of this organization.

One year ago tonight, 22 of the Manual Training class graduated with the Class of '94, and received diplomas for the successful completion of the three years' course. Only one of those graduated came back in September to complete the fourth year with the main part of the class.

Now that fourth year is completed. When the last final examination was over, one might have heard 57 long-drawn sighs of relief, and 57 facetious exclamations, such as, "There, I'm through, and I'm glad of it!" And no wonder. That Astronomy, wherein whoever was able to distinguish between the Celestial Equator and the Ecliptic was regarded as a superior being; that Civil Government, in which everyone dreaded the approach of the day on which he must report; that Advanced Algebra, where the number of permutations and combinations of the ways of doing a problem is in itself enough to discourage any fellow; that Solid Geometry, which is so hard because it isn't "plane"—all these and a few other great stumbling blocks went to make the Senior year one of quite solid work.

But there were other forces at play which sufficed to break in sufficiently on the toil and worry of study to keep up our spirits. Some indeed found this to be the most pleasant and profitable year of the whole course. Several stereopticon lectures by our Head Master to those who had "excellent" on their reports (a very fortunate few constituted this class), class entertainments, exciting class meetings, visits to the City

Hall and to the State House, in order that we might become acquainted with the methods of legislation, and many other similar sources of enjoyment not called for in the regular course, gave considerable spicy variety to the otherwise tiresome monotony of ordinary school life.

But all that is gone by, and we come nearer to the more interesting Present. "We cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim." Seventy-seven of the original 252 have come to the predetermined end: 22 of their number, as stated before, were awarded diplomas last year; and the remaining ones before you now see their parchments almost within their eager grasp.

Now let me give you some idea of the class as a whole and their characteristics. Thirty-five were born in good old Cambridge. Of the remaining 20, only 5 were born outside Massachusetts. There are four in the class who have no religion at all, according to their own statements; 20 profess the Roman Catholic belief; 30 others are divided among the various Protestant denominations; and one young lady declares she is a Mohammedan. Since we have been studying Civil Government, the larger part of the class have taken some interest in politics. Twenty-three are decidedly Republicans; 19 side with the Democrats; and 3 favor Prohibition,—you will find them arguing for the Norwegian Bill. One *thinks* she is a Republican but she "can't tell till the next election"; and our devout Mohammedan is a violent anarchist—she possesses a very strange combination of ideas, to say the least.

On the constitutionality of the Income Tax, 14 had formed the opinion which was later announced as the decision of the Supreme Court. Ten waited till that august body had acted, and then signified their

intention of abiding by its decision. One young lady, who evidently does not expect ever to have an income, thought the tax delightful. Twelve others thought it constitutional. The Debating Society had a very learned(?) debate on the question, but several of its most prominent members "didn't know enough about it to form any opinion." One young gentleman, when asked his opinion, put both hands into his pockets, although we have been warned repeatedly that we must break off that habit, viewed the heavens with a thoughtful gaze, and drawled out with a wise air, "Well, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question."

Although the highest in the class is a boy, he was not honored with the valedictory—but perhaps it is quite right,—he is only 6 feet 1 inch in height. The average height of the boys is 5 feet 6 1-2 inches; of the girls, 5 feet 4 1-2 inches; and it is only natural that there should be more solidity in the make-up of the boys,—they weigh, on the average, 130 1-2 pounds, against 117 pounds for the girls.

Now I come to a subject which is very unpleasant—from the point of view of the girls; one which I was tempted to omit altogether, until I considered that this history would be incomplete without it. I allude to the question of our ages. What makes the subject all the more delicate is the fact that the oldest amongst us is a girl—I was about to say "young lady," but if the oldest is young, what must the others be? She is just 21 years and 1 month—these are not her own figures, so you may take them to be correct. The youngest is a boy—a young gentleman of 15 years 10 months. Twenty-three are brunettes; 21 blondes; and 6 call their complexion mixed. One young man says he is a bespeckled blond (whatever that may be) "when he is

washed," but he omits to say how often that interesting operation takes place.

Miss Barrett, Mr. Ellison, and Mr. Rickards are to be commended for their attendance—they have been neither absent or tardy during the whole course; Miss Woods and Miss Dacey have not been absent. The following have not been tardy during the four years; of the girls, Miss Fosdick, Miss Tracy, Miss Mayhew, Miss Sheehan, Miss Stimson, Miss Higgins, Miss Green, Miss Lombard, Miss Cahill and Miss Kate Mannix; of the boys, Mr. MacKusick, Mr. Moynahan and Mr. Sparrow. Of these, Miss Lombard, Miss Cahill and Miss Higgins have never been absent during their whole school life.

The award for high scholarship is rightfully claimed by our valedictorian; last year she attained an average of 97.6 per cent—

the highest average for a whole year's work ever attained in the High School.

Fifteen have definite intentions to continue school work: seven intend to go to some normal school, four to the Latin School preparatory to college, three to the Institute of Technology, and one to Wellesley. One young lady professes a desire to be one of those who, as Hawthorne expresses it, "live by men's [diseases]"; another to study elocution, no doubt in order to be able to defend "woman's rights"; and a third fortunate being is going abroad to study music. Seven of the class will stay at home "to help ma"; six others are going to work; and nine are undecided as to their future. If their patience can hold out a little longer, I assure them the Prophetess will tell them what they shall do.

## Class Prophecy

MISS MARION A. DOGHERTY.

YE gentle parents, who look into the futures of your dear hopefulls with pleasant expectation and perchance with doubtful fears, will you kindly lay aside your worldly cares and take a short voyage with me into that shadowy land where the imagination may wander at will, and where at times we are given a second sight, as it were.

When this class here assembled chose me to look into futurity and unveil to them their misty hereafter, I exclaimed with Hamlet, "O my prophetic soul!" And as the smallest minds have their grand moments, so mine, absorbed in the greatness of my class, became a mirror, where was reflected the brilliancy of these inspiring individuals. In short, I was blessed with a vision; and

tell me if, after looking at this class, you do not agree that it is enough to inspire anyone with the prophetic instinct.

My first visitor was a glorious figure, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Wondering who she might be, I was attracted by the glittering letters on the front of her robe, which said, not "The divine Sarah," but "The divine Eva," and I had a vague presentiment that some time in the mighty Boston theatres this girl of '95 (the class of '95, of course) would diffuse a glow of sentiment that should make the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man.

"But where is your manager?" asked I, descending to an earthly level. Thereupon a voice cried out in stern tones of rebuke

that it was the twentieth century, and the divine Eva managed herself.

On the departure of the figure were distinguished the approaching footsteps of a young man of broad dimensions and open and jovial countenance. This was the same young man who had in years gone by had his smiling profile depicted in that quintessence of cold stoicism and sterling veracity, the *Boston Globe*.

His hair, resembling that of the Olympian Zeus, was of such heroic length that, on first thought, one would have taken him for a spring poet. When asked his business, he pointed to his massive head, and said, "I am not a foot-ball player, as you might suspect, but that same Walter Full of athletic sport, and now I coach the Radcliffe girls in catching and pitching." My reverie on my friend's noble calling was interrupted by the entrance of a young woman with wildly flowing hair. She held in one hand rolls of MS., while the other was engaged in beating her intellectual brow in a distracted manner.

Alas! quoth I, how true to human nature is Shakespeare, when in one breath he speaks of the madman and the lover; and though the tall maiden assured me that as yet her heart was whole, nevertheless it would not have taken the imagination of the lunatic or lover to see that she was demented.

Demented? and the spirited Jeanette drew herself up. "Miss, I am a poet—ess." Unrolling a few yards of what looked like verse, she exclaimed, "I write only of the divine, eternal, and never to be quelled. Here is my most pathetic ballad if, indeed, an author may speak of his own works:

"O would that I were dead, O dead!  
O would that I were dead!  
That I might rest serene, serene,  
And never more be seen—O seen,  
With a tombstone o'er my head.  
O would that I were dead!"

"Nay, gentle rhymer," cried I, "wish not

an early grave, but consign those divine comedies to the flames and confine your genius to study prose, for in the old days you manifested a rare talent in that line." With a convulsive cry she hurled into a fire her sacred lyrics, the fate of so many geniuses. As the poet sadly watched her sublime creations go up in smoke, the sweet strains of a violin could be heard.

Standing before me in all the majesty of true genius was the musical Marion who had fiddled for us so often. In reply to the stereotyped question, "What do you do?" she replied, "Know you not that Herr Paur is dead?" and then added sweetly that she, that humble fiddler of '95, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is the same as saying that she had the orchestra of the universe.

No sooner had this musician faded from view, than another equally distinguished entered, our old basso profundo. His once good-natured face had changed its expression to one of gravity; his clerical robe and countenance betrayed his calling, and I saw that the corpulent Bob Winders, who had believed so firmly in fatalism and eternal bad luck, had become a divine, slender and dignified, as divines should be.

"Are there any more of that old class who follow your footsteps, *i. e.*, of course your professional footsteps?" I asked, and he answered:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;"

and pointing yonder, he revealed to me a Graceful Wagnerite, instructing the young in biblical lore.

While I looked in silent admiration upon the saintly Samuel and the benevolent Grace who was to lead the young mind in paths of light, both noiselessly disappeared.

Suddenly, as if by magic, more faces sprang into view. The owner of the near-

est being called, it proved to be the same young woman whose dainty voice had filled us with delight as she repeated :

"La pauvre fleur dit au papillon céleste  
    Ne fuis pas.  
Vois comme nos destins sont différents  
    Je reste, tu t'en vas."

We remember her as Mabel and Moore I cannot tell you.

I then called up the next victim, who stood waiting wearily. He was dressed very fastidiously—indeed, a second Beau Brummel. His hat was of a glorious lustre, and his boots,—O those boots! gradually diminishing in width as they approached the gentleman's toe, until finally they vanished imperceptibly into infinity. Ah, yes; one could easily recognize *him*; had he not written yards, nay miles, for the Cambridge papers, and called to order excited debaters who, in the intensity of their youthful enthusiasm, had sometimes forgotten the delicate auricular nerves of their auditors.

I learned from his own lips that he was a reporter. Alas! it was for this then that those noble teachers had exhaled their sweetening influences for four years. He was at last eternally forsaken to veracity; nay, he must henceforth and forever avoid even the appearance of truth.

While the reporter, in true reporter fashion, looked intently at nothing for news, a tall person with a general appearance of wrath rushed in.

"It's a diabolical outrage against law—r and justice," quoth he, and heedlessly crushing the reporter's infinitesimal toes, he took that gentleman aside and talked earnestly to him a moment.

Finally, this Jonathan Wild Butts, this tall youth who had a genius for catching rogues and for falling over foot-lights, said in that gentle tone peculiar to officers of the

law, "Now, Joseph, print that straight if you can."

No sooner had these loud words ceased than the following sent out their echo : "Never, no never; until this government is overthrown, until this government is turned inside out, until, in short, the whole world is made over (and I can tell you how to do that), will that flag be worthy of reverence." With an orator's flourish, he pointed to the American flag, and I recognized in this eloquent stump speaker the vehement debater, the Denis of old. And now could be heard the sweet strains of a Steinway piano, and looking in the direction whence came the sound, I saw, seated at a noble instrument, the girl who with superhuman efforts and a heroism transcending anything mortal, had tried to keep in time with us as we wailed in sentimental discord our morning hymns.

One fair hand called forth melodies, while the other brandished in a triumphant manner,—as inspired by her music she was carried to realms unknown—one of Lowney's chocolates.

The harmony of her playing was broken by the sound of clashing knives, and before me stood a demure maiden with fire enkindled eyes, striking two gleaming blades in a murderous fashion. This bright, radiant May placed in my hand a placard on which was written, "in big brave letters fair to see," "Dr. MacFall, Ph. G. M. D., and Veterinary Surgeon." With a very learned look she took from her pocket a little box and said she had an engagement at the Boston University Medical School at two o'clock, to inoculate an oyster.

Some distance away, on a lofty pedestal, sat a blue-eyed damsel like "Patience on a monument." "Ethel," said I, "Howe's it you sit thus dreamily?" and she raised aloft with fiery enthusiasm the immense

canvas upon which she was working, and behold, in glorious outlines, a magnificent portrait of herself.

Coming towards me with a delicious swagger was the girl who used to take immense mouthfuls of Bacon (*i. e.*, Francis Bacon, of course,) and chew and digest them with the utmost ease. And does she chew them yet, thought I, for she had a very profound expression about the lower part of her chin. This Bernice, Mayhew divine her surname, informed me "with dilated orbs," as our poetess would say, that she taught the five-year-old maids of the Hub, Mineralogy, Archaeology, Zoölogy, Physiology, and the art of Hypnotism; also, they read Homer, Dante, Petrarch and E. P. Roe, together with the philosophy of Plato, Aristotle, and William Dean Howells. I looked at that wonderful girl and could not refrain from repeating Tennyson's words, "O miracle of noble womanhood!"

My flight was interrupted by the entrance of her whom we used to look upon as a Grant of brains. She told me with vivacity that her Latin instructor had not labored in vain, and that, inspired by that gentleman's noble efforts, together with his keen satire, she was now emulating both, and reading Virgil with the South Sea Islanders.

As she talked to me, a paper fell into my hand, by what means I know not. On it was written: "The great and unparalleled discovery of an enterprising chemist. The gentleman pictured below gives notice hereby that he has prepared a new compound for manufacturing brains. Or, if existing already, but in a scattered condition, he guarantees positively to unite the strayed particles. Any poet, foot-ball player, or survivor of the examination in Civics for '95, may apply to this wonderful physician and be permanently cured." Below this startling announcement was depicted our

pale and ethereal debater, sweet-voiced tenor and eminent mixer of compounds.

A momentary silence, an appalling void of thought and feeling, and suddenly the harsh ring of a telephone broke the stillness. Where, think you, was the other end of that telephone? At Mars! The person calling me was the rare Timothy, with a genius for Astronomy and a leaning towards History. He told me that it was a perfect Utopia up there, transcending the beauty even of the Elysian fields, and requested me with a wicked chuckle to tell Mr. Huling that those canals on Mars that we used to talk about, and over which the whole scientific world used to wrangle, were—clothes-lines.

The connection was cut off, and I was left to wonder over all this mystery.

And now a marvellous brilliancy seemed to o'erspread everthing, and in the radiance which followed was a long procession of youths and maidens, all of the old class, save where one or two could say with Tennyson, "Henceforth thou hast a helper."

A dark and stalwart youth was devoted to a patriotic Flagg; and the very sight of these twain brought to mind the words:

"Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Our enthusiast on the Norwegian question still carried the books of a demure little Carolyn. There was the Edith tall, the Edith short and the middle-sized Edith; a Taylor walked with a Leitch on his arm, while a little Patrick tried to Hyde with his brilliancy a fastidious Sparrow.

A tender Cobb seemed to be very considerate to her Ward, while a charming Mabel and a modest Daisey lent their sweetness to the Woods. The dark-haired and musical Albert still waited for a fair Evangeline who came not. Our Agnes, in spite of

a decidedly literary air, was still Green, and our champion Walker was looking eagerly for a Punch.

Many, many more followed, but the hour is late, and these wise people before you are opposed, in a manner which approaches fanaticism, to late hours, and therefore, for their sake if not for yours, it is fitting that this wearisome detail should be brought to its end.

In conclusion, let us, this distinguished class, conjure you, our proud kin and friends,

to watch and wait patiently, and some day you will be overwhelmed by the noise we are making,—perhaps here, perhaps on our discoverer's new planet; but do not look upon us with awe-struck wonder, for you must remember that all our future glory is but the natural outcome of those inspiring words which we carry written indelibly on the tables of our hearts, not "*Video meliora, proboque: deteriora sequor,*" as said Medea; but always "*Video meliora, proboque: superiora sequor.*"

## Valedictory—The English Ballad

MISS MARY A. GRANT.

FROM early times perhaps nothing has had a more powerful influence over the thoughts and feelings of all classes—cultivated as well as uncultivated—than the ballad. It has been a moulding force in the literature of most European nations; nor is this less true of England.

The parentage of the ballad may be traced back to that unknown period of antiquity when man discovered in himself the strange gift of metrical expression, and devoted it to the service of the gods he worshipped and the memory of the great men who had lived before him.

The ancient Britons had their bards, whose duty it was to record the victories of their warriors and the genealogies of their princes in a kind of narrative song, which was committed to memory and handed down from one reciter to another. It is thought that the bards performed the office of historian, for while naturally their narrations would receive embellishment, they are supposed to have had some elements of truth to serve for a foundation. Thus, for want of better annals, they came to be accepted as history.

Later on, however, when history had assumed a more stable form, the songs of the bards became amusing rather than useful, and, as it became the duty of the singers to entertain and delight, they wove into their songs stories of adventures with giants and dragons, witches and magicians. This seems to have been the origin of that species of romance, so popular with our ancestors, which celebrated feats of chivalry.

The genuine successor of the ancient bard was the minstrel. In the middle ages no scene of festivity was deemed complete without the exercise of his talents. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, ample provision was made for the minstrel. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the name of minstrel was gradually appropriated to the musician only, and no longer meant the singer and composer of heroic or popular rhymes. The majority of traditional ballads has come down from the time of Elizabeth, but there are many older; among the best-known are the romances of "King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table," "A Little Geste of

Robin Hood," "The Nut Brown Maid," and "Chevy-Chase."

It has been remarked that in every country where there are national legends, they are always deeply and vividly impressed with a feeling of the magnificence or the loneliness in the midst of which they have arisen. The domestic features of "Merrie England," her rich tracts of highly cultivated land stretching for miles along the banks of many a stream and rivulet; the gray towers of her abbeys and minsters rising above the thick branches of oak and elm; the hamlet sleeping in some lonely spot amongst the hills in a little world of its own; and the cluster of low cottages nestling beneath the shelter of some old ancestral hall—all these contributed to impress on the English ballad a character of repose and quiet not to be found in the wilder minstrelsy of the border. The English ballads are also marked by a species of melancholy throughout.

These old ballad-tales, setting forth the adventures of their heroes and heroines, take us into a land as strange as it is attractive to us at the close of the nineteenth century. Will you not take a little journey with me tonight into this far-off land of Fancy?

Among all the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, Sir Lancelot was highest in fame. The history of this hero is the very perfection of romance. When he was a little child, he was snatched from his mother's arms by a nymph, who sprang into an adjoining lake and immediately disappeared. This nymph was the beautiful Vivien. In her home beneath the waters the future hero was educated; hence he was afterwards distinguished by the name of Lancelot du Lac.

When he had attained the age of eighteen, Vivien conveyed her pupil to the court of King Arthur and demanded his admission

to the honor of knighthood, which he obtained. Through all his after-life this Lady of the Lake continued to be his guardian. And this life was full of adventures: "cleaving down numberless giants"; giving freedom to hosts of prisoners; restoring by force of arms the reputations of bevies of fair ladies. One of these ballads showing his prowess is as follows:

[*Recitation of "Lancelot du Lac."*]

To my next character, Robin Hood, and the scene of his principal exploits, Sherwood Forest, no introduction is needed. The praises of this famous outlaw have been sung in hundreds of ballads. His daring deeds and courteous gallantry have been a fertile theme with poets in all the centuries since he flourished: but

"The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,  
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.  
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one  
But he of Robin Hood hath heard and Little John.  
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done  
Of Scarlock, George A'Green and Much the Miller's son,  
Of Tuck the merry Friar who many a sermon made  
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade."

Now who is this little horned satyr with a broom over his shoulder and a torch in his hand, dancing in a ring of pygmies? It is none other than Robin Goodfellow, the merriest and the most mischievous of the whole race of fairyland,—Merry Puck who

"Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way,  
To bogs and mires and oft through pond and pool."

And he is chief of the sprites

"That fright the maidens of the villagery;  
Skim milk; and sometimes labor in the guern  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn."

Indeed, he has been a favorite from a very early period. The ballad of "Robin Goodfellow" has been attributed to Ben Jonson, but not, it would seem, upon sufficient authority. There is little doubt of its having been written for some masque, in which

the character of Robin Goodfellow was sustained by one of the actors.

[*Recitation of "Robin Goodfellow."*]

These traditional ballads should be of vital importance to us because they represent poetry which once came from the people as a whole; from the compact body as yet undivided by lettered or unlettered taste. Long have opinions differed as to its origin, whether the poetry of the people made itself, or whether it was made as any other poetry is made, subject to the changes and variations produced by oral transmission. Be that as it may, there seems to be no question that ballad-making is dead. Legend and oral tradition require a nation fully possessed of the powers of imagination and of emotion. They are opposed to literature and the community of letters.

The ballad, then, is simply a survival of a vanished world of poetry. Whatever its origin, all lovers of the ballad will join me in mourning for those which have been lost in the mist of centuries, and in rejoicing in the quaint legends which have been spared to come down to us.

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Kind friends, we thank you for the interest which has prompted you to listen

to our exercises tonight. We wish to express our gratitude to all who have made it possible for us to enjoy these school-privileges.

Dear teachers, the time has come for you to part with another graduating class. You have waved farewell to many other classes as they turned the bend of life's pathway out of your sight. To you it has perhaps become an old story; to us it is full of meaning and intensity. Like the classes of the past, we shall soon be in the dim distance, but we shall never forget our teachers who have made our school-lives so pleasant for us.

Classmates, it is even harder to say farewell to you. Four happy years we have been a united brotherhood. If one of us fell into the little pitfalls of school-life, there was always the sympathetic word and glance for his encouragement. But now we have come to cross-roads on our path, and we are told each to take his own way. We shall miss the old associations and familiar faces, but let us go forward bravely, surmounting every obstacle in our way. Had I a better word, I would fain offer it now; but the old one is weighty yet in spite of its age, and with it I say farewell.

## Graduating Class of the English High School

Jeanette May Bailey.

"She is not so old but she may learn."

Edith May Barrett.

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Carolyn Adelaide Brigham.

"My little body is a-weary of this great world."

Alice Elizabeth Burton.

"Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom."

Ada Mabel Cahill.

"Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep."

Bertha Martin Chamberlin.

"Pray thee, take pains to allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit."

Anna Elizabeth Conley.

"Her very hair is of the dissembling color."

Helen Teresa Dacey.

"Tell me precisely of  
What complexion."

Emma Teresa Day.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

Alice Mae Dale.

"I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signor Love."

Marion Agnes Dogherty.

"She has a heavenly gift of prophecy."

Marion Cooper Edgerly.

"A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured."

Edith Porter Fiske.

"Her voice is ever sweet and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."

Laura Marcy Flagg.

"Misses! the tale that I relate  
This lesson seems to carry:  
Choose not alone a proper mate,  
But proper time to marry."

Margaret Jane Fleming.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Cora Edith Fosdick.

"The very pink of perfection."

Sarah Elizabeth Grandison.

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Mary Abby Grant.

"Knowledge comes  
Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else."

Agnes Jackson Green.

"Green indeed is the color of lovers."

Mabel Clara Higgins.

"In mine eye she is the smartest lady that ever I looked on."

Ethel Gertrude Howes.

"I think, but dare not speak."

Ina Aileen Keith.

"Sweets to the sweet! Farewell."

Daisey Maud Lockhart.

"Black was her hair as the berries that grow by the wayside."

Carrie Eva Lombard.

"O let me kiss this princess  
Of pure white, this seal of bliss."

Catherine Louise Mannix.

Ella Theresa Mannix.

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice."

Mary Margaret McCue.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with."

Bernice Elliott Mayhew.

"I had rather hear a dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me."

May Clarissa McFall.

"I say, sing."

Mabel Frances Moore.

"O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits."

Anna May Mullins.

"Is she not a modest young lady?"

Ethel Isadore Murch.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Mary Agnes O'Hara.

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Mary Ellen Punch.

"God hath bless'd you with a good name."

Nora Ellen Reardon.

"Come, come, we'll prompt you."

Anna Maria Theresa Sheehan.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when  
I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Edith Rebecca Stimpson.

"By my troth, a pleasant-spirited young lady."

Clara Gertrude Tracy.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

Grace Helen Wagner.

"Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,  
The power of *Grace*, the nature of a name?"

Mary Elizabeth Walker.

"Can the world buy such a jewel?"

Grace Edna Ward.

"Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune,  
from her wheel that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed  
equally."

Florence Agnes Woods.

"O Wood divine; a wife of such Wood were felicity!"

Rufus B. Allyn.

"Must I speak now?"

Eric Waldorf Bailey.

"Alas, he is too young!  
Yet he looks successfully."

Samuel Wiley Ball.

"Come, sit down, every mother's son of you, and rehearse your parts."

Charles Wesley Crocker.

"My legs can keep no pace with my desires."

Albert Rutherford Ellison.

"Sing, fair lady, my spirit grows heavy in love."

Walter Darius Fuller.

"I will put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

James Gill.

"Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And all is semblative of a woman's part."

Erving Rudolf Gurney.

"They say you are a melancholy fellow."

Patrick Henry Hyde.

"Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel post?"

Samuel George Leitch.

"I must be one of these same dumb wise men."

Harry Amasa MacKusick.

"Linked sweetness, long drawn' out."

Denis J. Moynahan.

"No more words, we beseech you."

John Benedict O'Hara.

"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee."

Timothy Cyril O'Hearn.

"Thou art a scholar."

Nelson Houston.

"This is the silliest that I ever heard."

Burt Ransom Rickards.

"A chemist in his golden views supremely blest."

Samuel James Scottron.

"Submissive fall his princely feet before."

Joseph Edward Sharkey.

"What's the news?"

"Comb down his hair;

Look! Look! It stands upright."

Stanley Austin Sparrow.

"O most excellent young man!"

George Robert Taylor.

"Is not this a rare fellow?"

## Book Notices

THE amount of special matter for this month prevents our giving any description of the books and music we have received.

### NEW BOOKS.

From Lee & Shepard:

"THE BOY SOLDIERS OF 1812." By E. T. Tomlinson. A sequel to "The Search for Andrew Field." Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

"THE WATCH-FIRES OF '76." By Samuel Adams Drake. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

"THOMAS BOOBIG." By Luther Marshall. Cloth, \$1.25.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.:

"STORIES OF THE FOOT-HILLS." By Margaret Collier Graham. Cloth, \$1.25.

From Roberts Brothers:

"THE VILLAGE RECTOR." By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Miss K. P. Wormley. Cloth, \$1.50.

### NEW MUSIC.

From White-Smith Co.:

Instrumental—"The Highland Maid" (Gustav Lange); "Defender" March; "La Belle," Gavotte Moderne; "Boston Press Club," March (Dave Fitzgibbon).

Vocal—"Ben Bolt"; "All the World to Me"; "She's my Only Love"; "Where Lilies Are"; "Beneath the Ancient Trysting Tree" (Adam Geibel); "Lassie," Scottish song; "Is This Thy Love?" Music from the Pi Eta play, "The Buccaneer." Quartettes—"Bide Your Time"; "Bugle Call"; "Marguerite"; "The Old Ferryman"; "Red Leaf, Gold Leaf"; "Song of the Cobbler"; "Hope Beyond"; "Committed to the Deep"; "O Restless Sea."

From Bates & Bendix:

Vocal—"Ben Bolt"; "The Lovers' Dell"; "Girls Have Winning Ways."

Instrumental—"Roamin' in de Sky," schottische; "Trilby Polka"; "Excelsior, Jr., March," for mandolin and guitar.

## Statistics of the Class of '95, C. L. S.

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	CHARACTER.	HOBBY.	FAVORITE SONG.	WHAT OTHERS SAY.
AD-Ms.	!——? ——!!	Studious.	Girls.	"He's after me again."	I dare not tell the truth.
ANDR-WS.	Effeminate.	Shady.	Grinding.	"Johnny Doogan."	What a pretty girl!
B-C-N.	Classical.	Wanting.	Smoking cigarettes.	"I love a little fair-haired maiden."	"Sits plugging by the midnight lamp."
B-LDW-N.	Ye gods! what hair!	Not as white as his cuffs.	Trotters.	"I'm the man that broke the bank."	Fair, they say, but fickle.
BR-KS.	Mostly a smile.	Night is not darker.	Greek Comp.	" What is a cry, forsooth, but a smile on the wrong side?"	We are enamour'd of his follies.
BR-WN.	Lame.	Ditto.	Sleep.	" I'm tired now and sleepy, too, Come, lay me in my little bed."	Is he awake?
CR-WL-Y.	Ciceronian.	A saint.	Derivations.	" I am small, I know."	" He grows up by degrees."
DY-R.	Why, this is excellent.	For this I shall find time to mourn.	Cleveland.	" I am a Democrat."	How fresh art thou!
G—DR-DG-,	Puerile.	Childlike.	Debating and baseball.	" Happy and light of heart."	" A sweet little cherub, the pride of the class."
K-ND-LL.	The Great I Am.	Official.	I.	" I'm King of the Land and Sea."	Does he never tire of saying, " That is what / meant"?
M-CK-s-CK.	Indescribable.	A "blowhard."	Leading the band.	" Trumpet blow, Music flow."	" Warriors he fires with animated sounds."
OSB-RN.	Abbreviated.	Ambitious.	Music.	" There are others just as bad."	" The sweetest of all singers."
OSB-RN.	" He's a man of wax."	Studious of ease.	Facial expression.	" O I know not."	" Lashed into Latin by the tingling rod."
R-YM-ND.	An angelic bear.	In general, noisy.	Singing.	" Annie Roo—" and "The Bowery."	He was once a penny-a-liner.
ST-RNS.	'Tis a long, long story.	A goodly wit will enhance even this.	" Hot dogs."	" Let me alone for swearing!"	O thou disseminating cub!
ST-V-NS.	Scholarly.	Immaculate.	Figures.	The Scale.	He is a fiend at books.
TH-Y-R.	Not worth mentioning.	Political.	Talk.	" Oh, how full I am!"	Frog in his throat.
WH-R-SK-Y.	Disturbed.	Suspicious.	History and baseball.	" I cannot always trace the way."	" A very righteous youth."

# Statistics of the Class of '95, C. L. S. (continued)

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	CHARACTER.	HOBBY.	FAVORITE SONG.	WHAT OTHERS SAY.
A. W-S-.	{ Wise and other-wise.	Not established.	\$7.00 for fifty photos.	"To be near thee alone is peace for me" (Chorus).	"There are others."
E. W-S-.				"Oh, promise me."	"Divinely bent in meditation."
W—TH.	"That social smile."	"Facts are stubborn things."			
ATW—D.	Winsome.	A will inflexible.	Playing dolls	"Ecce Quam Bonum."	"O she will sing the savageness out of a bear."
B-WL-S.	Circular.	Self-sufficient.	Conversation.	"If I were a voice."	"The world hath not her fellow."
BR-KS.	"Tis beauty truly blent.	A cheerful temper.	Quiet.	"Mary had a little lamb."	"She is as good as she is fair."
B-S—L.	As good as heart can wish.	Here's no vanity.	Love.	"I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile."	A thing to thank God on.
C—K.	Divinely tall.	Chilly.	Exercise.	"I don't want to play in your yard."	"Whence thy learning?"
D-V-S.	Divine.	Donkeyish.	Flowers.	"The golden hair was hanging down her back."	Has she a tongue?
D-RCH-T-R.	Saintly.	Not in keeping.	Rabbits.	"The Fire-Bug" (Duet).	"If she won't, she won't."
J-SS-L-N.	Deceptive.	No one injures me with impunity.	Poetry and whispering.	"There is a girl of famous note."	"Thy mind is a very opal!"
P-RK-R.	Irreproachable.	Quakeress.	Blushing.	"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls."	She tries hard.
P-P-R.	Modest.	Ennuee,	Solitude.	"I arise from dreams of thee."	"In maiden meditation, fancy free."
P-R-Y.	Privileged.	Something sublime.	Giving out tracts.	"I dare to whisper that I love thee."	Too good to eat.
PR-ST.	Like unto Peter-trichio's Kate.	Awake.	Ice-cream sodas.	"I'm but a stranger here, Watertown is my home."	"New every morning is thy love."
Q-T.	Queenly.	Q. T.	To teach.	"They can't compare with me."	She is ignorant of her own value.
S—L-.	A goddess with brown eyes.	Artless.	Wearing small (?) hats.	"They're after me."	A perfect woman, divinely formed.
TH-RST-N.	Innocent.	Undecided.	Cicero.	"Will you join the dance?"	"Let not thy modesty check the freedom of thy speech."
W-NSL-W.	Majestic.	Hospitable.	Law.	"The Fire-Bug" (Duet).	"She never dares to speak as funny as she can."

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*Viola:* EDWARD MACE.

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*Guitar,*

FAITH FOXCROFT.

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WILLIAM LOCHMAN, '95, catcher.  
HARRY N. STEARNS, '95, pitcher.  
ETHELBERT PARKER, '97, first-base.  
EUGENE McCARTHY, '96, second-base.  
PICKARD, third-base.  
SAMUEL G. LEITCH, '95, short-stop.

ARTHUR D. SAUL, '98, left-field.  
WILLIAM L. BEARDSSELL, '96, centre-field.  
JAMES F. BACON, '95, right-field.  
LOUIS G. COLUMBUS, '97, } substitutes.  
JAMES CROWLEY, '95, }  
JOSEPH E. SHARKEY, '95, Manager.

## FOOT-BALL TEAM

CHARLES E. BALDWIN, '95, right-end (*Captain*).  
SAMUEL USHER, '98, right-tackle.  
GEORGE TAYLOR, Sp., right-guard.  
WARREN R. ESTABROOK, '97, centre.  
HARRY N. STEARNS, '95, left-guard.  
HARRY P. ROBINSON, '96, left-tackle.  
LOUIS G. COLUMBUS, '97, left-end.

ARTHUR D. SAUL, '98, quarter-back.  
CHARLES N. CAMPBELL, '97, right half-back.  
FRANK T. CURRIE, '97, left half-back.  
ETHELBERT PARKER, '97, full-back.  
WILLIAM L. RAYMOND, '95, } substitutes.  
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HARRY A. MACKUSICK, '95, manager.

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EDWARD W. STEVENS, '95, right-rush.  
WILLIAM L. BEARDSSELL, '96, centre.

HARRY N. STEARNS, '95, goal.

CHARLES E. BALDWIN, '95, half-back.  
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ETHELBERT PARKER, '97, } substitutes.

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## Athletic Review

A RETROSPECT of the past few months tends to give one the impression that athletics have degenerated at Cambridge. Our former brilliant records of three championships in one year are seemingly things of the past.

In looking over the athletic events of the present school year, we first consider

### THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.

The eleven began with too much new material to give us great cause for hope, but as the season advanced, and team-work began to appear, we felt almost sure of winning our first championship game, and that, too, against the school which was generally supposed to have the strongest team in the League. And how our hopes were dashed to the ground! In despair we beheld the C. M. T. S. men walk through our line, and our team-work go for naught against the stone wall opposed to it. We lost the two succeeding championship games, and then there was a marked improvement, and we came off victors in the two remaining contests. Of the foot-ball team, it may be said that the prospects are excellent for a victorious eleven next year. The record in championship games follows:

October 26. C. H. and L., 0; C. M. T. S., 26.  
November 3. C. H. and L., 0; Hopkinson, 18.  
November 8. C. H. and L., 0; Boston English High, 42.  
November 16. C. H. and L., 6; Boston Latin, 0.  
November 22. C. H. and L., 10; Newton High, 0.

### THE POLO TEAM.

The polo season was a disappointment, and nothing else quite expresses it. At the beginning the chances seemed excellent, and the team showed up very well in every game it played, practice or championship. That we lost the Melrose game was no fault of our men, who played good polo, and never gave up. We were simply robbed of the victory, and the protest proved in vain, because the Executive Committee of the League feared lest they should be accused of partiality. Below is the record:

January 14. Cambridge, 2; C. M. T. S., 1.  
January, 30. Cambridge, 6; Melrose, 9 (points).  
February 1. Cambridge, 2; Somerville High, 0.

### TRACK ATHLETICS.

In this branch Cambridge has made progress. Not that we have won many points, for without Captain Fuller we should have a poor record in this respect. But more interest has been taken, more men have entered, and better support has been given the team. At the present writing the Spring meet has not been held, but at the indoor meet last March we scored 10 points—all made by Fuller—and won fifth place out of the eleven schools entered.

### TENNIS.

For some reason there has been less interest in this sport than usual. The team which was entered this year cannot fairly

be compared with last year's, because of the disadvantages under which the men labored this spring. In the first place, the tournament came so early that the local courts were not generally in condition, and the result was a lack of practice and consequent low standard of playing. Then no captain was elected until a few days before the event came off, and thus little time was given for the selection. The team won third place, entering nine men.

## BASE-BALL.

At the present writing, the championship is not decided. Cambridge has played a uniformly good game, and seemed sure of an easy victory against English High, but we were again doomed to disappointment. The game was lost principally through bad playing on our part and skilful work by our opponents. The record in championship games to date is as follows:

- May 11. Cambridge, 24; Roxbury Latin, 12.
- May 17. Cambridge, 8; Hopkinson, 5.
- May 22. Cambridge, 7; Somerville, 0.
- May 25. Cambridge, 17; Boston Latin, 0.
- June 1. Cambridge, 3; English High, 4.

## FIELDING.

## CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

	PO	A	E	AV
Lochman, c.....	36	12	0	1.000
Crowley, r.....	2	0	0	1.000
Columbus, l.....	1	0	0	1.000
Saul, l.....	1	0	0	1.000
Stearns, p.....	8	19	1	.965
Parker, I.....	40	1	4	.911
Beardsell, m.....	6	3	2	.889
Leitch, s.....	7	12	3	.863
McCarthy, z.....	21	9	7	.810
Pickard, 3.....	6	5	4	.733
Bacon, r.....	3	1	2	.666
	131	62	23	.893

## SEASON.

	PO	A	E	AV
Henry, m.....	4	0	0	1.000
Clarkson, p.....	1	0	0	1.000
Lochman, c.....	76	23	5	.951
Parker, I.....	95	2	9	.915
Stearns, p., r.....	10	31	4	.911
Crowley, r.....	6	2	1	.889
Leitch, s., m.....	17	23	8	.833
Beardsell, s., m.....	12	8	4	.833
Columbus, l.....	6	0	1	.833
Bacon, p., c., r., 2.....	16	8	6	.800
McCarthy, z.....	29	17	13	.779
Saul, 3, 1.....	4	2	2	.750
Pickard, 3.....	10	10	7	.740
	285	126	60	.872

## BATTING.

## CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

	AB	BH	TB	AV
Saul, 1.....	11	5	6	.454
McCarthy, z.....	16	6	7	.375
Columbus, l.....	8	3	3	.375
Pickard, 3.....	13	4	4	.307
Stearns, p.....	25	7	11	.280
Leitch, s.....	22	6	6	.272
Bacon, r., 2.....	22	6	6	.272
Lochman, c.....	26	7	8	.269
Parker, I.....	22	4	5	.191
Beardsell, m.....	19	2	3	.105
Crowley, r.....	1	0	0	.000
	185	50	59	.270

## SEASON.

	AB	BH	TB	AV
McCarthy, z.....	43	18	19	.425
Columbus, l.....	32	13	17	.406
Lochman, c.....	54	21	26	.388
Leitch, s.....	46	16	17	.347
Parker, I.....	51	17	21	.333
Bacon, r., p., c., 2.....	53	17	25	.320
Saul, l., 3.....	23	7	8	.304
Pickard, 3.....	40	12	16	.300
Stearns, p.....	58	17	22	.294
Crowley, r.....	4	1	1	.250
Henry, m.....	5	1	1	.200
Beardsell, m., s.....	47	6	10	.128
Clarkson, 3.....	3	0	0	.000
	459	146	183	.318

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# ATHLETICS

## Base-ball

JUNE 8th, Cambridge played Boston English High on the South End grounds, and was defeated by a score of 4 to 3. Inability to hit Ward and errors at critical points were responsible for the defeat, although Boston's errors were also costly. Stearns pitched well, and Lochman caught his usual game, but Pickard and Bacon had an off day, each making two errors. McCarthy also played well at second, until forced to retire from the game. Cambridge was the first to score. Stearns got a base on balls and scored on Coan's wild throw to second and Nettleton's error. In the second inning two hits gave Boston an earned run; and in the third a base on balls, an error by Bacon and a hit gave them two more, and in the sixth they got another unearned run. In the first of the eighth Cambridge rallied, Leitch making a hit and scoring on another wild throw by Coan and an error by Nettleton, followed by a scratch hit by Crowley and a two-bagger by Parker, sending Crowley home, but Pickard was out on a grounder to O'Reilley and Bacon flew out to Nettleton, ending our chances.

The features of the game were the batting of Lochman and Parker, the fielding of Leitch, and a phenomenal catch by Dakin. The score:

### BOSTON ENGLISH HIGH.

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Nettleton, r.....	3	1	0	0	2	0	2
Ward, P.....	3	0	1	1	5	5	0
Dakin, l.....	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Coan, c.....	4	1	1	1	6	0	2
Barnstead, I.....	4	0	2	2	10	2	0
Whitney, m.....	4	1	0	0	0	0	0

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Mitchell, s.....	3	0	1	1	1	1	0
Stewart, 3.....	2	0	1	1	1	1	1
O'Reilley, 2.....	3	0	1	1	0	6	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	30	4	7	7	27	15	5

### CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN.

	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Lochman, c... ....	5	0	2	2	5	3	0
Stearns, p.....	3	1	1	1	2	3	1
Leitch, s.....	4	1	1	1	1	5	0
McCarthy, 2.....	1	0	0	0	5	2	0
Parker, I.....	4	0	1	2	9	0	0
Pickard, 3.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	2
Bacon, r, 2.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	2
Beardsell, m.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Saul, 1.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Crowley, r.....	1	1	0	0	2	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	31	3	5	6	24	14	5

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston E. H.....	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	4
Cambridge H. and L... ..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0

Earned runs—Cambridge, 2; Boston, 1. Two-base hit—Parker. Sacrifice hits—Pickard (2). Stolen bases—Stearns, McCarthy (2), Saul, Nettleton, Ward, Dakin, Mitchell, Stewart (2). Struck out—Leitch, Parker, Pickard, Bacon, Nettleton, Ward, Whitney (2), Stewart. Double play—Stearns and Parker. Bases on balls—Stearns, McCarthy (2), Saul, Nettleton, Ward, Stewart. Passed ball—Lochman. Time—1h. 50m. Umpires—Davis and Juppiter.

The second game between '98 and '99 was won by the Fourth Class in an uninteresting contest. Score—'98, 28; '99, 9.

The final game of the series was won by '98, by the score of 13-5. Sever pitched a good game for the Fourth Class and was well supported by Dyer; and Lucas at first contributed materially to the victory of his team.

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June 5th, '95 defeated '98, in one of the best contests of the inter-class series. Stevens pitched a splendid game, keeping the hits of his opponents well scattered, while Dyer did not allow a single man to

steal second. At the bat, Dyer, Stevens and Adams excelled. The score—'95, 11; '98, 5. By this victory '95 won the championship, not losing a single game in the class series.

## English High School Notes

THE graduating class voted at its last meeting to form an alumni association.

Several from the Senior Class announce their intention of going to the Latin School next year.

Among those who intend to resume their studies after graduation, in preparation for the Technology exams, are Gill, MacKusick, Allyne, Ball and Moynahan. Taylor intends to take the exams for the Lawrence Scientific School.

And of course there was the reception, Thursday evening, in the English High School Hall. There was dancing, a collation was served, and a splendid programme, consisting of recitations and vocal and instrumental selections, was arranged. On this occasion, the bust of Lincoln was presented to the school by Mr. Ball, the President of the class.

The school orchestra will take a trip of some three or four weeks in the month of August. They will give concerts at Northport and Fryeburg, Maine, and play for the choruses of the Maine Chautauqua Union at each place. They may possibly give a

concert in one of the summer resorts on their way. Mr. Chapman, who has charge of the music of Maine Chautauqua Unions, Eastern and Western divisions, will accompany and manage the orchestra.

Ninety-six's lawn party, which was held at Miss Alice Turner's house on Massachusetts Avenue, Wednesday evening, June 12, was a grand success. The spacious grounds were a perfect maze of beauty and splendor, the light dresses of the young ladies, and the light costumes of the young gentlemen, producing a pleasing effect. The Mandolin and Guitar Club rendered selections, and Miss Alice L. Close and Mr. William V. MacGill read. Truly 'twas a good time.

The following new music from the Oliver Ditson Co. was received too late for insertion in the regular department:

Vocal—"The New Harvard Song Book" (35 numbers, 92 pages); "Pretty Phyllis Gray"; "Blue Eyes are Always True."

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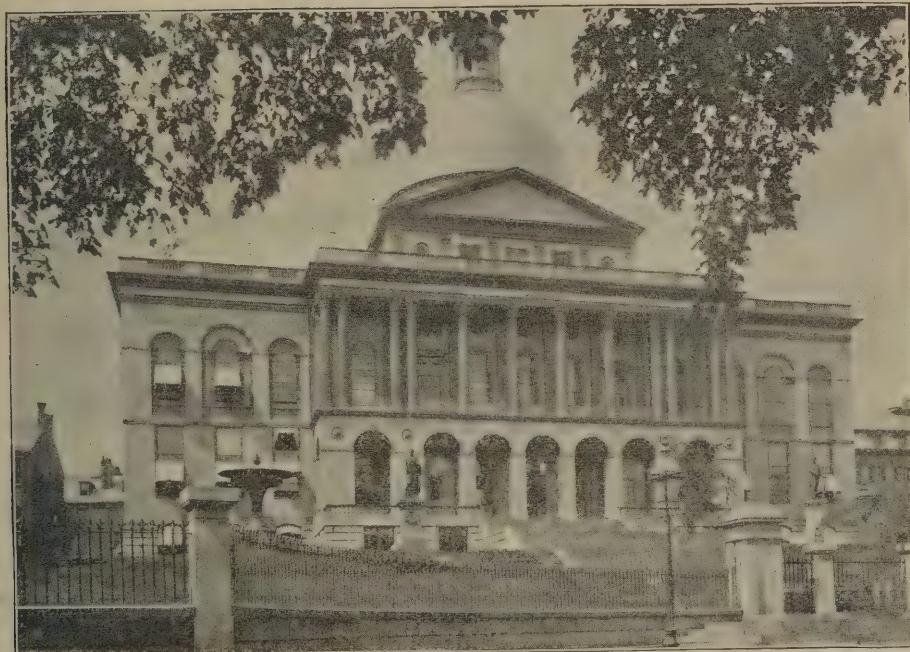
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